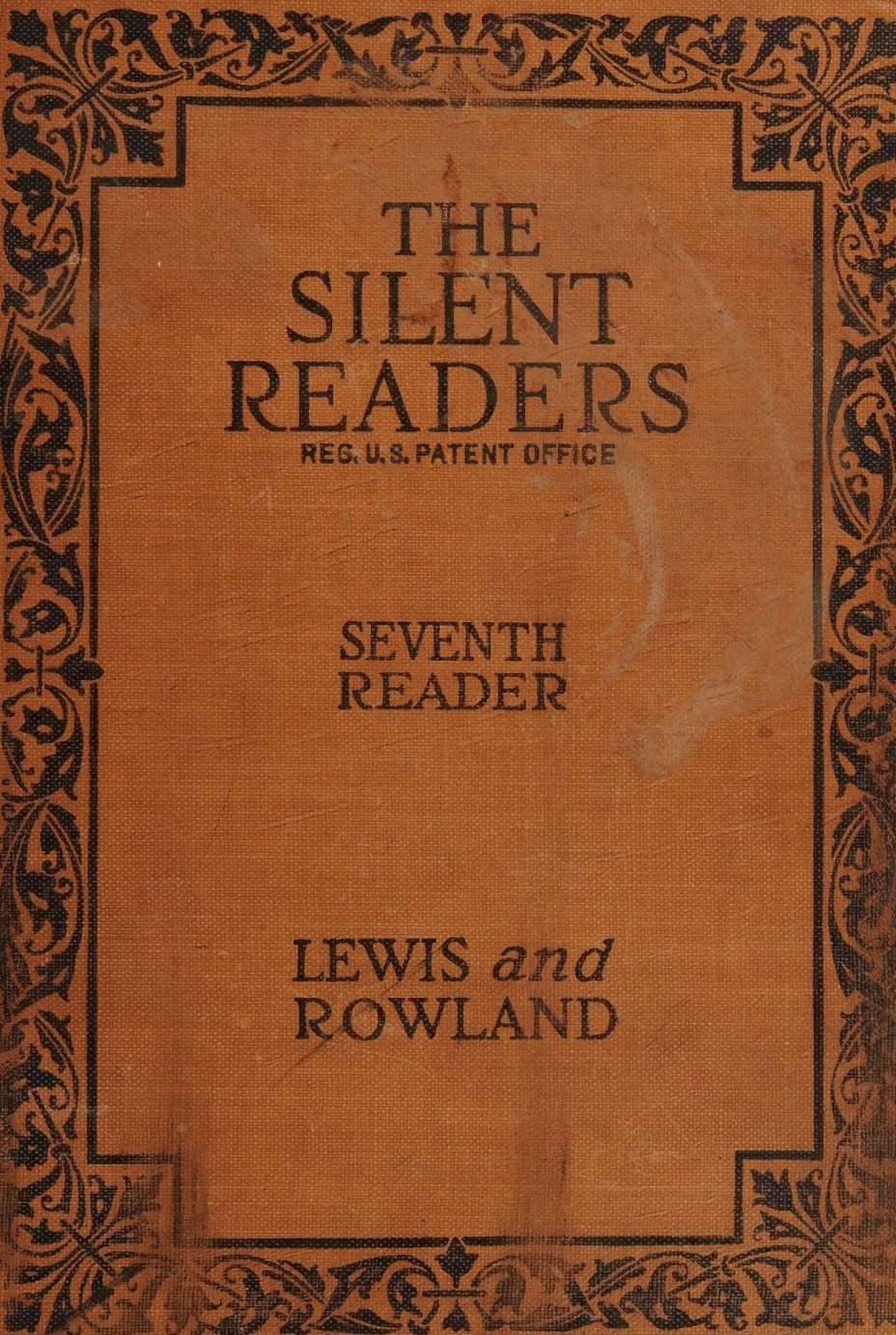




THE SILENT READERS

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

SEVENTH
READER

LEWIS *and*
ROWLAND

350

SOUTH PASADENA CITY SCHOOL DISTRICT



THE SILENT READERS

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SEVENTH READER

SOUTH PASADENA JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

CHICAGO
ATLANTA

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INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this series. This series of Readers is definitely designed to provide working material for the development of efficient "silent reading." It is not planned to compete with the many excellent series of Readers now available. The authors believe that it will efficiently supplement what was formerly the well-nigh universal school practice of conducting all reading lessons aloud.

Oral reading not sufficient. It is well to keep in mind the rapid changes that have recently come in the teaching of reading. The former common practice was to require one pupil to read aloud while the others followed his reading silently. Corrections of pronunciation or phrasing and explanations followed. The incentive of the audience situation was entirely lacking; bright pupils read ahead if the material was of interest, or gazed vacantly at the book if it was not.

The defects of this method, particularly when it was used exclusively, are obvious. Outside of school it is an experience of rare occurrence, so that the skill thus acquired is of little practical use. On the other hand, it provides no training in the process by which ideas are almost universally acquired from the printed page, namely, silent reading. Perhaps of equal importance, is the fact that it slows down the habitual reading speed to the rate of actual speech.

The mechanics of reading are fairly well mastered in the third—some authorities say the second—grade. Some oral reading is doubtless desirable beyond these grades, but the relative amount should diminish rapidly.

Experts have recognized the importance of silent reading for many years. Briggs and Coffman showed its value in their book, *Reading in Public Schools*, published in 1908. Studies in this field have been made by Gray, Starch, Judd, Courtis, Monroe, Kelly, and many others. They have made no attempt to deny that oral reading has a place in the curriculum, but have merely pointed out that from the third grade

on, its place is less and less important in comparison with silent reading.

Reading to get the thought quickly. Once the mechanics of reading are mastered, the problem becomes one of speed and accuracy in thought-getting. Upon these two qualities depend the pupil's progress in school and his use of the deluge of ideas that appeal only through the printed page. If he reads and understands, if he quickly grasps the important idea from a mass of details, if he arranges the relations of the ideas presented, we say that he is good in geography, history, science, or mathematics. If he comprehends slowly or fails to understand, he is a serious problem.

Speed usually goes with comprehension. At first glance it would seem that comprehension would be inversely proportional to speed; that is, the greater the speed the poorer the comprehension and vice versa. The standard tests of Gray, Curtis, Kelly, and Monroe, however, which have been given to thousands of children, prove exactly the reverse. The rapid silent readers have almost invariably shown the best understanding of the matter read. It would thus seem that concentrated effort on either speed or comprehension would tend to improve the other factor. It is necessary, however, to test speed results carefully to insure conscientious reading of the text.

The material in these books. In selecting the material for these books the authors have purposely avoided the established paths of literary reputation, and have selected from a wide variety of sources interesting material representative of the printed matter the child will inevitably read. Every effort has been made to avoid the necessity of explanation by the teacher to elucidate the text. In general, the exercises have been under- rather than over-graded, as the pupil should read for content and should be as far as possible relieved from technical, grammatical or vocabulary difficulties. Occasionally, however, in each book exercises of a somewhat more difficult or of a more unusual nature have been included, because every-

one, old or young, is called upon to read a variety of material, and pupils should have some experience with selections that require special effort.

Why we read. Most of the reading which we do has one of three purposes: we read for information; we read for instruction; we read for appreciation or entertainment. These purposes are somewhat determined by the nature of the material read. Rarely do we read an encyclopedia article for appreciation. On the other hand, we lose ourselves in the quiet humor of *Rip Van Winkle* merely for entertainment through appreciation. Contrasted with this would be our reading of a biography of Irving in order to find out who were his American contemporaries. The boy who reads an explanation of how to make a rabbit trap with the purpose of making one is reading for instruction, while his father who scans the evening paper to see how his representative in Congress or the State Legislature voted on a bill is reading purely for information.

The pedagogical editing. The authors have kept constantly in mind the purposes of each selection in the directions they have given to the pupils. They have also had clearly in mind certain fundamental things that they wish pupils to learn and certain habits which they wish them to form by the use of these books. A perusal of the directions given before and after any given selection will suffice to make this purpose clear. For example, much attention is given to the writing of headings for certain parts of a selection or to the statement of the most important thought in a given paragraph. With increasing emphasis in the upper grades this type of exercise is developed into the complete outline. The authors believe that practice of this kind will develop in pupils the habit of looking for the important thought and of grouping around it related subordinate ideas. This is perhaps the habit most essential to good reading for instruction or information. On the other hand, selections which are of a purely literary character and which should be read for appreciation and entertainment are given without exhaustive notes or questions,

because minute discussion of this kind of reading would detract from its value.

Method of handling the books. Many teachers will prefer to keep the books in the classroom, distributing them at the time of the silent reading lesson and collecting them again at its conclusion. In this way the material will remain fresh, and the drill exercises will always be under the control of the teacher.

In many places, however, textbooks are not supplied by the school authorities, but are purchased by the pupils direct. Inasmuch as this series of books contains all the necessary instructions for the use of each exercise, they become peculiarly helpful where the pupil is thrown upon his own resources. He is able to test his own speed and comprehension and his ability to analyze or outline any of the material by the plain directions that are given for handling the books. Although the instructions accompanying various selections are addressed to the pupils, they contain suggestions for the teacher. It is, therefore, important that the teacher read in advance of the lesson such instructions or comments as appear before or after the text or the particular exercise to be read.

Speed drills. As much of the value of teaching silent reading lies in the development of speed, a number of exercises are designated as speed drills. For these drills it is suggested that the teacher prepare, on the mimeograph if possible, a considerable number of slips to be filled out arranged as follows:

10/4/2-
Date

5A
Grade

G. P. W.
Teacher's Initials
or Room Number

Name of Exercise	Page
<u>Pupils</u>	<u>Time in Minutes</u>
Brown, Mary.....	5½
Carmalt, Joseph.....	3
Derr, Jane.....	4

Eldridge, Henry.....	5
Fisher, Mary.....	5½
Green, Alice.....	6
Hunt, Roy.....	8½
Knowlton, William.....	5
Manly, Rose.....	4
Morris, Mary.....	4½
Newton, George.....	5
Newton, Thomas.....	4½
Orr, Robert.....	5
Pierce, Helen.....	6
Porter, Clara.....	5
Roberts, John.....	4
Rowe, Gertrude.....	6
Smith, Fred.....	5
Vaughn, Lee.....	6
Wilson, Alice.....	3½

1-3, 1-3½, 3-4, 2-4½, 6-5, 2-5½, 4-6, 1-8½.

Class median 5

Class mode 5

For a speed drill the teacher should have one of these slips and a watch with a second hand. A stop watch would be valuable. Directions should be given for all the pupils to begin reading at the same moment and raise their hands as a signal to the teacher when they have finished. The teacher should give the signal for them to begin as the second hand of her watch reaches sixty. As each pupil raises his hand indicating that he has finished, the teacher should note the time in half minutes opposite that pupil's name on the drill sheet. Any pupil's time should be indicated at the nearest half minute space. For example, a pupil who finishes at two minutes ten seconds should be marked as two minutes; one who finishes at two minutes twenty seconds, at two and one-half.

Mode and median. In the illustration, page vii, the sheet has been filled with names and scores of a supposed fifth grade class of twenty pupils. On this sheet three minutes occurs once, three and one-half minutes once, four minutes three times, four and one-half minutes twice, five minutes six times, five and one-half minutes twice, six minutes four times, and eight and one-half minutes once. The number occurring the largest number of times is five. This number is called the "mode."

If all the scores are arranged in order with the highest score at the top and the lowest score at the bottom, the middle score in this series is called the "median" and is in this case also "five."

There are two kinds of medians—class and standard. The class median is the mid-score of the class. The standard median is the standard for a given grade and is found by the maker of the test. It is always given somewhere in the directions for giving and scoring the test.

Individual scores. Important facts for G. P. W., the class teacher, in this case are the individual scores and their relative standing. Roy Hunt, who took eight and one-half minutes to read this exercise, is the slowest reader on this occasion. Is this true of other occasions? If so, Roy needs special help and training. It is also clear that Joseph Carmalt and Alice Wilson are rapid readers and it is important to see that their comprehension of the exercise is also adequate. Thus, for the class teacher the important facts are the relative scores of the pupils in comparison with other pupils, with the former scores of the same pupils, and with the class and the standard medians.

Speed in silent reading. Of course it must be recognized that no standard speeds are possible without also standardizing the material. To be absolutely accurate, each separate exercise should be its own speed standard. This, although possible, would be a device so cumbersome as to defeat its own purpose. Every bit of reading presents its peculiar difficulties, its slow spots, its points of interest, its urge to hurry on. These in turn vary with the apperception of the reader,

with his peculiarities, his interests, and his motives. These largely determine his speed. The authors have thought it unwise in the vast majority of cases to indicate with any degree of definiteness the time required for many exercises.

Various authorities in the field of silent reading have attempted to indicate the number of words per minute that children of the several grades should read with adequate comprehension. The following table represents the reasonable limits of speed for the several grades for pupils who have been trained in silent reading.

Grade	Number of Words per Minute
IV.....	125-200
V.....	175-250
VI.....	250-325
VII.....	275-350
VIII.....	300-400

Testing comprehension. It is, however, equally important that the teacher know that the pupils are understanding what they read. As each pupil is reading silently, there is no guarantee of comprehension without some form of check. This may be as simple a device as watching the expression of the children's faces to see registered there appreciation of the exercise read; or it may be as complex as a dramatic reproduction of the incidents.

Devices for checking comprehension are suggested in connection with each exercise. The more usual and effective methods of teaching comprehension are dramatization, reproduction, writing of headlines, development of outlines, expression of opinion based upon facts read, topical analysis, the naming of characters and statements of their relationships, and appreciation of ethical or artistic appeal.

The test material. The drill exercise, although modeled in some cases upon the standard reading and intelligence tests, expressly disclaim any attempt to displace or supersede these tests. The function of the two is wholly different.

The material in the Readers is for drill and improvement in speed and comprehension. The standard tests are for the measurement of achievement.

Standard tests. Information about some of the best known standardized silent reading tests are given below. Among these are tests by S. A. Courtis of the University of Michigan, Walter S. Monroe of the University of Illinois, Edward L. Thorndike and William A. McCall of Teachers College, Columbia University.

DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING STANDARDIZED TESTS

Test.	How many tests to order.	How many direction, record sheets, and other accessories to order.	Used in what grades.	Publisher.	Additional information.
Monroe's Standardized Silent Reading Tests.	One copy of the test for each pupil.	All directions are printed on the test sheet, the class-record sheet, and the "B," or basal score sheet. One record sheet and one "B" score sheet are furnished with each 25 copies of the test. Each tester should have a copy of these sheets.	3 to 8	Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Illinois.	This test comes in several forms so that the class can be tested more than once a year. As there are several tests to each form, when ordering state the grade to be tested. By means of the "B," or basal score sheet, each pupil's score is interpreted in terms of a grade-month score.
Courtis Silent Reading Test, Number Two.	One copy of the test for each pupil.	Folder B, Series R, contains detailed directions for giving the test, and for scoring. Folder D, Series R, gives directions for completing the scoring. A class-record sheet is needed for each class. A school-record sheet and graph sheet for Silent Reading No. 2, are needed for each school.	2 to 6	S. A. Courtis, 246 Eliot St., Detroit, Mich.	Folders, as well as class and school record and graph sheets, must be mentioned when ordering test material.
Thorndike-McCall Reading Scale.	One copy for each pupil.	Directions are printed on the test booklets, and in a folder which explains the giving and the marking of the test, and the interpretation of the pupil's score. One folder and one class-record sheet are furnished with each 25 copies.	2 to 8	Bureau of Publications Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.	Progress may be noted monthly, as there are ten forms of this test, one for each school month. The pupil's score is interpreted in terms of a reading age by following directions in the folder.

The use of tests such as these enables a teacher to diagnose individual reading weaknesses, and to measure and compare achievement. Other excellent tests can be found by referring to *Bibliography of Tests for Use in Schools*, published by World Book Company, Yonkers, N. Y.

Interpreting the scores. Possibly the most significant measures in a series of scores are the extremes, or the highest and lowest scores, the median or mid-score, and the mode or the point in the distribution where the scores pile up. In interpreting a pupil's score it is always well to compare it with the extremes and with the median. This will show how he stands in relation to his classmates. However, one also should know whether the class and the individuals who make up the class are up to the standard for their grade. By comparing the class median with the standard median for the grade, a teacher can arrive at some conclusion as to the progress her class is making; and if each pupil's score is compared with the standard median she can locate definitely the individuals who are below standard and act accordingly. There are some well-known tests which permit a further interpretation of each pupil's score, and specific directions covering this point accompany the test. Several tests interpret the pupil's actual score into a final score expressed in terms of reading age. If this age falls much below his mental age, it points to the fact that the pupil is not reading as well as one of his age should. It then becomes the business of the school to find out why, and provide remedial instruction. Other tests interpret the actual score in terms of the various grades, third, fourth, fifth, etc., and even in a grade-month score. Both these interpretations are excellent as they put more meaning into the score.

Remedial instruction. Some possible causes for poor reading are defective vision, limited speaking vocabulary, narrow span of recognition, ineffective eye movement, inadequate attention to content, and lack of interest. From this it will be readily understood why it is desirable that remedial instruc-

tion be individual, that the material used be simple and of a type that will arouse interest and sustain attention, and that the method followed should lead to the formation of desirable reading habits, and result in an ability to get thought from the printed page. In this work the teacher must look for slow progress and she must be content to allow time for the formation of new habits. The best results will come from much reading motivated by the pupil's desire to read.

Topical recitation. Particular emphasis, especially in the later grades, should be placed upon the complete presentation of a topic by a pupil standing in front of the class, and making the group understand what he has to say without questions by the teacher. More and more this is coming to be emphasized as a means of good teaching everywhere; and pupils are being trained to stand before a group of their classmates and give an intelligent account of anything of which they have adequate knowledge without the painful tooth-pulling process of extracting ideas.

The philosophy of study. One of the most important results of efficient teaching of silent reading is the contribution which it makes to the whole problem of study in the school. Briggs says that the primary purpose of the school is to teach people to do better the desirable things that they are likely to do anyway. One of the desirable things that school children are not only likely but certain to have to do is to study. A large portion of the studying that the child as well as the adult does consists in the acquirement of information from the printed page. It is essentially silent reading. Much of the difficulty teachers now meet in the inability of their pupils to study will be dispelled by effective teaching of silent reading. Probably no use of the same amount of time will yield more definite and valuable results than thorough instruction in the process of thought-getting from a printed page—in other words—silent reading.

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READING TO LEARN

When you were a small boy or a small girl in the lower grades you *learned to read*. It was hard at first, but by and by it became as easy as buttoning a coat. You now know this most important of the arts of civilization. You must now make sure that you *read to learn*. The printed page is the great universal medium of information. From the morning newspaper with its short life of but a day, to the epoch-making classic of the ages, man learns from the printed page. If you were to read constantly without thought of food or sleep until old age came upon you, you could learn but a small part of all that has been written that is worth while. It is vitally important, therefore, that in your reading you make the wisest possible use of the time at your disposal.

In preparing your lessons and in general reading for information, instruction, and entertainment, you will sometimes read in a cursory manner so as to get the essentials of a passage quickly. You will often read carefully so as to master a selection and secure an exact understanding of its meaning and implications. In doing this, you will need to analyze the thought carefully and outline its main and subordinate topics. Sometimes, too, you will need to consult several books or selections so as to bring together from different sources all the information you can gather on a particular topic.

In using the books of this series for the seventh and eighth grades, you should follow the directions with particular care and study your own habits and your own purposes. Your success in school and in later activities depends more than you realize on your ability to read, to understand, to organize thought, and to follow directions. These books have been carefully prepared for the purpose of teaching you to *read to learn*; and if you master their processes, you will form habits that will be faithful servants always.

BLACK DOG APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

Here is a chapter from *Treasure Island*, one of the most interesting stories ever written. It is supposed to be told by a boy, Jim Hawkins by name, who lives with his parents in a small inn in Scotland. Living at the inn is a mysterious old sea captain who spends a good deal of his time out on the shore and cliffs with a telescope looking for something—no one knows what. The people of the inn are suspicious that he has an evil life, possibly that of a pirate, behind him. The visitor told of in this chapter seems to be someone whom the old captain has formerly known—but you will want to read the book, for it is one of the best boys' books in the world.

It was not very long after this that there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of the captain, though not, as you will see, of his affairs. It was a bitter cold winter, with long, hard frosts and heavy gales; and it was plain from the first that my poor father was little likely to see the spring. He sank daily, and my mother and I had all the inn upon our hands, and were kept busy without paying much regard to our unpleasant guest.

It was one January morning, very early—a pinching, frosty morning—the cove all gray with hoarfrost, the ripple lapping softly on the stones, the sun still low, and only touching the hilltops and shining far to seaward. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach, his cutlass swinging under the broad skirts of the old blue coat, his brass telescope under his arm, his hat tilted back upon his head. I remember his breath hanging like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound I heard of him, as he turned the big rock, was a loud snort of indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Doctor Livesey.

Well, mother was upstairs with father, and I was laying

the breakfast table against the captain's return, when the parlor door opened and a man stepped in on whom I had never set my eyes before. He was a pale, tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand; and, though he wore a cutlass, he did not look much like a fighter. I had always my eyes open for seafaring men, with one leg or two, and I remember this one puzzled me. He was not sailorly, and yet he had a smack of the sea about him too.

I asked him what was for his service, and he said he would take rum, but as I was going out of the room to fetch it he sat down upon a table and motioned to me to draw near. I paused where I was with my napkin in my hand.

"Come here, sonny," said he. "Come nearer here."

I took a step nearer.

"Is this here table for my mate Bill?" he asked, with a kind of leer.

I told him I did not know his mate Bill, and this was for a person who stayed at our house, whom we called the captain.

"Well," said he, "my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well! I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

I told him he was out walking.

"Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone?"

And when I had pointed out the rock and told him how the captain was likely to return, and how soon, and answered a few other questions, "Ah," said he, "this'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill."

The expression of his face as he said these words was not at all pleasant, and I had my own reasons for thinking that the stranger was mistaken, even supposing he meant what he said. But it was no affair of mine, I thought; and, besides, it was difficult to know what to do. The stranger kept hanging about just inside the inn door, peering round the corner like a cat waiting for a mouse. Once I stepped out myself into the road, but he immediately called me back, and, as I did not obey quick enough for his fancy, a most horrible change came over his tallowy face, and he ordered me in with an oath that made me jump.

As soon as I was back again he returned to his former manner, half-fawning, half-sneering, patted me on the shoulder, told me I was a good boy, and he had taken quite a fancy to me. "I have a son of my own," said he, "as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny—discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoken to twice—not you. That was never Bill's way, nor the way of sich as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll go back into the parlor, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise."

So saying, the stranger backed along with me into the parlor, and put me behind him in the corner, so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath, and all the time we were waiting he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Bill," said the stranger, in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the Evil One, or something worse, if anything can be; and, upon my word, I felt sorry to see him, all in a moment, turn so old and sick.

"Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely," said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

"Black Dog!" said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, getting more at his ease. "Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate, Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons," holding up his mutilated hand.

"Now, look here," said the captain; "you've run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?"

"That's you, Bill," returned Black Dog; "you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates."

When I returned with the rum they were already seated on either side of the captain's breakfast table—Black Dog next to the door, and sitting sideways, so as to have one eye on his old shipmate and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go and leave the door wide open. "None of your key-holes for me, sonny," he said, and I left them together and retired to the bar.



"BILL," SAID THE STRANGER, IN A VOICE THAT I THOUGHT HE HAD
TRIED TO MAKE BOLD AND BIG

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gabbling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths from the captain.

"No, no, no, no; and an end of it!" he cried once. And again, "If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I."

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises; the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels, and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Jim," says he, "rum"; and as he spoke he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried I.

"Rum," he repeated. "I must get away from here. Rum! rum!"

I ran to fetch it, but I was quite unsteadied by all that had fallen out, and I broke one glass and fouled the tap, and while I was still getting in my own way, I heard a loud fall in the parlor, and, running in, beheld the captain lying full length upon the floor. At the same instant my mother, alarmed by the cries and fighting, came running downstairs to help me. Between us we raised his head. He

was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed and his face was a horrible color.

"Dear, deary me!" cried my mother, "what a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

In the meantime we had no idea what to do to help the captain, nor any other thought but that he had got his death-hurt in the scuffle with the stranger. I got the rum, to be sure, and tried to put it down his throat, but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaws as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for us when the door opened and Doctor Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded? A fiddlestick's end!" said the doctor. "No more wounded than you or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just you run upstairs to your husband and tell him, if possible, nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

When I got back with the basin the doctor had already ripped up the captain's sleeve and exposed his great sinewy arm. It was tattooed in several places. "Here's luck," "A fair wind," and "Billy Bones, his fancy," were very neatly and clearly executed on the forearm; and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of a gallows and a man hanging from it—done, as I thought, with great spirit.

"Prophetic," said the doctor, touching this picture with his finger. "And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the color of your blood. Jim," he said, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "you hold the basin," and with that he took his lancet and opened a vein.

A great deal of blood was taken before the captain opened his eyes and looked mistily about him. First he recognized the doctor with an unmistakable frown; then his glance fell upon me, and he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to raise himself, crying:—

“Where’s Black Dog?”

“There is no Black Dog here,” said the doctor, “except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you headforemost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones—”

“That’s not my name,” he interrupted.

“Much I care,” returned the doctor. “It’s the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance, and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: One glass of rum won’t kill you, but if you take one you’ll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don’t break off short, you’ll die; do you understand that? Die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. I’ll help you to your bed for once.”

Between us, with much trouble, we managed to hoist him upstairs, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were almost fainting.

“Now, mind you,” said the doctor, “I clear my conscience—the name of rum for you is death.”

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

—From *Treasure Island*, by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

QUESTIONS

What questions has this chapter aroused in your mind, which you think would probably be answered in the rest of the book?

A GREAT SPINNER OF YARNS

Here is a brief story of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of *Treasure Island* and many other interesting books. The headings give you an outline of the selection. Copy them, and be ready to stand before the class and give a good account of the author.

ANCESTRY.—So many people and so many circumstances connected with Robert Louis Stevenson tended towards adventure that it is little wonder he became a writer of stories. From his grandfather, who often risked his life in building lighthouses on the dangerous rocks of Scotland's coast, and from his father, too, who was a lighthouse engineer, Robert inherited his stout-heartedness, and his love for the sea and adventure.

EARLY COMPANIONS.—His early companions encouraged his love of stories. From his Scotch nurse, Alison Cunningham, he heard stories of pirates and smugglers. She entertained him with romantic tales and legends of his home city, Edinburgh. One of the bright spots in his early life was a visit from a little boy-cousin who, with Robert, made a game of everything. One ate his breakfast food with sugar and said it was a mountain covered with snow. The other ate his with milk and called it an island in the sea.

A STORY-TELLING CHILD.—His literary work began at an early age. His delicate health, as a child, caused him to spend many days in bed. There he would pore over stories like "Hop-O'-My-Thumb" and paint over the pictures with water colors. When his uncle offered a Bible picture book for the best history of Moses, Robert dictated and illustrated one which took the prize. As a boy he wrote a magazine containing wild tales which he rented out to his friends for a penny a reading.

ILL HEALTH.—During his young manhood he traveled much to regain his declining health. He visited England and France. Later he came to America in the second cabin of a steamer. When he journeyed back to his own country, the physicians declared his lungs too bad for Edinburgh—so he next tried the Alps.

“TREASURE ISLAND.”—Later he bought a property in England and moved there. Here he finished one of his famous books, *Treasure Island*. The beginning of the tale came from his drawing a map of an island for his stepson. He labeled it “Treasure Island,” peopled it with imaginary characters, and then wrote the story. He says it is “a tale about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a doctor, and a seacook with one leg.”

“A CHILD’S GARDEN OF VERSES.”—About this time he wrote *A Child’s Garden of Verses*, a collection of charming little poems with titles such as “The Land of Counterpane,” “Looking-glass River,” and “My Bed is a Boat.” The book was dedicated to his old nurse Alison, in a poem full of love and gratitude. Here is part of it:

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!
And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,

And every child who lists my rime,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

The Stevensons now crossed the American continent, and having chartered a yacht, began the journey of Robert's dreams—a trip to the South Seas. Cruising in its warm waters delighted him. He made friends with the islanders, and, at one stopping-place, was adopted by a South Sea clan.

LIFE AT SAMOA.—However, it was at Samoa, an island then under joint control of Germany, England, and the United States, that he finally made his home, building his house with materials sent from America. He took great interest in the affairs of the natives and interceded on their behalf with the home government when troubles arose. His assistance so pleased the Samoans that, on one occasion, they themselves made a road to his home, calling it “The Road of the Loving Heart.”

At the age of forty-five he died. Great was the mourning of the natives. They dug a grave on a mountain top and there buried, in far-away Samoa, the body of their beloved “Story-Teller.” On his tomb are the following lines:

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I lay me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me!
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

IN THE SCOUT CAMP

Here is a letter written in very different style from what one usually finds in books. When you have read it you should be able to tell some ways in which it differs from the selections you find in an ordinary book.

SOMEWHERE IN THE U. S. A.,
October, 1918

DEAR GANG:

Surprised, were you, when you pushed back the old bear-skin curtain and crawled in, expecting to see the old Cave Scout poking up the fire? I'm sorry to miss you, fellows, but you see I've changed my address. I just couldn't be there to join in our usual confab, so I've sent this letter as the next best thing, and had it posted where you will all be sure to see it. Just stick around and make yourselves at home.

If you fellows could be any place you wanted to be today, what place would you choose? Oh, I know your answer just as well as though I were there to hear it. IN THE ARMY! Well, that's just the way I felt about it, too, so I joined the army. I'm at an officers' training camp, working harder than I ever worked before, lining up for "chow" three times a day, and having just the bulliest kind of a time. Tell you what, fellows, it's great to feel sure that you're doing everything you can to help win this war. No soldiers ever fought in a better cause—and if I'm any judge of men, no better soldiers ever fought in any cause. Since coming here and seeing a sample of Uncle Sam's army, I think I know why the boys who are lucky enough to be in France are fighting like wild cats.

I wish I had some of your fellows with me! The ones I have in mind are those who have written to me complaining

about the discipline in their troops. A fellow can learn more about discipline in one week in the army than he can in ten years outside of it. We had inspection this morning, and the Cave Scout got "skinned." What is it like to be "skinned"? Well, while the other fellows are taking an afternoon off and going to the movies, a student who has been "skinned" is walking back and forth on a monotonous post with a rifle rubbing holes in his shoulder. That's where the Cave Scout will be next Saturday because he had a dirty rifle. I polished that rifle until it looked to me as bright as the morning sun. I felt as proud of it as a hen with a litter of chicks, and when I heard the rifle bolts clicking along the line as the inspecting officer advanced, I could hardly wait for him to get to me. As he came abreast of me I threw the rifle into position and jerked open the bolt. The officer grabbed it, took one quick glance, and began to talk. "Dirty chamber, dirt in the stocking swivel, dust on the sights. Put this man's name down." It was the biggest surprise of my life. But I have learned now that a rifle should be cleaned in sunlight and not in the bunk room. I looked at my piece after we were dismissed and saw that the officer was right. Well, I won't mind walking the post; that's according to the rules of the game—but you can bet I won't get caught again!

DISCIPLINE! When you have spoken that one word you have described nine-tenths of military training. Maybe I can give you some idea of how rigid the rules are. A fellow can get "skinned" for brushing a fly off his nose while standing at attention, for having a tent peg out of line at inspection, for stopping to get a drink before reporting for duty after receiving an order, for failing to correct a man when he sees him doing wrong, for forgetting some little thing like snapping a flap on a canteen.

Do you think that seems a little unfair? Do you think the officers ought to make allowance for a little slip once in a while? Well, it does seem hard at times, and I have no doubt the officers feel that way about it themselves, but they also know that it is their duty to enforce discipline to the letter. Why? Here's the answer. Suppose an officer in the trenches in France should receive an order to lead his men over the top in a charge at three minutes after seven. Then suppose that instead of leaving his trenches at exactly the time set he should go out thirty seconds late. In all probability that officer and his entire command would be killed. The same thing would happen if he were careless in setting his watch and led his men out too soon.

Do you see, fellows, that no army can be an efficient army unless every soldier obeys every order *immediately* and carries out his instructions *to the letter*? It's just a matter of——

Pardon the interruption, fellows. The whistle blew, and I had to jump into my place in line in front of the barracks. We were called out for police duty. That doesn't mean going out and putting somebody under arrest. In this case it means picking up every scrap of rubbish on our company street—cigarette butts (I hate those cigarettes more than ever now), matches, scraps of paper and bits of straw. You fellows who have been in scout camps know what that means. I know, too, that you have often thought, "Aw, shucks, what's the use of being so blame particular!" Well, I don't suppose one piece of straw on a company street in Arkansas would lose the war, but leaving even one straw would mean a letting up in discipline and discipline is the thing we're working for. One little slip would lead to another, and that to still others; and in almost no time there wouldn't be any discipline at all.

But I'll tell you, fellows, this unrelenting discipline doesn't make a real soldier sullen or sore. He has confidence in his leaders and knows that there is some good reason for every order that is given. Of course, in a great many cases he can't tell what that reason is, but he takes it for granted that it's all right and pitches in for all he's worth to accomplish what he is told must be done. Take our own company, for instance. When we were called out to police duty a minute ago, the Cave Scout walked beside a man who left a million dollar business four weeks ago to do his bit for Uncle Sam. This man was picking up dirty cigarette butts as though it was the greatest fun in the world. He walked along, humming "Over There" and taking orders from a stocky little top sergeant who drove a truck before he enlisted in the army. That's the kind of men who are putting their whole hearts into this work of fitting themselves to command American soldiers. Do you have any doubt in the world that that kind of men will make good?

For my part, boys, I feel that the training in discipline we are getting is the best thing in the army. And say, if it's such a good thing for the army, wouldn't it be a good thing for the scout troops? Oh, I know you think you are getting some discipline; but from my own observation of scout troops, I know you aren't getting half as much as you need. Now discipline can be forced on you by your scoutmasters, but that kind isn't worth anything as compared with the kind you force upon yourselves. Why, if every member of this good old B. S. A. would decide right now that from this time on he would obey every order of his officers at once, in full, and gladly, you'd jump so far ahead in two weeks that you would surprise yourselves. I'd like to see that tried! Please don't think that I'm complaining about what you have done—the results you have

obtained are something you can all feel mighty proud of. But I do know, since I have had a touch of real military training, that it is possible for you to do a great deal more.

This war probably will be over before many of you boys will have a chance to get into the army, so you will not have an opportunity to get this training in discipline as the Cave Scout is now getting it. But you can start in your troops and in school. And after the war is over and the United States takes up the big job of readjusting itself to peace conditions, the need for disciplined men will be as great as it is now. Put this down as gospel truth: the fellow who doesn't know how to obey orders will never get a chance to give them, and the fellow who is not *disciplinea* will be "out of luck," as we say in the Army.

Yours in the service of Uncle Sam,

THE CAVE SCOUT

—From *Boys' Life*

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1. What little story does the writer tell that makes you feel that he is right?

2. What clubs or organizations do you belong to that need good discipline?

3. Would you like to belong to a school or a club which had such strict discipline?

4. What does the author mean by saying that "the fellow who doesn't know how to obey orders will never get a chance to give them"?

5. What does he mean by saying that "the fellow who is not disciplined will be 'out of luck' "?

6. If you are a boy scout, tell some of the things you can do to improve the discipline of your troop.

7. Tell some kinds of work in which you think men need to be disciplined in order to succeed.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM AND THE NORMAN CONQUEST

As you go on in school, you will find that history will be one of your most interesting studies. You will see how people lived in other times; and, though their customs may seem strange to you, you will learn that many of our own customs and many of our methods of government and ideas of the way people should get along together have come from these very customs. You will also read the newspapers and magazines and will see history as it is being made.

You must learn to read such things thoroughly. It ought not to be necessary to read your history lesson, nor indeed any lesson, over and over and over again. Read it once carefully and make a few notes of the most important points. Then go back and look through the lesson again and arrange your notes into the form of an outline. Now go over your outline and see if there are any points you do not understand. If there are, read that part of the lesson again.

Sometimes you will want to read the whole lesson over again. It is necessary, however, that you learn to read for important points and their relationship to other important points. If you just read everything on a dead level as if every sentence were as important as every other sentence, you probably will have a poor lesson.

This chapter from Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* gives an interesting account of the feudal system and of the methods of warfare in the centuries which we call the Middle Ages. Read it carefully and prepare it by making an outline and going back over it just as if it were one of your regular history lessons.

Your teacher will let several of you put your outlines on the blackboard and will ask others of you to stand before the class and tell about certain topics. She will not ask any questions nor give any suggestions. You must learn to tell about a topic without having anyone help you out.

Edward the Confessor, King of England, was very generous and noble. He helped Scotland to get rid of the tyrant Macbeth and to place Malcolm, the son of the murdered King Duncan, upon the throne. But King Edward never thought of taking any part of Scotland to himself; for he was a good man, and was not ambitious or covetous of what did not belong to him. It would have been well for both England and Scotland if there had been more such good and moderate kings, as it would have prevented many great quarrels, long wars, and terrible bloodshed.

But good King Edward the Confessor, did not leave any children to succeed him on the throne. He was succeeded by a king called Harold, who was the last monarch of the Saxon race that ever reigned in England. The Saxons, you recollect, had conquered the Britons, and now there came a new enemy to attack the Saxons. These were the Normans, a people who came from France, but were not originally Frenchmen. Their forefathers were a colony of those Northern pirates who plundered all the seacoasts which promised them any booty. They came from the lands which are now Norway and Denmark, and were frequently called *Northmen*, a name which was shortened in this case to *Normans*. A large body of them landed in the northern part of France and compelled the king of that country to yield up to them the possession of a large territory, the name of which changed to *Normandy* when it became the property of these Northmen, or Normans. This province was governed by the Norman chief, who was called a Duke. He exercised all the powers of a king within his dominions of Normandy; but, in consideration of being possessed of a part of the territories of France, he acknowledged the king of that country for his sovereign and became what was called his *vassal*.

This connection of a king as sovereign with his princes and great men as vassals must be attended to and understood in order that you may comprehend the history which follows. A great king, or sovereign prince, gave large provinces, or grants of land, to his dukes, earls, and noblemen, and each of them possessed nearly as much power within his own district as the king did in the rest of his dominions. But then the vassal, whether duke, earl or lord, or whatsoever he was, was obliged to come with a certain number of men to assist the sovereign when he was engaged in war; and in time of peace he was bound to attend on his court when summoned, and *do homage* to him—that is, acknowledge that he was his master and *liege lord*. In like manner, the *vassals of the crown*, as they were called, divided the lands which the king had given them into estates, which they bestowed on knights and gentlemen whom they thought fitted to follow them in war and to attend them in peace; for they, too, held courts and administered justice, each in his own province. Then the knights and gentlemen who had these estates from the great nobles distributed the property among an inferior class of proprietors; some of whom cultivated the land themselves, and others by means of husbandmen and peasants who were treated as a sort of slaves, being bought and sold like brute beasts along with the farms on which they labored.

Thus, when a great king like the King of France or England went to war, he summoned all his crown vassals to attend him, each with the number of armed men corresponding to his *fief*, as it was called; that is, the territory which had been granted to each of them. The prince, duke, or earl, in order to obey the summons, called upon all the gentlemen to whom he had given estates to attend his standard

with their followers in arms. 'The gentlemen, in their turn, called on the *franklins*, a lower order of gentry, and upon the *peasants*, and thus the whole force of the kingdom was assembled in one array. This system of holding lands for military service, that is, for fighting for the sovereign when called upon, was called the *feudal system*. It was general through all Europe for a great many centuries.

But, as many of these great crown vassals,—as for example, the Dukes of Normandy,—became extremely powerful, they were in the custom of making peace and war at their own hand without the knowledge or consent of the King of France, their sovereign. In the same manner the vassals of these great dukes and princes frequently made war on each other, for war was the business of every one; while the poor bondsman who cultivated the ground was subjected to the greatest hardships and plundered and ill-treated by whichever side had the better. The nobles and gentlemen fought on horseback arrayed in armor of steel, richly ornamented with gold and silver, and were called knights or squires. They used long lances with which they rode fiercely against each other, and swords and clubs or maces, with which to fight hand to hand when the lance was broken. Inferior persons fought on foot and were armed with bows and arrows which, according to their form, were called *long bows* or *crossbows*. These served to kill men at a distance, instead of guns and cannon which were not then invented. The poor husbandmen were obliged to come to the field of battle with such arms as they had, and it was no uncommon thing to see a few knights and squires ride over and put to flight many hundreds of peasants; for the gentry were armed in complete armor so that they could receive little hurt, and the poor peasants had scarce clothes sufficient to cover them.

It was not a very happy time this, when there was scarcely any law, but the strong took everything from the weak at their pleasure; for as almost all the inhabitants of the country were obliged to be soldiers, it naturally followed that they were engaged in continual fighting.

The great crown vassals, in particular, made constant war upon one another, and sometimes upon the sovereign himself, though to do so was to forfeit their fiefs, or the territories which he had bestowed upon them. But they took the opportunity when they were tolerably certain that he would not have strength sufficient to punish them. In short, no one could maintain his right longer than he had the power of defending it; and this induced the more poor and helpless to throw themselves under the protection of the brave and powerful—acknowledge themselves their vassals and subjects, and do homage to them in order that they might obtain their safeguard.

While things were in this state, William, the Duke of Normandy, began, upon the death of good King Edward the Confessor, to consider the season as favorable for an attempt to conquer the wealthy kingdom of England. He pretended King Edward had named him his heir; but his surest reliance was upon a strong army of his brave Normans. To them were joined many knights and squires from distant countries, who hoped, by assisting this Duke William in his proposed conquest, to obtain from him good English estates under the regulations which I have described.

The Duke of Normandy landed in Sussex in the year one thousand and sixty-six. He had an army of sixty thousand chosen men for accomplishing his bold enterprise. Harold, who had succeeded Edward the Confessor on the throne of England, had been just engaged in repelling an attack upon England by the Norwegians, and was now called upon to

oppose this new and more formidable invasion. The armies of England and Normandy engaged in a desperate battle near Hastings and the victory was long and obstinately contested. The Normans had a great advantage from having amongst them large bands of archers who used the long bow and greatly annoyed the English who had but few bowmen to oppose them; yet the victory remained doubtful, though the battle had lasted from nine in the morning until the close of the day, when an arrow pierced through King Harold's head and he fell dead on the spot. The English then retreated from the field, and Duke William used his advantage with so much skill and dexterity that he made himself master of all England and reigned there under the title of William the Conqueror. He divided a great part of the rich country of England among his Norman followers. The Anglo-Saxons, you may well suppose, were angry at this, and attempted several times to rise against King William and drive him and his soldiers back to Normandy. But they were always defeated; and so King William came to be more severe upon these Anglo-Saxons and took away their lands and their high rank and appointments until he left scarce any of them in possession of great estates or offices or rank, but put his Normans above them as masters in every situation.

Thus the Saxons, who had conquered the Britons, were in their turn conquered by the Normans, deprived of their property, and reduced to be the servants of those proud foreigners. To this day, though several of the ancient nobility of England claim to be descended from the Normans, scarcely a noblemen and very few of the gentry can show that they are descended of the Saxon blood.

It must have been a sad state of matters in England, when the Normans were turning the Saxons out of their

estates and habitations and degrading them from being freemen into slaves. But good came out of it in the end; for these Normans were not only one of the bravest peoples that ever lived, but they were possessed of more learning and skill in the arts than the Saxons. They introduced the custom of building large and beautiful castles and churches, whereas the Saxons had only miserable houses made of wood. The Normans introduced the use of the long-bow also, which became so general that the English were accounted the best archers in the world. The Normans lived in a more civilized manner than the Saxons and observed towards each other the rules of civility and good-breeding, of which the Saxons were ignorant. The Norman barons were also great friends to national liberty. They would not allow their kings to do anything contrary to their privileges, but resisted them whenever they attempted anything beyond the power which was given them by law. Schools were set up in various places by the Norman princes, and learning was encouraged. Large towns were also founded and received favor from the kings, who desired to have the assistance of the townsmen, in case of any dispute with their nobility. Thus the Norman Conquest, though a most unhappy event at the time it took place, rendered England a more wise, more civilized, and more powerful country than it had been before.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

1. Find in the selection definitions of the following terms:

Northmen	liege lord
vassal	fief
do homage	feudal system

2. Make a list, in order of their importance, of the men of various ranks under the feudal system, from king down to peasant.

WHY GO TO SCHOOL?

Read this selection carefully and be prepared to stand before the class and state its main points.

A class of boys and girls was asked this question: "Why do you come to school?" One member answered, "To get an education." Another said, "To be prepared for our life work." A third replied, "We come to school to become better citizens." Do you think these answers were good ones?

Of course, the years we spend in school are of value to us later. We should consider them as an investment. A business man buys an interest in a business with the idea that it will bring him a return in the money it will earn. A professional man saves a thousand dollars with which he buys shares of stock or a bond. The stock pays dividends or the bond pays interest every year. In a similar way, an education is an investment that pays dividends—the best investment a young person can make.

What returns can we expect from such an investment? This is the question that the boys and girls in the class tried to answer. Each one who replied gave part of the answer, for education helps us to acquire four things of untold worth. These we will call knowledge, skill, appreciation, and character.

Long ago, people thought that education merely meant the learning of facts. The more information a man had, the better educated he was thought to be. Some of you will remember that, in China, government officials were formerly chosen on the basis of their ability to repeat page after page of very ancient books. This kind of information had nothing to do with their duties as government officials, and the method of appointment was one reason for the weakness of the Chinese government.

A knowledge of a number of facts is of value only if these facts can be made useful. Whenever we use judg-

ment in making a decision we use facts that have been learned either through experience or in school. Some people buy automobiles that are good looking and do not consider the quality of workmanship. Others, who use judgment, learn facts concerning the workmanship and other good and bad qualities of several cars before deciding which to buy. It is the latter who generally have the better cars. They have not only learned facts but they have also used them in the selection of their cars.

Every once in a while someone points out a successful man with the remark that he never had much education. What is meant is that this man never attended school for any length of time, but if you will inquire you will find that he secured his education by study after he left school. Ask such a man for his advice and he will almost always advise you to stay in school. You will also notice that if he has any children, he sees that they stay in school.

Many boys and girls leave school because they want to earn money, either to help their parents or to have a supply of spending money. The average person who completes a high school course soon overtakes the one who has left school earlier to go to work. Some time ago the government investigated this and found that graduates from high school earn as much during the first seven years as those who quit at the end of the eighth grade earn in their first eleven. Beyond the seventh year the high school graduates leave the others far behind in their earning capacity.

This far we have been considering what education does to help us. Let us see what is expected of us after we get an education. The student may have meant this when he said that he went to school to become a better citizen.

Because the state spends a great deal of money to provide public schools, it expects you to pay for your educa-

tion by growing up to be good citizens. To be good citizens you must know your home community, your state, and the national government. In school you can learn how taxes are levied and collected, how county officers are elected or appointed, and about other customs that have become laws.

There are other ways to show that we are good citizens. In every school questions of right and wrong are answered, not by rules, but by the right or wrong thinking of the pupils. Cheating, for example, is unfair to those who do not cheat, to the teacher, and to the school. But it hurts the cheater more than anyone else because it develops the habit of cheating, and the chances are that he will go on cheating. Of course he will be found out, but he will be an evil influence in every community he belongs to.

The way in which the pupils in a school generally regard such questions may be called the public opinion of the school on these questions. If they think it is all right to cheat, the public opinion of the school is unhealthy. If cheating is frowned upon, it means not only a healthy state of public opinion in the school, but a hopeful future for the entire community. So also in a family, a club, a church, a town, a city, a state, or a nation, the public opinion, or, in other words, the group thought and feeling, is either healthy or unhealthy. In the town, the city, the state, and the nation, public opinion makes laws. Every citizen helps to make public opinion. The more he helps to improve it, the better citizen he is.

—From *Choosing an Occupation*, by ZIEGLER and JAQUETTE

Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company

QUESTIONS

1. Show how education may be considered an investment.
2. Give a one-minute talk on education and success.

THE OTHER FELLOW

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other Fellow! Now, one of these is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. Thus, I do so-and-so; but the Other Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think that I have done or said a great or good thing; and they may shout my praises far and wide. But the Other Fellow sits inside, and says, "You lie! You're a sneak, and you know it!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat over and over again, "You lie! You're a sneak, and you know it!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me, falsely; but the Other Fellow will sit inside and say, "Never mind, old boy! It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy, than that the Other Fellow should sit inside and say, "You lie! You lie! You're a sneak, and you know it."

—WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH

QUESTIONS

Do you know a good name for "the other fellow that sits inside"?

What quality of a good scout does this selection describe?

KING CANUTE

King Canute, as perhaps you have read, was the powerful Danish king who came to England in the eleventh century, conquered its Saxon rulers, and set up his own rule instead. This story in verse, by William Makepeace Thackeray, better known as a writer of novels, gives an account of the way in which Canute reproved his flattering, fawning courtiers. The word *parasite* is used to describe the courtiers. A parasite is a plant which lives upon the life of another plant, as the mistletoe grows upon the oak. The term is often applied to a person who gets all he can get out of other people, without making any honest effort of his own to give value received or to be of use in the world.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years
a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and
robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-
shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop walked the King with
steps sedate,
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and gold-
sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages,—all the officers of
state.

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers dropped
their jaws:
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud
hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old
and young:

Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favorite
gleemen sung,

Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her
hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of
the Seal.

Sure, my lord, is it the lampreys served at dinner, or the
veal?"

"Psha!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not
that I feel.

" 'Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest
impair:

Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary."—Someone cried, "The
King's armchair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the
Keeper nodded,

Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two
footmen able-bodied;

Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over storm
and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered! Where was glory like
to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to
thine?"

“What avail me all my kingdoms? Weary now I am and
old;
Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and cold;
Would I were, and quiet buried, underneath the silent
mould!

“Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent! at my bosom tears and
bites;
Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the
lights;
Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at
nights.

“Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious fires;
Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their slaught-
ered sires.”—

“Such a tender conscience,” cries the Bishop, “everyone
admires.

“But for such unpleasant bygones, cease, my gracious lord,
to search,
They’re forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother Church;
Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

“Look! the land is crowned with churches, which your
Grace’s bounty raised;
Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and heaven are daily
praised:
You, my lord, to think of dying? on my conscience I’m
amazed!”

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear).

"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete,

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bade the silver moon stand still?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;

"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide-

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?”

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, “Land and sea, my lord, are thine.”

Canute turned toward the ocean—“Back!” he said, “thou foaming brine.

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master’s seat:

Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!”

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship Him whom earth and seas obey:

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone: Parasites exist alway.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1. Did King Canute think that the tide would stand still?

2. Why, then, did he command it to do so?

3. Did the Bishop think that the ocean would obey Canute?

Why did he say it would?

YES OR NO?

The following problems are to be answered without the use of figures. Read each problem carefully and decide whether your answer should be *yes* or *no*. Each question requires one or the other of these words; no other answer will be counted correct. Use a separate line for each answer and be sure to number it to correspond with the problem. When you have finished, sign your name at the bottom of the paper.

1. I have eleven dollars. My brother has more than twice as much money. Can we between us buy a bicycle for thirty-two dollars?

2. In a school of 324 pupils, there are 103 girls. Are there more girls than boys in the school?

3. Robert can read the directions at the heading of this exercise in twenty-six seconds. He tried it and carried them out exactly right. Herbert only required twenty-two seconds, but he failed to carry out all the directions. Was Herbert a better reader than Robert?

4. I can earn three dollars every Saturday by helping the neighbors. Could I earn enough in four weeks to buy a fifteen-dollar printing press?

5. A barrel of flour weighs very nearly 200 pounds. When flour costs 8 cents a pound, can I save money by purchasing a barrel for \$12, if the freight charges amount to 85 cents?

6. Two men can do a piece of work in three days. Will it take four men six days to finish?

7. Men do not live in greatest numbers in extremely hot or extremely cold regions. Would you expect to find most of the great cities of Canada in the far north?

8. Last summer John Stuart earned \$65 working on his uncle's farm. He saved more than half of it. Can he buy a new suit and hat advertised at \$30?

9. Sarah was born February 12, 1910. Her cousin, Marie, is four months younger. Was Marie born in 1910 also?

OLD RUSTY

You should all begin reading at the same time. See which group gives the best answers to the three questions at the end; the fastest, the slowest, or the middle group.

She had been a "crack" engine thirty years before, and long after every other locomotive of her pattern had been broken up into scrap iron Old Rusty was hauling a local express and making her thirty-two miles an hour like clock-work. But at last, because she looked so ridiculous beside the new engines, she was put to drawing freight from the company's shops to the stations on the main line.

Absurd as the old engine appeared, every engineer who handled her soon grew fond of her, even poor Hepburn, who went a little wrong in his head and lost his position. The yardmaster gave him odd jobs to make a living, and when in the course of his oiling and cleaning Hepburn came to Old Rusty he petted her as if she had been alive.

There never was a man, though, who made so much of the engine as did young Maitland, Hepburn's successor. Maitland had fought his way up, starting with everything against him. When Old Rusty was given him he set out to master her. At the end of the year, when the records of the locomotives were made up, it was found that the old engine had used less fuel and cost less for repairs than any other locomotive on the road. Maitland could have had another engine and a passenger run, if he had wanted it.

"No," he said, "Old Rusty can teach me something yet, and I like to be close to the shops, where I can have a chance to experiment and pick up ideas."

One night in September Old Rusty, with steam up, was waiting for the departure of a "special" that carried the president of the road and an official party.

Of course a fast new locomotive was assigned to that train, which included two Pullmans, a sleeper and a baggage car, besides the president's private car. Five minutes before seven the party appeared. The president was holding his watch in his hand and looking worried.

"I have just an hour to make forty miles," he said. As he spoke, the yardmaster came up to report that something was wrong with the crank pin of the locomotive, and that it would take twenty minutes to repair it.

"Is any other engine ready?" asked the president.

"Old Rusty is the only one, but she might make it," the yardmaster answered.

The president laughed as he looked over at the ungainly old engine, but he had heard something about the performances of Old Rusty and her engineer, and so in two minutes the new locomotive was run on a siding, the other was coupled to the train, and with a screech off Old Rusty rattled to make forty miles in fifty-eight minutes.

Then a strange thing happened. The new engine had been left alone for the moment. Up sneaked Hepburn, the poor crazy fellow who had once been an engineer, jumped into the cab, pulled open the throttle, and was off on the main line before anyone realized what was going on.

The yardmaster rushed to the telegraph office. In a moment it was ticked over the wires to the next stop, eight miles ahead, that a wild engine, manned by a crazy engineer, was loose on the road.

Maitland had none too much of a start, for it did not take Hepburn long to get his engine warmed to her work. There were three minutes between the train and the wild engine at first, but only sixty seconds separated them when Maitland came to the end of the long curve at Berry Hill.

The engineer happened to glance back, and the sight

that met his eyes made his heart leap and his face turn pale. Through the darkness, shining like an evil eye, came the headlight of the wild engine. Maitland shouted a warning to his fireman and opened the throttle wide. He was thankful now that he knew Old Rusty's every strength and weakness. As never before he coaxed her to show her utmost speed. Death was roaring behind him.

As they neared the first station, Maitland looked out of the cab and saw the white-faced operator on the platform, frantically waving them forward. There was no hearing what he said, but his meaning was clear enough. It was six miles to the next station; Old Rusty made it in less than eight minutes. But the runaway was gaining; she would overtake Old Rusty within the next six miles.

"Stay right here, Jack, and keep the throttle wide open!" Maitland suddenly roared to his fireman.

He dashed from the cab, climbed over the tender and into the baggage car. In a second he had a stout trunk strap in his hand. He rushed through the forward car. The president and his guests stood up, white and silent. They thought that Maitland had come to warn them to prepare for an awful shock.

"Follow me!" cried Maitland to the conductor. The two men made for the platform of the car next to the last.

It is not very difficult to uncouple cars when a train is moving slowly; but with an engine tearing along as Old Rusty was, few men would care to attempt it. Buckling the trunk strap round his waist so that the conductor might hold him, Maitland tugged at the coupling. Even when he had managed to free the last car, it had such headway that it did not at once desert the train; but presently it fell behind—a trap for the wild engine. Then Maitland

raced back to Old Rusty, while the conductor explained to the officials how their lives had been saved.

It was only a minute or two later when the crash came. The pilot of the runaway struck the uncoupled car and then rose in the air. There was a frightful roar of escaping steam, heard above the grinding of wood and iron, and then the engine rolled over on its side. And, strangest of all, Hepburn, the mad engineer, flung out of the cab at the first shock, escaped with a broken leg.

Old Rusty went speeding on; not until the next station was reached, three miles ahead, did Maitland stop. Then the president got out of his car and hurried up to the engine.

"Come out of that cab," he said.

Maitland got down, and every man, beginning with the president, shook hands with him. But no one said a word; no one felt talkative just then.

"Oh, yes, the president and directors gave Maitland a check for a thousand dollars," said the old engineer who told the story; "and they said Old Rusty never should be broken up while they controlled the road. But the worst of it was that two years after that they made Maitland division superintendent. It was a sin to take so good an engineer off an engine! A first-class engineer isn't born every day!"

—Courtesy of *The Youth's Companion*

1. Do you think Maitland was well suited to be a division superintendent? What actions of his show that he was?

2. Maitland was brave, but bravery alone would not have saved the train. Can you suggest other words to describe him?

3. Were there any other brave people in the story besides Maitland?

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your papers with your name and grade on the first line, and the date and your room or teacher's name on the second line; leave the third line blank, and beginning with the fourth line number the lines from 1 to 6. This exercise is to help you read quickly and accurately. See that you understand all the directions in each problem before you attempt to carry them out. On the other hand, work as quickly as you can.

1. John was very proud of his big brother Bill because he wore a uniform. Bill wore a badge and carried a club which he could either stick in his belt or hang by a cord from his waist.

What was John's brother?

Fireman, conductor, policeman, soldier?

Write your answer on line 1.

2. Land and sea breezes are caused by air rising from a heated surface and the air from the cooler surrounding surfaces blowing in to take its place.

At the close of a hot day at the seashore if you would expect a land breeze, write the word *hot* on the first line. If a sea breeze, write the word *wind* on line 2.

3. Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, was very fond of the French people and insisted that his Court speak French.

To what nation did Peter belong?

Write your answer on line 3.

4. If in the following words *t* is found with *h* more often than with *r*, write "thanks" on line 4, but if *r* is found more often with *t* than is *h*, write *trump* there.

thistle triumph breath bottle truthful

5. John came in from a long tramp. Water streamed from the crown of his hat and his shoes were covered with mud.

Was it a clear day or a rainy one?

Write your answer on line 5.

6. If you find a word in this sentence which may be used to describe a battle, write the word on the seventh line, but if you find no such word write *none* there.

A GLIMPSE AT CHINA

Here is a selection that might have been taken from a geography. One good way of preparing such a lesson is to jot down a few words that will help you to recall the important points in what you have read. At the end of the selection is a summary made by jotting down points in that way. You will notice that it is much like an outline, but is easier to make. Read the selection carefully, and then go over the summary, recalling by its aid what you have read. Some time you will be asked to make a similar summary.

1. China is perhaps the most interesting country in the whole world. One reason for this is because it is so old. Many learned men like to look at ruins and places where great cities of long ago have been, such as are found in Rome and Greece. They try to find out from them how people lived in those far-off days. Some try to read the picture-writing on the monuments in Egypt, and after hard and toilsome study get some idea of the history of the olden times. In China there are cities just as old, with people still living in them; the writings, dating from long before Christ, are still read; and the old, old language is still spoken by the people of today.

2. When Solomon was King in Jerusalem, and when the Egyptians had built great palaces and cities by the Nile, and when England was just a little wild island, with no one in it clever enough to write anything, or mighty enough to be written about, there were then already great men and large cities in China.

3. Let us suppose some brave traveler, who lived in the days of Solomon, had gone about with the merchants whom Solomon used to send to all countries. This traveler might have gone to Egypt with the grooms who bought horses and chariots, and have seen there the lovely gardens, and

the clever Egyptians writing on the walls of temples their strange picture-writing. He might even have gone to England and got some bright tin from Cornwall; but there he would have despised the half-naked wild folk living in caves or in the forests. Then he might have gone as far as China, and there he would have found great cities, with busy merchants, and learned men writing books, with strange signs for words.

4. Now suppose this traveler appeared again this year, and traveled to the places he had visited before. In Egypt he would recognize the picture-writing he had seen carved on the walls, but there would be no one left who could read it. He would find it hard to believe that England was the same country he had visited before. But if he went to China he would begin to feel himself again, for there would be the strange signs and people still able to read them, and the great cities and busy merchants seeming almost the same. The little round coins used by the Chinese of ancient times are quite unchanged, and if our traveler had put a few *cash* in his pocket on his earlier visit, he could buy things with them. If he took a walk in the fields, the ploughs and harrows he saw, and the carts and the spades, would be the same. He would see today clumsy flat-bottomed boats, probably much like the old ship in which he came on his first voyage so long ago.

5. But that does not mean that China has not learned anything in the thousands of years between. The Chinese were the first people to make silk; and think how many grand folk of every country wear it now. They were the people who discovered how to make porcelain. Even kings had to use earthenware till Chinamen showed how fine transparent cups and bowls could be made. They had gunpowder before Europe ever thought of it, and knew

how to print books long before Caxton gave England its first printed book. Moreover, China had astronomers and poets and thinkers and millions of people who could read, long before our own ancestors began to be civilized. One of our best inventions is the taxicab; but a learned professor has found that in China a kind of taxicab was used 1600 years ago. Instead of marking up dimes and quarters, the Chinese machine struck a drum, and when ten short Chinese miles had been traversed, a bell was rung.

6. You have read the story of Rip Van Winkle, who went to sleep for twenty years. China went to sleep for centuries; or rather, got too sleepy to care to stir; but now she is awake, and all the nations of the world are interested in the part this Rip Van Winkle nation is going to play.

China is rich in rivers, mountains, and minerals, and it is said she has enough coal to last the world for a thousand years. The rivers carry goods of all kinds in thousands of boats to all the inland cities. The two most important are the Yangtze-kiang and the Yellow rivers. The Yangtze River, which is one of the largest in the world, is nearly a mile wide away up at Chungking, which is about a thousand miles from the coast. Before the river gets to the sea it has to squeeze through narrow rocky gorges, and there it roars and tears along furiously. Boats go up and down even in these parts. Men stand in the prow, with poles firmly held in their hands, and with these save the boat from crashing against the rocks as it races headlong down the rapids.

7. The other great river comes hurrying from the mountains, carrying quantities of soft mud down to the level plains, and so it gets its name Yellow River. It winds in and out among the towns and villages. Some of the mud drops to the bed of the river and raises it so that each year

the river is higher. Every now and then in a rainy season it bursts its banks and floods the land for miles. Thousands of Chinese have been drowned by its waters, and so it has another name, "China's Sorrow." When it reaches the coast, the dirty Yellow River has a long fight with the sea, which tries hard with splashing waves to clean it by washing the mud away down to the sands below. The river is conqueror, for it pushes with its mud far out into the sea, which is made such a color that it is called the Yellow Sea.

8. In China there are more people than in any other part of the world. It is not only in the cities that people are to be found, but wherever you go you come across people. Farmers toil in the fields; messengers and carriers flock along the roads; boatmen and fishermen swarm on the rivers. Villages are found everywhere, and each house has, perhaps, three or four families. Boats are used as houses, and so are caves, too, in some places. To get food these people must work hard, and happily the rivers and sea are full of fish. Many fish are caught in nets, but the Chinese have other ways of getting them. Sometimes in Scotland, boys catch fish with their hands; feeling along under the edge of the bank, they tickle the fish in the stream, and then quickly jerk it on the grass. In China, men sometimes dive right into the water to catch fish in this way. Sometimes the noise and splashing they make bewilder the fish, so that they are easily caught. The Chinese also have ponds in which they put small fish to fatten for the market.

9. Sometimes in the south of China, you may see a long raft with half a dozen black, long-necked birds being taken for a row by a barelegged boatman. They more than pay for the trip, for they dive after and catch fish. A ring round their necks prevents them from swallowing any but the very small ones; the rest they put into a basket for

their owner. Otters are sometimes trained to do this, too. A missionary writes that she saw one muzzled belonging to a boatman on the Yangtze, and bought a fish which had been caught by it. The man said it earned enough to keep him and his family of four.

10. In most parts of China the land is as rich as the water. In South China the farmers can get three crops a year off their fields, two of the three being rice; but in the north, where the winters are bitterly cold and bread is eaten, wheat is grown.

11. To heat the houses brick ovens, called *kangs*, occupy most of the space, and people sit and eat and sleep on them. In the south, where there are no such ovens, the people wear two or three coats, one over the other, to keep warm.

12. When we read and hear about China, we must remember that customs differ very much in different parts of the country, and what is the habit in one district may be quite unknown in another. Take, for instance, ways of traveling. In the south no such thing as a wheel is ever seen, but in the north there are carts and wheelbarrows. Carts stand for hire in the streets of northern towns, as cabs do here; but what a difference there is between the cushioned cab, with springs and rubber tires, bowling along a smooth pavement, and the hard springless two-wheeled cart, on the floor of which you have to sit, and be thrown hither and thither as the wheels bump in and out of the deep ruts in the road!

13. The wheelbarrows are made very differently from ours. The wheel is large and is placed in the center of the barrow with a casing of wood over it. There is a sort of shelf at each side of this casing, on which are piled the goods to be carried. Very often the wheelbarrow carries passengers. In Shanghai, on the level road leading to a

factory, they may be seen made with extra long sides so that as many as eight or ten mill hands can sit back to back on each wheelbarrow. Sometimes a man will sit on one side and have his luggage on the other side to balance him. The barrow man has a strap from the handles over his shoulders to ease his arms of some of the weight. If there is a favorable wind, a sail is hoisted, and the traveler can get along at a good pace.

14. Another strange conveyance in North China is the mule litter. This is a sort of covered stretcher, swung on long bamboo poles. At each end between the poles is a mule, and the mules carry the litter between them. This is much more comfortable than a cart or wheelbarrow, and the traveler can get along at the rate of four miles an hour. Why should anyone wish to go faster?

—From *A Peep at China*, by LENA E. JOHNSTON

Paragraph 1. Study ancient Rome, Greece, Egypt from ruins—China from present conditions.

Paragraphs 2, 3, and 4. Merchant of King Solomon's time might have seen picture-writing in Egypt, half-naked savages in England. If he returned these would be changed, but China would be as it was on his visit thousands of years ago.

Paragraphs 5 and 6. Chinese discovered silk, porcelain, printing, gunpowder; had poets, astronomers, thinkers—has been asleep, is awaking.

Paragraphs 6 and 7. China rich in minerals—coal—has rivers for transportation; the Yangtze and Yellow rivers—dangerous rapids and floods.

Paragraphs 8, 9, and 10. China crowded, people living in caves, on boats; strange ways of fishing; three crops a year.

Paragraph 11. Keeping warm.

Paragraphs 12, 13, and 14. Varying customs and habits; carts, wheelbarrows, mule litters.

ATALANTA'S RACE

Here is one of the great stories of the world. It would spoil it to ask a lot of questions about it. It will be more amusing to plan how you could make over the story into a motion picture. As you read, decide and write down—

1. What scenes would have to be photographed as backgrounds for the action.
2. What parts would be taken by the "movie stars."
3. At what points the audience would be most excited.

One day a young prince, whose name was Milanion, went forth to hunt the wild boar in the woods bordering his father's kingdom. Towards noon, having found little sport, and not having chanced to kill a single beast, he gave up the chase, and walking onward to a place where the wood thinned, saw in front of him a fair city, which he had never seen before. He went towards it, thinking to find an inn where he might get food and wine, and as he came nearer, saw to his surprise that the gates of the city were wide open, with no men-at-arms to guard them.

Entering through the wide gates, Milanion found the streets at first quite deserted, but as he drew near the centre of the city, he overtook a number of people, all hurrying in the same direction. Following them he came at last to a large open space, whither they were bound, and there his eyes fell upon a strange sight.

The place was evidently the arena in which were held the athletic games and trials of strength, for it was surrounded by seats, rising tier on tier. In those seats were crowded together apparently the entire population of the city, and although the arena itself was empty, the silence and the eager attention of the people showed plainly that some exciting event was toward.

Milanion mounted to a vacant seat, and stared around him curiously. At one end of the arena, under a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold, sat the King on his throne, surrounded by his counsellors and lords. Before him on a pedestal was a golden image of the sun, and a silver statue of Mercury, the swift-footed god, while in the arena below stood a brazen altar, on which flickered a thin flame. Close to the altar stood a burly man, half naked, leaning on an enormous sword twined round with yellow flowers.

But it was not on any of these that the eager gaze of the people was fixed, but on the figures of two runners toeing a mark and waiting the signal to race. One of the runners was a handsome young man, slim and fair, with fresh color and well-knit limbs. The other was a beautiful maiden, clad like Diana of the woods. Her face was calm, and her grey eyes were fixed steadfastly upon the spear that marked the goal, but the eyes of the young man who was to run against her were turned towards her, and he seemed to have no other thought than to watch her face.

Suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet gave the signal to start, and the two sprang forward like hounds from the leash. Neck and neck they ran until nearly half of the course was covered, and then gradually the young man began to forge in front. A cry of joy broke from the watching crowd, but it was short-lived, and a deep groan followed as the maiden easily caught him up, and, scarcely seeming to make an effort, reached the winning-post while her adversary was still many yards behind. There she stood quietly, her face still set and calm, her breath coming gently, as though she had not stirred herself at all.

At the sound of the trumpet which announced her victory, the young man stopped short in his course, and for a moment stared about him wildly. Then he made his way towards

the place where stood the man with the sword, and without a word knelt before him. The great blade, stripped now of its yellow blossoms, flashed in the sun as the giant heaved it up, and a silence as of death fell upon the crowd. In the midst of it the maiden walked towards the kneeling man, casting him an indifferent glance as she passed. He raised his white, appealing face to hers for one last look; at the same moment the blade fell, and his head rolled upon the ground.

Burning with curiosity to know what this strange scene could mean, Milanion turned to an old man who stood close by, and asked him who the maiden was.

"Stranger," answered the old man, "her name is Atalanta, and she is the daughter of our King Schœneus."

"She is very beautiful," said Milanion softly.

"Aye," said the old man grimly. "And I pray God she soon may die, for that loveliness of hers has been the bane of many a fair young man!" He caught Milanion by the sleeve. "Stranger," said he earnestly, "I see that her fatal spell is at work upon you already. Take my advice before it is too late; go far from this accursed place and forget her utterly, for to love Atalanta is death, and you are over young to die."

Then the old man told Milanion Atalanta's story. She was the only child that King Schœneus had, and at her birth he had been grievously disappointed because she was not a son. When she was only two or three days old the King had bidden his slaves take her into the woods and there abandon her to the mercy of the wild beasts. But the babe did not die, for a she-bear found her, and took her to its den, and brought her up with its own savage litter. Years afterwards the wood-folk killed the bear, and found Atalanta, then a well-grown maid of wonderful

beauty and strength, and brought her to their village. For a time she stayed with them, and became a mighty hunter, for there was no beast in all the forest that could match her for strength and swiftness of foot. But at last she wandered abroad, and coming at last to King Schoeneus's town, was recognized as his daughter by some sign she bore upon her body. There she stayed, increasing in beauty day by day, so that many young men were suitors for her hand in marriage. But Atalanta vowed that she would marry no man but one who could outrun her in a race, and, her heart being fierce and ruthless, she made also this condition, that any who tried and failed should meet death in that very hour by the headsman's sword.

"Since then," continued the old man, "many have essayed to win the Princess, but all have failed and gone to their doom. That young man we saw run today did better than any of the others, yet I think that Atalanta did but play with him, so that his hopes might increase, and he might suffer the more."

Musing over what he had heard, Milanion left the city, and returned in due course to his father's kingdom. There he tried hard to follow the old man's counsel and to put all thought of the maid and her fatal beauty from his mind. But it was all in vain. Each day his desire to see her again grew stronger, and at the end of a month, he once more made his way to King Schoeneus's town.

On the morrow, so the people told him, Atalanta was to run another race, for yet another suitor had appeared, who thought to gain her for a bride. The good folk spoke of him with pity and murmured angry words against the cruel maid who had caused the name of their city to be accursed among the mothers of men.

But Milanion's heart beat quickly with a resolve newly

formed, and when on the morrow he watched the scene in the arena, it was with no feeling of pity for the man who was so soon to die. One thought only filled his mind—the thought of Atalanta—for he had determined to put his fate to the test, and to try and win her.

No sooner was the race finished than Milanion left his place and began to push his way through the people towards the King's throne. Several among the crowd divined his purpose, and would have stayed him, crying to him to be wise and not to sacrifice his young life to the cruelty of the maid; but he shook them off, and reaching at last the foot of the ivory throne, knelt before the King.

Schoeneus looked down upon him with sad and weary eyes. "What do you here, Stranger?" he asked. "Have any of my folk wronged you, or are you perhaps another of that misguided band who seek to mate with my daughter?"

"That last am I, O King," cried Milanion. "My mind is firm to make the trial. Either I will win her, or there shall be an end both of love and life for me. And fear not, O King, that neither my victory or defeat will bring shame upon you, for I am of royal race, the son of old King Amphidamas, whose line is lofty as your own."

"Alas!" answered the King, and his eyes grew sadder than before. "I cannot bid you welcome since you are come for such an end. The dead who have died for my daughter's sake are too many already, and the thought of them weighs heavy on my soul. Give up this mad resolve. Is life not sweet that you would throw it away?"

"There are no words can move me," Milanion made answer. "I have counted well the cost, and my resolve is constant. Fix a day that I may make the trial, and let it be soon. Right glad would I be if it could be this very hour."

"Nay," said the King, "that shall not be. But in a month's time, if you still persist in your foolishness, the race shall be run. Meantime, Prince, rest here with me as my guest, and until the appointed day we will make merry, and forget all troubles to come."

But Milanion would not stay, for well he knew that there could be no rest for him until his desire was accomplished. He took his leave of the King and wandered forth, and came in time to a temple of Venus by the sea.

The temple stood on the rocky shores of Argolis, at the very edge of the sea. Twice a day the ocean waves swept its very base, and, surging through the brazen doors, washed the white feet of the marble goddess that stood therein. Thither Milanion came, and with rich gifts bought from the guardian priests the right to stay.

And when the priests were gone, and he was all alone, he cast himself down before the feet of Venus and prayed to her:

"O Queen," he cried, "O Goddess, who art quick to help man and maid in their time of need, despise me not now for that I am wretched and unworthy, but give me thine aid. Thou who art Queen of Love, teach me to win the love of Atalanta, and to humble her pride. Single-hearted I come to thee, O Queen, and thou knowest there is no base thought beneath my prayer, no hope of worldly gain, or ambition of worldly power. Surely it is a little thing I ask, and thou wilt grant it. Here will I stay to wait a sign from thee."

Then, stepping back from the altar, but keeping still his face turned towards the white figure of the goddess, Milanion leaned against a pillar and waited. Slowly the day waned, the blue faded out of the sky, and high-piled clouds of red and gold formed themselves in the west. A little wind

arose, and the soft murmuring of the sea, now near its ebb, filled all the temple with soft sound.

Still Milanion stood motionless, waiting. The night fell, and the white rays of moonlight fell across the floor, but he moved not. Even when the temple maidens came, at midnight, to chant their evening hymn, he paid no heed, but remained with white, still face turned in mute appeal to the goddess who as yet had made no sign.

At length, long before the coming of dawn, Milanion felt that his prayer was about to be answered, and he turned with a joyful face to scan the sea. A faint light, not born of sun or stars, lit up the sky, and was reflected from the dancing waves. Slowly it grew brighter, until the whole temple was bathed in dazzling light.

Milanion staggered forward with upraised arms, his eyes blinded by the glory, and fell upon his face. And as he lay, not daring to raise his eyes, he heard a sweet voice speaking.

"Why dost thou fear, Milanion?" it said. "I am not hard to those who love me, but only to those who do base things in my name. Listen to what I tell thee, and thou shalt live to save this maiden from a loveless grave. Here by my feet are three golden apples, plucked in the garden of the gods. They are beautiful to see, and they bring strange longing to all who behold them. Take them, and when thou runnest thy course, bear them with thee in a scrip. As soon as Atalanta overtakes thee in the race, cast one of these golden apples to one side, and as she turns to pick it up press on with all the speed thou mayest. And if she overtakes thee again, spare not to cast the other two abroad in the same way; so shalt thou win the race, and Atalanta for thy bride. Farewell, and in the time when thou hast won thy heart's desire, and thou seest for

the first time Atalanta's eyes grow kind, forget not her who has helped thee in thy time of need."

The voice ceased, the radiance faded, and Milanion, wondering, raised his eyes. Nothing was to be seen but the pillared temple, now filled with the cold grey light of early dawn; but before Milanion, on the marble floor, lay three golden apples, for a sign that he had not dreamed.

And now the month of waiting had passed, and once again the arena was surrounded by the silent yet eager crowd, watching for the death of yet another victim. All was as before: the King aloft on his throne; the huge headsman with his mighty sword; the two runners toeing the mark. But now Milanion stood in the place he had gazed on twice before. His face was flushed with the sense of coming triumph, and he gazed at Atalanta not hopelessly as those others had gazed, but with a look of mastery in his eyes. The maid, too, was changed. No longer was her face indifferent and calm, for something seemed to tell her she had met her match at last. She cast down her eyes, and as the time drew near to start her heart beat wildly and her limbs trembled.

Suddenly the blast of the trumpet rang out clear and loud, and on the instant the two bounded forward. Fifty yards were run, and already Atalanta was ahead; but as she turned to cast one quick look behind, Milanion, without a word, drew a golden apple from his srip, and cast it far to one side. Like a flash of golden light it rolled along the sand, and on the instant a strong desire arose in Atalanta's heart to possess the shining fruit. She turned aside, quickly snatched it up, and with redoubled speed hastened after Milanion, who had not faltered in his course. He reached the turning post at the end of the arena, but even as he stretched out his hand to touch it, he felt the fingers of the maiden



LIKE A FLASH OF GOLDEN LIGHT IT ROLLED ALONG THE SAND

under his, and knew that he was overtaken. At once he cast the second apple away. Atalanta stayed to watch it, wavered for a moment, and then ran to pick it up; nor did she take the course again until the golden fruit lay with its fellow in her bosom.

But now she knew by the frenzied shouts of the people that her adversary was near the goal. She saw him not fifty yards away from it; but even then there was no doubt in her mind but that she could win the race. Once again she bounded forward, swiftly as the wind, and ere he had covered a score of yards more was at his heels. Then Milanion, with all his strength, cast away the third apple, and at sight of it Atalanta forgot the race and everything but the longing to possess the golden fruit, and within a moment of victory turned aside for the third time. All her speed could avail her nothing now. When she reached the post Milanion was already there, and his strong arms received her as she fell.

Now, what a shout of joy rang from the watching crowd, who knew the curse was lifted from their land at last. Advancing, the giant headsman lifted his sword and shattered it to pieces on the altar, while priests came forth to scatter incense, that the ghosts of the dead, who had died in that place, might be appeased.

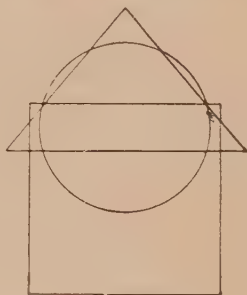
And all the people rejoiced that at last the curse had been removed from their land, and that never more would they be called upon to witness Atalanta's Race. And, my story says, Milanion in good time wedded Atalanta, and they lived together happily for many years.

—From *Stories from The Earthly Paradise*
retold by C. S. EVANS

A TEST OF GOOD THINKING

Here are some problems similar to the tests given the men in the national army during the Great War. If you can solve them well it will show that you have a good mind capable of concentration and accurate thinking.

1. Draw this figure on your paper. Here are three figures; a circle, a square, and a triangle. In that portion of the triangle which is within the circle but not within the square place the figure 3, but in that portion of the circle that is within the square but not within the triangle place the figure 2.



2. Draw circles like these on your paper.



Draw a line from the third circle to the sixth circle that will pass above the fourth circle and below the fifth circle.

3. Draw circles like these in a row on your paper.



In the fourth circle from the right place a figure 3, but in the third circle from the left place a cross.

4. Here are three words: school—house—book. Draw three circles in a row on your paper. Place the first letter of the last word in the first circle, the last letter of the second word on the second circle, and the last letter of the first word in the last circle.

5. Here are some numbers:

41, 23, 32, 69, 98, 75, 46, 57, 91, 34, 71, 52, 73, 67, 29, 84.

Copy on your paper all the numbers between 20 and 40.

THE STORY IN A RIFLE

The stories of how our common, everyday things came into existence is often as interesting as a work of fiction. When you look at one of the rifles carried by our American soldiers, you may not think that it suggest a story whose beginning is far back in the past. But after you read this you will never see a rifle without thinking of the long history that lies back of it.

A naked savage found himself in the greatest danger. A wild beast, hungry and fierce, was about to attack him. Escape was impossible. Retreat was cut off. He must fight for his life—but how?

Should he bite, scratch, or kick? Should he strike with his fist? These were the natural defenses of his body, but what were they against the teeth, the claws, and the tremendous muscles of his enemy? Should he wrench a dead branch from a tree and use it for a club? That would bring him within striking distance to be torn to pieces before he could deal a second blow.

There was but a moment in which to act. Swiftly he seized a jagged fragment of rock from the ground and hurled it with all his force at the blazing eyes before him; then another, and another, until the beast, dazed and bleeding from the unexpected blows, fell back and gave him a chance to escape. He knew that he had saved his life, but there was something else which his dull brain failed to realize.

He had invented arms and ammunition.

In other words, he had needed to strike a harder blow than the blow of his fist, at a greater distance than the length of his arm, and his brain showed him how to do it. After all, what is a modern rifle but a device which man has made with his brain permitting him to strike an enormously

hard blow at a wonderful distance? This early Cave Man took the first step that has led down the ages to the present-day arms and ammunition.

The Cave Man and his descendants learned the valuable lesson of stone-throwing, and it made hunters of them. They were not big-game hunters—that was far too risky; but once in a while a lucky throw might bring down a bird or a rabbit for food. And so it went on for centuries, perhaps.

At last, however, there appeared a great inventor—the Edison of his day. He took the second step.

We do not know his name. Possibly he did not even have a name, but in some way he hit upon a scheme for throwing stones farther, harder, and straighter than any of his ancestors.

The men and women in the Cave Colony suddenly found that one bright-eyed young fellow, with a little straighter forehead than the others, was beating them all at hunting. He went away mysteriously, for hours each day, and was sure to bring home game, while the other men would struggle back for the most part empty-handed.

Was it witchcraft? They decided to investigate.

Accordingly, one morning several of them followed at a careful distance as he sought the shore of a stream where waterfowl might be found. Parting the leaves, they saw him pick up a pebble from the bank and then, to their surprise, take off his girdle of skin and place the stone in its center, holding both ends with his right hand.

Stranger still, he whirled the girdle twice around his head, then released one end so that the leather strip flew out and the stone shot straight at a bird in the water.

The mystery was solved. They had seen the first sling-man in action.

The new plan worked with great success, and a little

practice made expert marksmen. We know that most of the early races used the slingshot for hunting and in war. We find it shown in pictures made many thousands of years ago in ancient Egypt and Assyria. We find it in the Bible, where it is written of the tribe of Benjamin: "Among all these people there were seven hundred chosen men left-handed; *every one could sling a stone at an hairbreadth and not miss.*" Surely, too, you remember the story of David and Goliath when the young shepherd "prevailed over the Philistine *with a sling and with a stone.*"

Today shepherds tending their flocks upon these same hills of Syria may be seen practicing with slings like those of David. Yes, and slings were used in European armies until nearly a hundred years after America was discovered.

Yet they had drawbacks. A stone slung might kill a bird or even a man, but it was not effective against big game. What was wanted was a missile to pierce a thick hide.

Man had begun to make spears for use in a pinch, but would you like to tackle a husky bear or a well-horned stag with only a spear for a weapon? No more did our ancestors. The invention of the greatly desired arm probably came about in a most curious way.

Long ages ago man had learned to make fire by rubbing two sticks together, or by twirling a round one between his hands with its point resting upon a flat piece of wood.

In this way it could be made to smoke, and finally set fire to a tuft of dried moss, from which he might get a flame for cooking. This was such hard work that he bethought him to twist a string of sinew about the upright spindle and cause it to twirl by pulling alternately at the two string ends, as some savage races still do. From this it was a simple step to fasten the ends of the two strings to a bent

piece of wood. Now but one hand was needed to twirl the spindle, and the other could hold it in place. This was the "bow drill" which also is used to this day.

But bent wood is apt to be springy. Suppose that while one were bearing on pretty hard with a well-tightened string, in order to bring fire quickly, the point of the spindle should slip from its block. Naturally, it would fly away with some force if the position were just right.

This must have happened many times, and each time *but once* the fire-maker may have muttered something under his breath, gone after his spindle, and then settled down stupidly to his work. He had had a golden chance to make a great discovery, but didn't realize it.

But, so it has been suggested, there was one man who stopped short when he lost his spindle, for a red-hot idea shot suddenly through his brain.

He forgot all about his fire blocks while he sat stock still and thought. Once or twice he chuckled to himself softly. Thereupon he arose and began to experiment.

He chose a longer, springier piece of wood, bent it into a bow, and strung it with a longer thong. He placed the end of a straight stick against the thong, drew it strongly back and released it. The shaft whizzed away with force enough to delight him, and, lo, there was the first bow-and-arrow!

After that it was merely a matter of improvement. The arrow end was apt to slip from the string until someone thought to notch it. Its head struck with such force that the early hunter decided to give it a sharp point, shaped from a flake of flint, in order that it might drive deep into the body of a deer or bear.

But, most of all, it must fly true and straight to its mark. Who of all these simple people first learned to feather its shaft? Was it someone who had watched the swift, sure-

footed spring of a bushy-tailed squirrel from branch to branch? Possibly, for the principle is the same. At all events, with its feathers and its piercing point the arrow became the most deadly of all missiles, and continued to be until long after the invention of firearms.

It is interesting to see how many different forms of bow were used. The English had a six-foot "long bow" made of yew or ash, in a single straight piece, that shot arrows the length of a man's arm. The Indians had bows only forty inches on the average, since a short bow was easier to handle in thick forests. They used various kinds of wood, horn, or even bone, such as the ribs of large animals. These they generally backed with sinew.

Sometimes they cut spiral strips from the curving horns of a mountain sheep, and steamed them straight. Then they glued these strips together into a wonderfully tough and springy bow. Once in a while they even took the whole horns of some young sheep, that had not curved too much, and used the pair just as they grew. In this case each horn made one-half of the bow, and the piece of skull between was shaped down into a handle.

The arrows were quite as important, and their making became a great industry with every race. This was because so many must be carried for each hunt or battle.

Who is not familiar with the chipped flint arrowheads that the farmer so often turns up with his plow? These arrowheads have generally a shoulder where the arrow was set into the shaft, there to be bound tightly with sinew or fiber. Many of them are also barbed.

A new weapon now came about through warfare. Man has been a savage fighting animal through pretty much all his history, but while he tried to kill the other fellow, he objected to being killed himself.

Therefore he took to wearing armor. During the Middle Ages he piled on more and more, until at last one of the knights could hardly walk, and it took a strong horse to carry him. When such a one fell, he went over with a crash like a tin-peddler's wagon, and had to be picked up again by some of his men. Such armor would turn most of the arrows. Hence invention got at work again and produced the crossbow and its bolt. We have already learned how the tough skin of animals brought about the bow; now we see that man's artificial iron skin caused the invention of the crossbow.

What was the crossbow? It was the first real hand-shooting machine. It was another big step toward the day of the rifle. The idea was simple enough. Wooden bows had already been made as strong as the strongest man could pull, and they wished for still stronger ones—steel ones. How could they pull them? At first they mounted them upon a wooden frame and rested one end on the shoulder for a brace. Then they took to pressing the other end against the ground, and using both hands. Next, it was a bright idea to put a stirrup on this end, in order to hold it with the foot.

Still they were not satisfied. "Stronger, stronger!" they clamored; "give us bows which will kill the enemy farther away than he can shoot at us! If we cannot set such bows with both arms let us try our backs!" So they fastened "belt claws" to their stout girdles and tugged the bow strings into place with their back and leg muscles.

"Stronger, stronger again, for now the enemy has learned to use belt claws and he can shoot as far as we. Let us try mechanics!"

So they attached levers, pulleys, ratchets, and windlasses until at last they reached the size of the great siege cross-

bows, weighing eighteen pounds. These sometimes needed a force of twelve hundred pounds to draw back the string to its catch, but how they could shoot!

Human muscle seemed to have reached its limit, mechanics seemed to have reached its limit, but still the world clamored, "Stronger, stronger! How shall we kill our enemy farther away than he can kill us?" For answer, man unlocked one of the secrets of Nature and took out a terrible force. It was a force of chemistry.

Who first discovered the power of gunpowder? Probably the Chinese, although all authorities do not agree. Strange, is it not, that a race still using crossbows in its army should have known of explosives long before the Christian Era, and perhaps as far back as the time of Moses? Here is a passage from their ancient Gentoo Code of Laws: "The magistrate shall not make war with any deceitful machine, or with poisoned weapons, or with cannons or guns, or any kind of firearms." But China might as well have been Mars before the age of travel. Our civilization had to work out the problem for itself.

It all began through playing with fire. It was desired to throw fire on an enemy's buildings or his ships, and so destroy them. Burning torches were thrown by machines, made of cords and springs, over a city wall, and it became a great study to find the best burning compound with which to cover these torches. One was needed which would blaze with a great flame and was hard to put out.

Hence the early chemists made all possible mixtures of pitch, resin, naphtha, sulphur, saltpeter, etc.; "Greek fire" was one of the most famous.

Many of these were made in the monasteries. The monks were pretty much the only people in those days with time for study, and two of these shaven-headed scien-

tists now had a chance to enter history. Roger Bacon was the first. One night he was working his diabolical mixture in the stone-walled laboratory, and watched, by the flickering lights, the progress of a certain interesting combination for which he had used pure instead of impure saltpeter.

Suddenly there was an explosion, shattering the chemical apparatus and probably alarming the whole building. "Good gracious!" we can imagine some of the startled brothers saying, "whatever is he up to now! Does he want to kill us all?" That explosion proved the new combination was not fitted for use as a thrown fire; it also showed the existence of terrible forces far beyond the power of all bowstrings, even those made of steel.

Roger Bacon thus discovered what was practically gunpowder, as far back as the thirteenth century, and left writings in which he recorded mixing 11.2 parts of the saltpeter, 29.4 of charcoal, and 29 of sulphur. This was the formula developed as the result of his investigations.

Berthold Schwartz, a monk of Freiburg, studied Bacon's works and carried on dangerous experiments of his own so that he is ranked with Bacon. He was also the first one to rouse the interest of Europe in the great discovery.

And then began the first crude, clumsy efforts at gun-making. Firearms were born.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the Cave Men want weapons? Why did people of later times want them?
2. Which of the weapons was discovered as the result of an accident?
3. Make a list, in order of time, of the weapons used before the invention of gunpowder. What was the reason, in each case, why men wanted a different weapon from the old one?

MIXED SENTENCES

This exercise is given to see if you can follow directions. Do not wait for the others, but begin now to do with care and exactness just as the following paragraphs tell you.

1. Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. At the left-hand side of your paper number the next ten lines of your paper from 1 to 10.

2. The words NAME IS A JOHN BOY'S do not make a good sentence, but if the words are arranged in order, they form a good sentence, JOHN IS A BOY'S NAME. This sentence is *true*.

3. In the same way, the words, BOOKS MADE IRON OF ARE, in this order do not make a good sentence, but arranged in the right order, they make a good sentence, BOOKS ARE MADE OF IRON. But this sentence is not true.

4. Below are ten groups of words that can be arranged into good sentences. When they are rearranged, some sentences will be true, and some false. Do not write the words in their right order, but see what they would say if rearranged. If what they would say is true, write the word *true* after the corresponding figure on your paper. But if what they would say is not true, write the word *false* after the proper figure.

1. rises the every sun the morning in south.
2. made of ships wood steel are and.
3. because valuable is telephone the time so much saves it.
4. longest the United States winter in days the are.
5. came to from France Franklin both Lafayette help
and us.
6. precious is metal, a gold but iron useful is more.
7. oak are and mahogany cabinet very woods valuable.
8. settlements early the always water ways along made
the were.
9. and telegraph the telephone the surrender news of
Cornwallis's spread the throughout quickly colonies.
10. salt readily in wood and melt water.

INVENTION AND PROGRESS

Men used to argue whether a pail of water with a fish in it would weigh more than the same pail of water without the fish. Francis Bacon, who lived in England in 1600, said, "Weigh them and find out."

Men like Francis Bacon and Galileo made modern invention and progress possible. This story gives a few examples.

In the Italian city of Pisa there is a noted building known as the leaning tower. It was built straight enough, but one side of the foundation settled. But the tower was well built and it stood in spite of the subsidence of its base.

There is an interesting tale connected with this tower. Over three hundred years ago people were in the habit of settling questions by quoting authorities. The greatest authority was the Greek Philosopher, Aristotle. Among other things, Aristotle had said that the heavier a body was, the faster it would fall. A man named Galileo, who was professor of the University of Pisa, said the most startling and amazing thing that anyone of his day had ever heard. He was called many uncomplimentary names when he said it.

What was it that Galileo said? It was simply this—"Let's see."

The world has always been full of people who were horrified when any one doubted the things everyone believed. Many of these people were professors of the University of Pisa. Can't you imagine them saying, "Did you hear what that young dumb-head of a Galileo says? He refuses to believe Aristotle's statement that a heavy body falls faster than a lighter one. Of course it will. Any fool would know that. Besides, Aristotle said it would."

Galileo said, "Let's see."

So he took two weights, one weighing one pound and the other five pounds, up on the tower of Pisa, which is 179 feet high. He went over on the lower side and dropped them off. Horror of horrors!—they both struck the earth at the same time. This big round globe of ours never had a harder jolt than those little weights gave it. Aristotle was jolted in the grave from which he had ruled the intellectual world. The poor university professors were jolted so that they—hated Galileo. And many, many good people have kept on being jolted ever since.

You will be surprised to hear that when bathtubs were first used in America—less than a hundred years ago, that is within the time of your father's grandparents—the newspapers denounced them as extravagant and undemocratic. Perfectly honest physicians insisted that they were dangerous to health, and there were movements to suppress them by law. One state placed a tax of thirty dollars a year on every bathtub, and one large city made the use of a bathtub unlawful except on medical advice.

When the spinning jenny and the power loom were first invented in England, people were very angry and there was a great deal of trouble. The people of England, like the people of other countries, had spun their yarn on the old-fashioned spinning wheels which were to be found in every home. Likewise the cloth was also woven by the housewives on hand looms. Each household made its clothes from yarn and cloth prepared by the women of the house.

Some households made better cloth than others. These began to supply their neighbors as well as themselves. In this way a village would make cloth for the whole county. England began to be a manufacturing country, but the homes were the factories. Suddenly thousands of people in these homes were out of work because cloth could be

made more cheaply by the new machines in the long low buildings that began to rise with their high smokestacks, their dust, their engines, and their noise.

It is hard to understand the tremendous change which was brought about through the new method of spinning and weaving by power machinery. Scores of machines could be placed side by side in a factory and all could be run by one engine. Each machine could do more work in a day than a housewife could do in a week. A few men or women to tend the looms took the place of the many who had worked before.

The people who were thus thrown out of employment were angry. Their work was taken from them and given to machines. They and their families were left to starve. Some accepted their fate and sought other work. Some refused to be set aside and formed in angry mobs outside the factories. Factories were stormed and the machinery wrecked. Others were burned. The police and even the soldiers were called upon to suppress the mobs. In the end the factories stayed and the people adjusted themselves to the factory system of manufacture. Today, no one would think of going back to slow and inefficient methods of home production.

But what has become of the many workers who used to do this work and who were made idle by the coming of the factories? It seemed hard that progress could only be made at their expense. It seemed unfair that man should invent machinery with all its advantages of improved and increased production only to deprive industrious men and women of the means of earning a living.

It is a strange truth, however, that only by releasing workers through the invention of machinery has it been possible to find workers to perform the many new and val-

table services which make our lives today so much more comfortable than those of our great grandfathers.

For instance, the invention of the locomotive in the early nineteenth century would have been of very little value had not the earlier invention of other machinery made it possible for thousands of men to give their time and thought to the development and operation of railroads. The same thing may be said of the telegraph, the telephone, the motion picture, and scores of other inventions which require thousands of workers of all sorts. These workers under the conditions of life to be found two hundred years ago would have been so busy building their own houses, making their own clothes, hunting and killing animals for food, tilling their small farms and doing all the many tasks which have now been taken over on a large scale through the invention of labor-saving devices and machinery, that they would have had no thought nor time nor use for railroads, telegraphs, telephones, or motion pictures.

Perhaps of all inventions, that which has most changed the lives of men is the locomotive. Before its invention, methods of travel had not changed for more than two thousand years. The Emperor Napoleon used the same means of transporting his armies and of sending his messages in 1800 that Julius Cæsar had used in 50 B.C. or that Alexander the Great had used in 330 B.C. With the development of steam and later of electric railroads, people were able to travel great distances in short periods of time. Places so distant as to be only names became as familiar as the next village.

Thousands of Americans today are more familiar with London, Paris, and Rome than were Philadelphians with the neighboring city of New York in 1776. A New York business man of today thinks less of a trip to Chicago, a

thousand miles away, than did the citizen of Richmond of the hundred-mile journey to Washington a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Famine, that grim servant of death, was a frequent menace in the days before the railroad. Crops would fail in India and thousands would die of starvation while wheat in abundance grew in Russia. The railroad and its handmaid the steamship now distribute food and raw materials from points of plenty to points of shortage, so that there is no longer any excuse for famine.

The breakfast table of a family in Boston displays at one time grapefruit from Florida, apples from Oregon, oatmeal from Iowa by way of Chicago, bread from flour made in Minnesota from North Dakota wheat, coffee from Brazil, or cocoa from the crushed seed of the cacao tree of Central or South America, sugar from Louisiana or Cuba, and, perhaps, maple sugar from Maine.

Thousands of people are engaged in this huge transportation business, as other thousands are engaged in other services contributing to the comfort and convenience and happiness of people who could not have been released for these services had it not been for the many inventions of men's minds.

Men are constantly inventing new devices to save labor and other men are constantly inventing new fields of service for the laborers thus set free. In consequence of this forward movement, we possess a variety of conveniences, electric lights, heating systems, paved streets, sanitary plumbing, automobiles, radios, better clothing, better food, better hospital equipment, a greater variety of amusements, and hundreds of other things.

It would be impossible to cover in a brief statement all the valuable inventions and discoveries that have recently

been made in the field of medicine and surgery. One, however, which has saved the lives of thousands of people, many of them small children, is a remarkable life-saving invention known as the bronchoscope. It is an arrangement of mirrors and lights by which a surgeon can see into the bronchial tubes and lungs, and locate and remove any foreign object that may have lodged there. Numbers of little children who happened to swallow small articles have raced hundreds and even thousands of miles with death to reach Dr. Chevalier Jackson of Philadelphia, who is the inventor of this device and one of the most skilful surgeons in using it.

One of the most interesting developments in the communication of thought is radiophonic [radio + phone] communication across the ocean. A person sitting in his own home in the United States, and using his own telephone, can now carry on a conversation with a person sitting in his own home in the British Isles. The secret of success in this remarkable use of the telephone lies in amplification of the sound, or, in other words, making larger the sound of the voice. The speaker's voice—or the electric equivalent of his voice—is amplified two billion times, by passing in three stages through twenty-three specially prepared giant vacuum tubes, first through one, then through two, and last through a bank of twenty. At each step the voice currents are magnified millions of times and then thrown into space. Can you imagine a seventy horse-power speaking energy? That is what this amplification amounts to. This energy is sent across the ocean on a great wave length and is picked up at a receiving station on the other side of the ocean. But only a very, very small part of the energy is picked up. The seventy horse-power voice energy is now a mere whisper, which can scarcely be heard.

Again amplifying tubes are used, but this time they are the small type that are used with an ordinary radio receiving set. In this way the weak incoming waves are amplified just enough so that the voice is now heard in the natural volume. However, what is really heard is not the real voice but a remarkable life-like reproduction. Many people who have not heard the voice of absent members of their family for years now can have the joy of speaking with them over the radio-telephone. Business men are sending and receiving orders this way, which of course means a great saving of time. Just how great the value of this invention will be time alone can tell, but its possibilities are many.

Another recent invention is in connection with photography and telegraphy. It is known as phototelegraphy. By means of cable and radio, photographs of persons and scenes made across the Atlantic can be reproduced in the United States within twenty minutes. Pictures taken nearer home have been reproduced in as short a period of time as two minutes. Newspapers have taken advantage of this, and are adding to the pleasure of their readers by publishing pictures of events which have practically just occurred.

The world because of all these inventions is a far pleasanter and a far healthier place in which to live than it was a couple of centuries ago. Let us, then, not fear progress as it is expressed in new inventions of the human mind. What is good will endure, what is bad will be discarded, and always man will gain in comfort and happiness and in the quality of service that he renders to his fellow men.

QUESTIONS

1. Name all the inventions which have just been mentioned.
2. Show how the reaper and the sewing machine have released laborers for other fields. Name other devices or machines that have had a similar effect.

JACK PERSHING AND THE BULLY

Can you master this story in one minute so that you can tell it?

In his boyhood days General Pershing attended school at Kirksville, Missouri, where he became the associate and friend of a fellow pupil now Dr. James Holloway of Dallas, Texas. In the *News* of that city the doctor tells an incident of those bygone days.

"When I arrived at Kirksville to attend the normal school there," says the doctor, "I was a green boy and carried my belongings in a very frail trunk. The baggage-man was handling my trunk roughly, and when I remonstrated with him in my timid way he merely pitched the trunk off the baggage wagon and laughed at me. When the trunk fell on the ground it broke open and scattered my things round the platform. I indignantly told him that I should report the matter to the headquarters of the railway in St. Louis, and again he laughed at me.

"Soon after that I had struck up a strong acquaintance with Jack Pershing, who was a big, 'husky' boy from a Missouri country town. I shall always remember his broad forehead, his determined-looking jaw and his steel-gray eyes. He was a favorite among the boys of the normal school, not so much on account of his mental brilliancy as on account of his personal stamina.

"Two weeks after my encounter with the baggage-man, Pershing and I walked down to the railway station. Pershing left me for a moment and as I walked round a corner of the station I met the baggageman, who approached me threateningly.

" 'You're the fellow who reported me to headquarters!' he said in a bullying tone. I admitted that I was.

“‘Well,’ said the baggageman, ‘I’m going to lick you good for it!’

“With those words he started toward me, but at that moment my friend Pershing rounded the corner.

“‘What’s the trouble, Holloway?’ he asked.

“I told him that the baggageman was threatening me with violence.

“‘He is, is he?’ said Pershing. ‘Well, we’ll clean his ploughshare for him right now!’

“The baggageman, seeing that he was no match for Pershing, soon left the scene of action. Six months after that occurred Pershing was appointed to West Point. I have never seen him since.”

—Courtesy of *Youth’s Companion*

CLASSIFICATIONS

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line to the right, and your grade below it on the second. Skip the third line, and number the next six lines from 1 to 6.

Each word in the first list given below has to do with measuring. You can easily name other words that might be added to this list, such as *yard*, *ounce*, or *bushel*.

Write two of these new words after figure 1 on your paper.

Below are five other groups of words. The words in each group all suggest one central thought. After the corresponding figure on your paper, write two more words that might rightly belong to each group of words.

1. pound, quart, peck, ton
2. lead, iron, copper, tin
3. horseback, railroad, bicycle, stagecoach
4. battle-axe, sword, bayonet, war club
5. cloud, thunder, wind, storm
6. candle, bonfire, oil lamp, torch

THE THREE USEFUL MAXIMS

Do you know what a maxim is? It is a useful teaching put in simple words that are easy to remember. Many of our proverbs are maxims; as, for instance, "Practice what you preach." Here is a story about a man who thought he heard when someone spoke to him, but who did not really hear, for he did not heed. See if you think he deserved to be laughed at as he was at the end of the story. Read quickly, but get the point.

Once upon a time, in the days when animals and birds could talk so that people could understand them, there lived a man named Littleheed. One of the things he loved best in the world was his beautiful garden; and since he was very busy all day, he used to rise early in the morning and go out to see his flowers grow, to watch the buds on his trees blossom, and to hear the birds singing on the boughs. But one day he noticed that some of the flowers were hurt or spoiled, and after that almost every morning he would find one of his rosebushes with broken stalk or with a bud or blossom eaten away. So he resolved to hide until he saw the creature who was doing the damage, and then to punish him on the spot.

Littleheed hid behind the hedge and waited. Soon he saw a small bird, no larger than a sparrow, picking at a rose until its dainty petals fell off one by one. The bird hopped from one flower to another, until several were destroyed. Littleheed knew that it was useless to try to catch the bird by hand, so he set a trap, and before long captured the tiny creature. In his anger he was about to open the trap and wring the bird's neck, when, to his amazement, the bird opened his mouth and began to speak in a pleading voice.

"Do not kill me, please," it said. "Of what use would my death be to you? I am only a little bird, and you are a big, strong man. I am completely in your power; therefore be merciful! Even if you wanted to make a meal of me, there is not enough of me to satisfy your hunger. If you will spare me, I will teach you three wonderful maxims, which will prove very helpful to you in the future. I'm sure you will not be sorry if you set me free."

Littleheed was so startled at hearing a bird talk, and so anxious to hear more, that he promised to free the little captive. "I beg of you," he said, "tell me what are your three maxims."

"Here they are," chirped his feathered adviser, "and be sure to ponder over them and heed them. The first is: 'Do not pine after or try to obtain what you cannot reach, for that is a waste of time.'"

"That is easy advice. What is the second?"

"The second is: 'Do not be unhappy over anything you have lost, for it cannot be recalled.'"

"That is very wise counsel. I will stop grieving over the roses you have spoiled.

"And the third is: 'Do not believe a thing that is impossible, for that will show you are a fool.'"

Littleheed was exceedingly glad to have learned these interesting sayings; and, true to his promise, immediately released his prisoner. Feeling himself free, the little bird flew to the top of a tall tree and perched there, laughing.

"What are you so merry about?" asked Littleheed, looking up in surprise.

"Oh, I am laughing to think what you have lost by letting me go," said the bird. "Had you killed me you would have found inside me a pearl as large as a goose egg, and you might have lived in comfort the rest of your days."

This news made Littlehead at first very angry and then very sorrowful. But soon, taking heart again, he tried to win the bird back by flattery. "Come, little bird, come," he said, smiling and extending his hand. "I'll take good care of you; you shall be as dear to me as my own child; no luxury shall be spared to make you happy and content."

But the more he coaxed, the more the little bird laughed; until at last Littlehead wept aloud and wrung his hands in rage and grief.

"You are a foolish man not to remember the three maxims that I gave you," twittered the bird from his safe treetop.

"Wretched creature, I do remember them," shouted Littlehead.

"You remember their words, perhaps, but you have disregarded them all in your actions. First, you have tried to obtain what you can never reach, for you can never catch me, no matter how you try. Second, you are unhappy over the wealth that you think you have lost, and which never can be recalled. Third, you believe that I have inside my body a pearl the size of a goose egg, a thing which is impossible, since my whole body is no larger than a hen's egg. You heard my maxims with your ears, but with your mind you did not grasp them. You are well named Littlehead!"

And with a laugh the impertinent bird flew away. But was he really impertinent? or was Littlehead as foolish as the bird said?

—ADAPTED

Is your name Littlehead?

Close your book and write the three maxims.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST OCEAN TRIP

Samuel L. Clemens, or Mark Twain, as he is more commonly known, was probably the greatest American humorist. Most boys have read his *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

When he was a young man, Mr. Clemens visited Europe. In his account of his trip, *Innocents Abroad*, he gives many amusing stories along with an excellent description of what he saw. You will be interested in his description of some of the travelers and of the pastimes on shipboard sixty years ago.

THE "OLD TRAVELERS"

We love the Old Travelers. We love to hear them prate and drivel and lie. We can tell them the moment we see them. They always throw out a few feelers; they never cast themselves adrift till they have sounded every individual and know that he has not traveled. Then they open their throttle valves, and how they do brag and sneer and swell and soar and blaspheme the sacred name of Truth! Their central idea, their grand aim, is to subjugate you, keep you down, make you feel insignificant and humble in the blaze of their cosmopolitan glory!

They will not let you know anything. They sneer at your most inoffensive suggestions; they laugh unfeelingly at your traveled aunts and uncles as the stupidest absurdities; they deride your most trusted authors and demolish the fair images they have set up for your willing worship with the pitiless ferocity of the fanatic iconoclast! But still I love the Old Travelers. I love them for their witless platitudes; for their supernatural ability to bore; for their delightful, asinine vanity; for their luxuriant fertility of imagination; for their startling, their brilliant, their overwhelming mendacity!

A quite different individual was one, young and green, and not bright, not learned, and not wise. He will be, though, some day if he recollects the answers to all his questions. He is known about the ship as the "Interrogation Point," and this by constant use has become shortened to "Interrogation." He has distinguished himself twice already. In Fayal they pointed out a hill and told him it was eight hundred feet long. And they told him there was a tunnel two thousand feet high running through the hill, from end to end. He believed it. He repeated it to everybody, discussed it, and read it from his notes. Finally, he took a useful hint from this remark which a thoughtful old pilgrim made:

"Well, yes, it is a little remarkable—singular tunnel altogether—stands up out of the top of the hill about two hundred feet, and one end of it sticks out of the hill about nine hundred."

On shipboard a good many expedients were resorted to to keep the excursionists amused and satisfied. A club was formed, of all the passengers, which met in the writing-school after prayers and read aloud about the countries we were approaching, and discussed the information so obtained.

Several times the photographer of the expedition brought out his transparent pictures and gave us a handsome magic lantern exhibition. His views were nearly all of foreign scenes, but there were one or two home pictures among them. He advertised that he would "open his performance in the after cabin at 'two bells' (9 P.M.), and show the passengers where they shall eventually arrive"—which was all very well, but by a funny accident the first picture that flamed out upon the canvas was a view of Greenwood Cemetery!

On several starlight nights we danced on the upper deck under the awnings, and made something of a ballroom display of brilliancy by hanging a number of ship's lanterns to the stanchions. Our music consisted of the well-mixed strains of a melodeon which was a little asthmatic and apt to catch its breath where it ought to come out strong; a clarinet which was a little unreliable on the high keys and rather melancholy on the low ones; and a disreputable accordion that had a leak somewhere and breathed louder than it squawked—a more elegant term does not occur to me just now. However, the dancing was infinitely worse than the music. When the ship rolled to starboard the whole platoon of dancers came charging down to starboard with it, and brought up in a mass at the rail; and when it rolled to port, they went floundering down to port with the same unanimity of sentiment. Waltzers spun around precariously for a matter of fifteen seconds and then went skurrying down to the rail as if they meant to go overboard. The Virginia reel, as performed on board the "Quaker City," had more genuine reel about it than any reel I ever saw before, and was as full of interest to the spectator as it was full of desperate chances and hairbreadth escapes to the participant. We gave up dancing finally.

We celebrated a lady's birthday anniversary with toasts, speeches, a poem, and so forth. We also had a mock trial. No ship ever went to sea that hadn't a mock trial on board. The purser was accused of stealing an overcoat from state-room No. 10. A judge was appointed; also clerks, a crier of the court, constables, sheriffs; counsel for the State and for the defendant; witnesses were subpoenaed, and a jury empaneled after much challenging. The witnesses were stupid, and unreliable and contradictory, as witnesses always are. The counsel were eloquent, argumentative,

and vindictively abusive of each other, as was characteristic and proper. The case was at last submitted, and duly finished by the judge with an absurd decision and a ridiculous sentence.

The acting of charades was tried, on several evenings, by the young gentlemen and ladies in the cabins, and proved the most distinguished success of all the amusement experiments.

An attempt was made to organize a debating club, but it was a failure. There was no oratorical talent in the ship.

We all enjoyed ourselves—I think I can safely say that, but it was in a rather quiet way. We very, very seldom played the piano; we played the flute and the clarinet together, and made good music, too, what there was of it, but we always played the same old tune; it was a very pretty tune—how well I remember it—I wonder when I shall ever get rid of it. We never played either the melodeon or the organ, except at devotions—but I am too fast: young Albert did know part of a tune—something about “O Something-or-Other, how sweet it is to know that he’s his What’s-his-Name” (I do not remember the exact title of it, but it was very plaintive and full of sentiment); Albert played that pretty much all the time, until we contracted with him to restrain himself.

But nobody ever sang by moonlight on the upper deck, and the congregational singing at church and prayers was not of a superior order of architecture. I put up with it as long as I could, and then joined in and tried to improve it, but this encouraged young George to join in too, and that made a failure of it; because George’s voice was just “turning,” and when he was singing a dismal sort of bass, it was apt to fly off the handle and startle everybody with a most discordant cackle on the upper notes. George didn’t know

the tunes, either, which was also a drawback to his performances. I said:

"Come, now, George, don't improvise. It looks too egotistical. It will provoke remark. Just stick to 'Coronation,' like the others. It is a good tune—you can't improve it any just off-hand, in this way."

"Why, I'm not trying to improve it—and I am singing like the others—just as it is in the notes."

And he honestly thought he was, too; and so he had no one to blame but himself when his voice caught on the centre occasionally, and gave him the lockjaw.

There were those among the unregenerated who attributed the unceasing head winds to our distressing choir music. There were those who said openly that it was taking chances enough to have such ghastly music going on, even when it was at its best; and that to exaggerate the crime by letting George help, was simply flying in the face of Providence. These said that the choir would keep up their lacerating attempts at melody until they would bring down a storm some day that would sink the ship.

QUESTIONS

Have you read *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, or *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*? If you have, perhaps you can tell the class some of the amusing incidents.

Like most great writers, Mr. Clemens uses a large vocabulary. How many of the following words do you understand? How many of them could you use correctly?

insignificant
cosmopolitan
divide
iconoclast

platitudes
mendacity
expedients
stanchions

precariously
vindictively
unregenerated
attributed

THE TABLES TURNED

When George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air brake, was working on his great invention, he made an application for a trial of his device on the New York Central Railroad. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the president of the railroad, thought the inventor's claims absurd. In comparison with the hand brake then in use, Westinghouse stated that his brake could be operated by one man, instead of two, and that his brake would stop a fifty-car train in fifty yards, as against two hundred and sixty-five with hand brakes.

It is said that Vanderbilt roared with laughter. The idea of stopping a train of cars by wind appealed to him as a joke. So he returned the letter with these words scribbled at the bottom: "I have no time to waste on fools."

The young inventor next turned to the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was younger and more progressive than his New York rival. He sent for Westinghouse, listened to his explanations, and even advanced him money to continue his experiments. Best of all, he tested the new brake, and found that Westinghouse was on the right track. Commodore Vanderbilt, hearing of the test, regretted his curt dismissal of the idea. He wrote the inventor a courteous note, appointing a time for an interview. The note came back with the brief inscription: "I have no time to waste on fools. George Westinghouse."

QUESTIONS

Successful business men must have imagination, understanding, and foresight. Which of the two railroad presidents lacked these? What shows that he lacked each one?

What shows that George Westinghouse had a sense of humor?

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Here is a selection that requires careful reading, yet is so simple and so easily understood that it can be read quickly. Your teacher will tell you when to stop, and will ask you to recite either in oral or written form on the substance of the selection.

It is often said that the first five minutes at a fire are worth more than the next five hours. If you have ever seen a real fire start, you will know what this means.

Not long ago, a guest in a handsome country house was awakened by the cry of fire. He ran into the hall and saw that a partition had begun to blaze as the result of an overheated furnace pipe. It was a very small blaze. A hand extinguisher would have put it out in a moment; so would a pail or two of water, but the foolish people had no extinguisher and no pails of water. Some one rushed to the bathroom, but found that there had been an accident to the water pipes; not a drop would run. So the first five minutes went by, and the little blaze quickly grew to a great mass of flame that soon began to eat through the walls and ceiling. In the end, the house was burned to the ground.

Let us remember that we are never far from the possibility of fire. Fire enters into our daily lives in all sorts of useful ways, but it is always seeking to escape from bounds and become the master. In spite of our precautions some fires will occur; perhaps because someone else has been careless. What shall we do when we are face to face with the actual danger, and see before us the sudden burst of flame? How shall we prevent the little fire from becoming a big one?

First of all, let us keep our heads. We must act quickly, of course, but excitement may make us do exactly the wrong thing. It is not easy to keep from getting excited,

do you say? Yes, there is one way ; it is by studying it all out in advance, when there is no fire, and deciding just what should be done in such a case. Then we shall not need to stop and think if we find ourselves confronted by sudden danger.

Let us see. We have already noticed that most fires are small in the beginning, therefore the time to put them out is at once, before they have had a chance to spread. How? By means of an extinguisher if there be one within reach, as there should be in every home. There are various types of hand fire extinguishers; all houses should be equipped with some good type, placed within plain sight and easy reach, and every member of the family including visitors and servants should be taught how to use them. Fire generally takes one entirely by surprise. In the hurry of the moment one must not have to read directions. One must know in advance exactly what to do.

And then remember that whether water or an extinguisher is used, the fire should always be attacked at its base, the place where the flames start. It is the burning material instead of the flames themselves which should be drenched or smothered. If water is used and the blaze is still a small one, it is generally more effective to throw on the water a little at a time instead of all at once. Some small blazes can be beaten out with a broom or a coat.

Fire in clothing is particularly dangerous and calls for quick action but without excitement. Tear off the burning clothing if possible, or smother it by wrapping about the body any woolen cloth within reach. Never try to smother a fire with cotton cloth because cotton will burn. Running is the worst thing that could possibly be done, since it fans the flames. One effective way of smothering is to throw to the floor the person whose clothing is on fire and cover him

with a rug or other woolen material, throwing it downward toward the feet in order to keep the flames from the face. Always remember the flames must be kept from the face.

If the fire is outside of the house, in the roof or exterior walls or in some outbuilding, use a garden hose if possible. If your own house is not on fire, but there happens to be a fire near by so that there is danger from sparks and brands, keep your roof wet by using the hose or by passing buckets of water. The hand force pumps used for spraying trees are also valuable in fire fighting.

Study these simple rules until you know them; then if you are in danger, they will flash into your mind, and you will be able to do the right thing without excitement.

RULES FOR FIGHTING SMALL FIRES

1. Keep cool, and act quickly, before the fire can spread.
2. Make your plans in advance as to what you would do in case of fire.
3. Have one or more hand fire extinguishers within easy reach.
4. Be sure that everyone in the house knows where they are and how to use them.
5. Do not aim at the flames but at the place where the flames start.
6. If you use water, it is generally best to throw it on in small quantities.
7. Small fires may be beaten out with a broom or coat.

QUESTIONS.

1. Add to these rules some others to be followed when clothing catches fire.
2. Make up and prepare to tell to the class a story of a boy or girl who helped to prevent a fire from becoming serious.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

The poem that follows tells the legend of a king—Robert of Sicily—who, surrounded by a rich following of lords and knights, fell asleep in church at vespers. He awoke to find the church darkened, the doors locked, and his retinue departed. And worse—when he at last succeeded in returning to his palace, he found seated on the throne another king, just like him in form and feature and even wearing his crown and ring, but very different in character.

Read the story as Mr. Longfellow has told it, and be ready to tell it in your own words. At the end of the poem you will find explanations of terms that may puzzle you. This does not, however, include words that you can easily find for yourself in the dictionary.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles";
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,

There is no power can push me from my throne."
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,

Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;

Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;

The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo, among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,



"I AM AN ANGEL AND THOU ART THE KING!"

Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.
And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all apparelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company

The story of King Robert divides into four parts. Divide it, and give a title to each part.

The artist has pictured one scene from the story. If you were an artist, what pictures would you like to make? Tell what each of your pictures would show.

What was the lesson that King Robert needed to learn? What showed the angel that he had learned it?

DEFINITIONS

Allemaine.	A mediæval name for Germany.
Magnificat.	A Latin hymn of the church.
Clerk.	Scholar.
Seneschal.	The steward of a castle.
Dais.	A raised platform.
Cap and bells.	The badge of a court jester.
Saturnian reign.	The Golden Age.
Enceladus.	A giant once said to be imprisoned under Mount Etna, the volcano of Sicily.
Motley garb.	A jester's dress, half of one color, half of another.
Angelus.	A bell calling to evening prayer.

A CLUB BOY'S STORY

Can you read this selection in one minute carefully enough to answer the questions at the end?

Four years ago a garden-club boy in Massachusetts faced what would have seemed even to an adult a hard problem. Born in Italy, but thoroughly inoculated with American ideas of the necessity of an education, Tito, while in the eighth grade, was told by his father that he could no longer be kept in school. His future path was to lie toward the neighboring factory.

Because of his garden-club experience under the auspices of the local leader for the United States Department of Agriculture, he knew that he could earn as much by potato raising outside of school hours as he could by full-time work in a factory. He finally obtained permission from his father to try it. So successful was he during the summer that his father was willing for him to enter the ninth grade in the fall.

The next spring the superintendent let him have land to use for a large garden. To ten boys whom he had selected from the upper grammar grades Tito made the proposition to pay so much an hour and to give each a garden plot. The following excellent advice he offered to them in addition, "If you are going to quit, quit now while it is cool and not when it is hot next August."

By fall he had decided that enough could be earned in the summers to enable him to attend high school and the agricultural college later. Now a junior in high school, he has under lease a good-sized hothouse where he raises cabbage, cauliflower, and tomato plants. He owns an autotruck to handle his produce, has a bank account, pays his bills by check, and owns at least one government bond.

With all of his school and business cares, he still has time to look after the school welfare of his younger brothers and sisters.

—From *National School Service*

1. Could Tito have succeeded so well if there had been no public schools? Tell all the ways in which the schools helped him.

2. Could he have succeeded only by the help of the schools? What else was the reason of his success?

CONTRASTED WORDS

This drill will test your ability to follow directions, and to chose words carefully.

Arrange your paper as usual, and number the lines from 1 to 10. Below are ten sets of words. In each case, the first word is followed by four other words, one of which is exactly opposite in meaning to the first word. **HIGH** is the first word. Of the four words that follow it, the exact opposite of **HIGH** is **LOW**. Write this pair of opposites after figure 1:

1. HIGH LOW

Complete the exercise by selecting the opposites from each remaining group, and writing them after the proper figure.

1. **HIGH** (sky, low, above, deep)
2. **GREAT** (less, large, small, beautiful)
3. **JOIN** (member, separate, society, unite)
4. **ALWAYS** (never, rarely, occasionally, sometimes)
5. **PRINCE** (king, ruler, peasant, rich)
6. **ADVANCE** (forward, back, retreat, attack)
7. **CALM** (cloud, wind, peace, storm)
8. **MUCH** (more, small, little, plenty)
9. **WISE** (pupil, foolish, lesson, fool)
10. **WORK** (play, wages, hard, lazy)

THE TREE MONTH

Here is another speed test. You must answer some questions when you have finished, so you must read carefully.

Surely June is the tree month. At no other time are the leaves so firm, crisp, and green. By this time the trees have gotten the greater part of their annual stretch. Few twigs lengthen much after this month, though the stems may grow stouter. The truth is, the trees as a class are very provident. All the remaining months of the summer they will be storing up material in root and trunk for the quick dart of next spring. Now that the branches have gotten their length, the leaves spread in splendid cascades, catching the sun at every possible point. For the whole tree is one great organism stretching out after sunlight.

Let them grow in the crowded forest where the light can come easily only from above, and the trees vie with each other in the race toward the blue sky. As they grow higher, the lower limbs have the light cut away from them and they soon shrivel, die, and finally drop. This may soon continue until many of our tulip-poplars, cucumbers, and hemlocks will tower for fifty feet without a branch, while not a few may even reach seventy feet from the ground before we come to a limb of any material size. On the other hand, if the tree can grow out in the open, not only will it attain greater bulk, but its shape will be completely altered. Its lower limbs will spread quite as rapidly as its trunk ascends; and, instead of the majestic erectness of the forest, we get a well-rounded contour, but scarcely half the height of its woodland cousin of equal age.

The trees too are actually greener in June than they will be later in summer. Just as little red disks floating in a colorless liquid form the red blood of our bodies, so little

green wax grains of chlorophyll, scattered through the transparent protoplasm of the plant, give to it its green coloration. When the sun is not too warm, these little grains swarm out into the sunlight to catch its every beam, and the result is, the plant looks very green. As the sun grows warmer, the chlorophyll grains will not come out so fully on the surface of the leaves, but are inclined to hide behind one another so as to avoid the extreme heat. As a result, in July the leaves at noonday are distinctly lighter and less vivid in their green than they are earlier and later in the day, or than they are all day in June.

—From *Under the Open Sky*, by S. C. SCHMUCKER

Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

1. An oak tree in a dense woods is usually tall and slender, whereas the same kind of tree in the field is broad, heavily branched, and not nearly so tall. How does this article explain the reason for this?

2. What does the author mean by saying that "trees as a class are very provident"?

TREES AND POEMS

The selection you have just read suggests a beautiful picture of a leafy grove, green and cool and full of the songs of birds. Such a picture must have been in the mind of the young American poet, Joyce Kilmer, when he wrote:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

His poem about "Trees" is very lovely, however, and you will want to read it all. Your teacher will help you to find it. Its last lines are,

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

SPOILING THE MIND

There is nothing in the world so hard to explain as thought. When did you begin to think? How do you think? How does an object that you see with your eye or a piece of knowledge that you hear with your ear get into the brain to be thought about? It is all very strange and wonderful; but this much is certain, the more you see and hear and learn, the more you will have to think about. A mind without any facts in it is like a house without any furniture—empty. You cannot live in an empty house, and you cannot think with an empty mind.

All through life one is storing away in the mind material for thinking; but no one can store it away quite so easily or so fast as a boy or girl under fourteen years of age, for the years from babyhood till fourteen are the years when your memory works best. Your mind will never be more fit for getting facts than it is now. The important thing is to be sure that the facts you store away are useful and valuable. We think about what we know; and if what we know is only rubbish, of no earthly good to us or to anyone else, how are we going to think useful thoughts about it? You spoil your mind when you fill it with trashy stories and idle talk; and you spoil it when you do not make use of the facts you have stored there to think useful, helpful, and beautiful thoughts about.

There are other ways of spoiling the mind. Have you ever watched anyone develop a photographic film or plate? When the film is taken into the dark room and unrolled you cannot see a sign of a picture on it, though you know it is there. But the photographer puts the film in a dish containing a chemical bath; and as he rocks the dish to and fro and the liquid rushes over the film, you begin to see the

dim outlines of a picture—a tree, a house, or a figure. You watch while this dim shape becomes clearer and clearer, till at last it is all quite distinct.

Now suppose the photographer, instead of being skilful, were awkward, and let the light touch the film before it went into the chemical, or left a spot on the surface untouched by the liquid, or even used an entirely wrong chemical by mistake. The picture would be quite spoiled. Something like that is what may happen to a mind, a far more sensitive thing than a photographic film. There is anger, for instance. It is a poisonous chemical which twists everything in the picture all out of shape, until small things look big, and large ones look little. Fear is a wrong chemical, too, and makes everything in the picture look shaky and uncertain. Hatred is a horrid greeny-yellow chemical that ruins everything in the picture by giving it a sickly color. Envy and jealousy give ugly colors, too. And sullenness and crossness, rudeness and unkindness, if you let them touch your mind, will turn the picture that ought to be so fine to a hateful thing like something in a nightmare.

Suppose the photographer tries to finish two pictures at once. Neither one will be good, will it? That is what the boy does who listens with his ears to an explanation of arithmetic, while his mind is busy with the next baseball game. That is what the girl does who, during a history lesson, sits drawing pictures on the leaf of her book. They are both spoiling their minds by getting them into a badly muddled condition.

Sometimes the picture when it comes out of the chemical bath has a foggy look, because the chemical has been used too long and grown weak. The mind can grow foggy in just the same way, if you try to make the brain work when

it is tired, or when your feelings are hurt or upset. To go home from school and sit down at once to peg away at the next day's lessons is a foolish thing to do. Not only will you not succeed in learning the lessons, but you will spoil your mind if you try to use it when it is not fresh. Sleep, exercise, or some pleasant and restful amusement is the best means of putting a tired mind in shape for use again.

A mind may be spoiled by letting it get lazy, or by making it work all the time until it refuses to work any more. But one of the worst ways of spoiling the mind is by using the mind of somebody else instead of your own. That is what the boy does who is always going to the teacher to find out what to do next, instead of studying the question out for himself. It is what the girl does who copies her arithmetic examples from the work of somebody else. She is not only spoiling her mind, but is taking what does not belong to her, and pretending that something is her own when it is not. Do you think she is much better than a thief or a cheat? She has spoiled her mind in more ways than one.

—Adapted from *Talks with Children About Themselves*, by AMY B. BARNARD

DIRECTIONS

Make a list of eight ways in which you can spoil the mind.

Put a check mark beside each way that you recognize as a habit of your own.

THE WORTH OF WISDOM

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

For the gaining of it is better than the gaining of silver, and the profit thereof than fine gold.

—*Proverbs*

THE FINEST LODGE IN THE WORLD

Perhaps none of our great men except Lincoln have left so many interesting stories as Colonel Roosevelt. This story illustrates his ready human sympathy.

You should be able to read it easily in one minute.

The late John Donovan, of St. Joseph, Missouri, used to tell this story:

At South St. Joseph, where Donovan conducted a stock-yard, the old postmaster had recently died and his widow was temporarily filling the place. As Donovan was leaving for Washington, his foreman asked him to try to have the old lady permanently appointed.

Donovan called on President Roosevelt, and explained how the salary of the postmistress would enable her to complete the payments of her little house in a year or so, when she could surrender the place and live out her years with her little savings.

The President, perhaps having his own reasons for suspecting Donovan of some obscure political scheme, asked him:

"Why do you come to me on this matter?"

"I don't know," drawled Donovan, "unless it's because you and I belong to the same lodge."

"And what lodge might that be?"

"Why, the lodge of common, decent American manhood."

"The—finest—lodge—in—the—world! Loeb! Loeb! Where's that appointment I signed—postmaster—South Saint Joseph? Tear it up! Write a new one! What did you say her name was, Mr. Donovan? Mrs. Egleston? Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Donovan. The finest lodge in the world!"

—Courtesy of Roosevelt Permanent Memorial Committee

PICCIOLA

This story tells of an event in the days when the mere word of a king could shut a man up in prison for life. It will help us to appreciate the freedom of our own country.

Away across the sea, in the land of France, there once lived a man whose name was Count Charney. He read many books and studied deeply about many things, and he decided that there ought to be no kings or rulers of any kind—that people should govern themselves. He talked much of this, until at last someone who heard him told the Emperor of France that Count Charney was planning to have him killed. The Emperor was very angry and sent his soldiers to arrest the Count. They carried him away and shut him up in a prison with great thick walls, and windows so high and small that no sunlight could come in. None of his friends was allowed to come to see him, he had no books to read nor paper on which to write, and he could only sit and think and wish that he were free again.

For one hour each day he was allowed to walk in the courtyard, but this, too, was surrounded with walls so high that he could only look at the blue sky overhead. He watched the floating clouds, he saw the birds fly past. "Oh! if only I had wings!" he said. "Oh! to be free, to be free! To see the trees, the flowers, the green grass again! Must I stay in here my whole life through?"

Days and weeks and months went by, and the Count grew still more lonely and sad. He tried to write some of his thoughts on his linen handkerchief with a piece of charcoal, but that was not easy to do. Each day he waited eagerly for the door of his room to be unlocked so that he might walk in the courtyard. There he could at least see the sunlight, the floating clouds, the flying birds.

One day, as he paced up and down, he saw that some loosened earth was pushed between the heavy paving stones. He was about to smooth it with his foot when he noticed something green.

"Surely nothing could grow here," he said, as he knelt to look more closely. But there, pushing its way up between the stones, were two tiny green leaves.

"What kind of plant are you, to try to grow here?" Count Charney whispered. "You poor little thing! You are brave. I'll fetch some water for you and help you all I can."

He went to his cell and brought some of the water which had been given him to drink. This he poured carefully about the little plant's roots.

The next day when Count Charney came to walk in the courtyard he hurried over to the spot in which he had seen the little plant the day before. The tiny leaves had unfolded and pushed up farther between the stones.

"My poor little one!" he said gently. "You have a hard place in which to grow. Perhaps some bird dropped your seed here. You shall live as long as possible." And he brought some water and poured it carefully about the thirsty roots.

"What is your name, little green thing?" he said, as if to a child.

Count Charney knew the names of many flowers and plants, but he had never seen a leaf shaped like this one. He remembered all the flowers in his beautiful garden at home, all the wild flowers in the woodland of his great estate.

"They have a place to grow and blossom," he said, "but you, *ma pauvre petite*—my poor little one! My Picciola, will you ever have a chance to bloom?"

The jailer, passing near, heard him talking to the little plant "Poor fellow, he's quite mad," he said.

Day after day Count Charney tended the little plant. He was so interested, so pleased to help it grow, that he almost forgot his own hard lot. He talked to it, and called it tender names: "My little Picciola, my Picciola," he would say. That meant, "My little one, my beloved."

The little plant grew and grew. It unfolded its leaves and waved in the breeze as gaily as if the hard stones had not been on either side of it.

One day there came a storm. The wind blew, and the hailstones pelted down. Count Charney was walking in the courtyard when the storm began, but he did not go into his room for shelter. He knelt by the little plant and shielded it with his own body, so the hailstones could not strike the tender leaves.

"Picciola, Picciola, what would have happened had I not been here?" he said. "You must live and bloom, my little one."

When the storm had passed he took some wood which had been given him for a fire, and he made a frame which he placed around the plant. He took off his coat and hung it about the frame.

"That will protect you if another storm comes when I am locked in my room," he said.

The next day there was a tiny, hard bud on the tip of the stalk. Count Charney was quite beside himself with joy.

"A flower here! To think I shall see a flower again!" he cried. That day he gave it every drop of his water.

"Take it all," he said. "I am willing to be thirsty if only you will unfold your petals. What color will you be, my Picciola?"

He could hardly wait for the night to pass, and for the

hour to come when he could return to the courtyard to see his flower.

Sure enough, the bud had parted so that the color peeped through. It was a pale, pinkish lavender. He spent the whole hour beside the plant. "Tomorrow I shall see you. Perhaps I shall know your name," he whispered as he left it.

But when he hurried to it the next day he noticed that the leaves were drooping. "What is the matter?" he cried. "I gave you water, Picciola; I have tended you so carefully. Shall I not see one bloom?"

He knelt beside the flower and examined it carefully. He saw that the stem had grown so large that the sharp edges of the paving stones were cutting into it. It could not live unless the stones were lifted to give it growth.

Count Charney rushed to the jailer, and begged him to lift the stones and save the life of the plant.

"It cannot be done," the jailer said. "Only the Emperor himself can give permission for those stones to be raised."

"But it must be done! The plant will die! Oh, let it have a chance to bloom!" Count Charney pleaded.

But the jailer shook his head.

"Will no one take a letter to the Emperor?" Count Charney implored. "If he only knew, I am sure he would command that the stones be lifted. It could do no harm, and the brave little flower would live."

A young girl who was visiting her father in the prison heard Count Charney's story.

"I'll carry your message to the Emperor," said she.

Count Charney took one of his linen handkerchiefs, and with a piece of charcoal he wrote to the Emperor, begging for the life of the flower.

The young girl carried it carefully, and let nothing stop her until the letter was in the hands of the Emperor himself.



"WILL NO ONE TAKE A LETTER TO THE EMPEROR?"

"Count Charney," said the Emperor, "is not he the man who was shut up in prison for life because he was plotting to kill me? Would the man who cares so much for the little flower take the life of his Emperor? It could not be. I will set him free at once."

He called a member of his Guard and ordered him to ride to the prison, bearing the command that the stones be lifted to save the flower, and that Count Charney be sent to his own home again.

Count Charney was permitted to lift the plant and carry it away with him. He set it in his beautiful garden, where it lived and bloomed. He took his little children to look at it, and told them the story of how Picciola had set their father free.

—From *Stories for Children and How to Tell Them*
Courtesy of J. Berg Esenwein

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think the Emperor was right in deciding to set Count Charney free? Why?
2. What sort of man do you think the Emperor was?

THE FLOWER'S SECRET

Poets have a way of expressing very beautifully the feelings and thoughts of other people. If Count Charney had been a poet, he would probably have written something similar to what the poet Tennyson wrote of just such a flower as Picciola.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

A TEST IN CLASSIFICATION

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line and your grade on the second line. Divide the rest of your paper into four parts with lines as shown below. Let the lines be drawn up as far as the third line of your paper.

SAHARA DESERT	HOLLAND	JAPAN	BRAZIL

Write the words, Sahara Desert, Holland, Japan, Brazil, at the top of the four spaces, on the fourth line, as shown above.

Below is a long list of words that is not at all well arranged. The words could easily be grouped under the headings suggested in the four spaces on your paper. Group the words in this way by placing in the first space all the words that seem to suggest the SAHARA DESERT, and in the second space all the words that seem to suggest HOLLAND, and so on. If you finish before the others, wait quietly for them to complete their work.

dykes	kimona	caravan	Henry Hudson
Buddha	wooden shoes	ostrich	bamboo
camel	Rio de Janeiro	forests	Indians
rubber	coffee	dairy products	Portuguese
sand	rice	jungle	Mohammedan
canals	windmills	islands	diamonds
dye-wood	pagoda	Dutch	Tokio
tea	Amazon	silkworm	Netherlands
Arab	camphor	dates	sand storm
pyramids	Amsterdam	oasis	Wilhelmina

A CHAIR RIDE IN CHINA

You should all begin reading at the same moment.

This selection is a sort of moving picture. Unless you are careful, you will form a habit of reading such things without getting anything more than a blurred impression. These pictures are clear and sharp. All the details are so different from the things we see that we ought to remember them from one reading.

At the end of seven minutes your teacher will ask you to close your books. If you were not able to read the whole selection, write the last word you read at the top of your paper.

Now write a list of the strange things you saw in your seven-minute chair ride in China.

Which group made the longest list—the fastest, the middle, or the slowest readers?

Our sedan chairs are ready for us. A sedan chair is just a bamboo armchair with two supple, bamboo carrying poles, about fourteen feet long, fastened to either side, and with a light flooring for the feet. An arch of split bamboo is fixed over the chair, and the roof, back, and sides are covered with blue cotton hung over them, which can be let down as a curtain.

These chairs of ours look much the worse for wear, and the bearers look rather shabby in their short loose trousers and coats of faded blue very untidily put on. Wouldn't you like to ask this one when he last used his wooden comb? He has a black cloth wound round his head, but stray hairs and bits of rough pigtail show here and there around it. Chair bearers are looked down upon, and it is usually only men of the lowest and most humble class who will do this kind of work.

The back man has tipped up the chair, so that you may

step over the poles. Do not step over the little bar that joins the poles at the end, for that would count as an insult almost equal to putting your foot on the bearer's neck. Both men are making up their minds how heavy you are, and can very likely guess to within a few pounds. As soon as you sit down the men swing you up to their shoulders, and start off with great strides along the uneven road with its rough granite paving stones. They keep in step so well, and the thick poles are so springy, that the motion is delicious.

How small the fields are! Instead of cabbages and turnips and potatoes there are dark-leaved taro plants in this wet place. Over there, where it is dry, pineapples and tall millet and sugar cane are growing in rows; and, farther on, little indigo bushes and sweet potatoes. Do you see the little mat shed by the side of that plot full of monster pumpkins? That is where the man stays who guards the crops, for someone must watch or else the thieves would have a grand time. The farmers club together and take turns in watching.

We meet all kinds of folk as we go along. Many of them carry heavy baskets, slung from either end of a long pole made of split bamboo balanced across their shoulders. Here are two men, who carry, swinging between them, a fat pig hanging upside down with its legs tied to a bamboo pole. Now we overtake a gaily-dressed young woman. She is going home to visit her mother after being married a month, and behind her trudges a wrinkled old dame, to see she comes to no harm. Both look as though they were on stilts, for they walk so stiffly on their tiny feet. They must be old-fashioned women, for the women of the new China no longer bind their feet. Here comes a small boy leading a huge water buffalo by the nose.

The little path is narrow and slippery now, and, as we go hurrying past, the burden bearers must give way to our chairs; so they stand close to the edge and balance carefully, or they would slip into the disgusting mud of the rice fields at each side. These fields are fresh and green, and each has a tiny mud dike round it to make it into a little pond—for rice must be grown in water. Do you see those two men standing near the river, each holding a rope fastened to a bucket between them? They let the bucket down into the water, and when it is filled, jerk it up and let the water pour into the mud channel; so quite a little river runs down from field to field.

The bearers tell us a tiger was seen in that clump of sugar cane last night. They say that he is growing very bold and sometimes comes into the village and carries off a dog or a goat. The tigers in the zoo are from these parts, but though we may look at them bravely when we see the iron bars between, we should not care to meet them here. An old woman was carried off from her doorstep, they say, not long ago.

A farmer, standing well over his ankles in the mud of the field, planting rice seedlings, straightens his back for a minute to shout, "Where are you going?" Everyone is asked that question. Often our foreign dress and appearance makes them want to know more—"Are we men or women? Where do we come from?" and so forth. Our bearers shout answers, and we hear that we are "Barbarians from the outer kingdom, just going about and looking, looking."

How funny the shadows of our front men are! It is nearly noon, and the sun is almost exactly above us; so the big round bamboo hats make circles on the ground as though there were no men at all under them, except when

a bit of coat flapping with its wearer's rapid motion sometimes breaks the circle.

Now the road begins to go uphill. Huge bars of granite laid across the path make steps in the steepest parts. The poles bend and sway, while the men swing the chairs up and down and call to each other, "Up we go!" "On we go!" Little fields are made on the sides of the hill by leveling the ground, for the Chinese will not lose any chance of growing something to eat if they can help it. Under the shelter of the rocks pretty little ferns grow, and there are large white wild roses. The herons, with their pink legs, are left behind in the wet fields, and so is the little bird that calls all the time for his little brother, "Tee, tee, tee, tee-tee-tee."

Under the pine trees at the very top of the pass there is a temple. The front part of it has been made use of by an old woman, who makes a good living by providing food and drink for travelers. The coolies swing our chairs suddenly down to their hands, and then to the ground, wipe their faces with a grimy cloth on their shoulders, and then go and sit doubled up on the narrow wooden benches by the long table, shoveling basins of hot rice noisily into their mouths. We are left meekly sitting in our chairs by the roadside till they have finished their meal and are ready to go on for another long spell.

Now we go down the winding path on the other side of the mountain. The view of the valley below is fine, with great stretches of young rice, patch joining patch in a chain of bright green, with here an orange grove, and there a field of sugar cane. Villages seem to be scattered about everywhere, their brown-tiled roofs showing half hidden in dark banyan trees. Far beyond, past where you see the gleam of the river as it winds in and out over the plain,

you get a glimpse of the city—not of its houses, however, for they are only one-storied. What you see is the high battlemented city wall, and the tops of two old pagodas which show above it.

Have you noticed the strange round towers near some of the villages? In these parts the people often fight, and when there is any specially bad quarrel on hand the people move into the towers. They keep the fowls and cattle in the stalls below, and live in the rooms on the floors above. There are no windows but narrow slits on the outside, and all the air and light comes from the open part in the center.

Our bearers are stepping carefully down a flight of slippery stone steps, and by this sloping path we pass under the grey stone arch (built in memory of a widow who spent her life in caring for her father-in-law and mother-in-law), till we come to the river at the foot where we hire a barge for the rest of the journey. Arches of bent cane covered with matting make a sort of cabin of the center of the boat, one half of which is screened off for the boatman's family. You may make yourself as comfortable as you can in the middle space, and get glimpses of the family inside or else you may look out at the lovely bamboos fanning the river.

Across there stands a strange little figure made of straw. It was planted in the muddy bank by some villager afraid of the wicked spirit whose name he would not dare to mention. We hear the creaking of many wooden water wheels, and see them being turned by men and boys, treading steadily hour after hour to raise water in the wooden channel up the bank into the nearest rice field, from which it runs in little ditches down to the farthest plot. Everyone seems busy, day in, day out, the only change being in the kind of work that has to be done.

—From *A Peep at China*, by LENA E. JOHNSTON

THE RISE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE

For hundreds of years there was warfare between Scotland and England. The simple methods of fighting in those days and the small number of men engaged made it necessary for the leaders or generals to be very different from such men as Foch, Haig, and Pershing. Not that these generals of the Great War are not brave men; they are, but they did not lead their troops into battle, for they had no right to risk their lives unnecessarily when the direction of hundreds of thousands or sometimes of millions of men depended upon them.

Many charming stories have been told of the great Scottish king, Robert Bruce. Sir Walter Scott was a Scotchman himself and he loved nothing better than to tell over again the stories of his native land. In this selection he tells some of the tales of Robert Bruce. They are sometimes rather savage, but war has always been bloodthirsty and cruel.

This selection is really one story after another. Try to see where one story ends and another begins. Make a list of the different stories, giving each a title; in other words, make a simple outline of the selection.

The cruel wars between Scotland and England late in the thirteenth century arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death. The Scottish nobility rashly submitted the decision of that matter to King Edward I of England, and thus opened the way for him to seize the kingdom of Scotland himself. But the feeling was universal in Scotland that they would not endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had a right to the crown began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these the principal candidates were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick.

The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion.

Now this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him. He was very wise and prudent and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army and place it in order for battle as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose Bruce traveled from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in a church in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English. They came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who, I told you, was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the county, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce,

were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter to doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make certain."

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay, rushing into the church, despatched the wounded Comyn with their daggers.

After the cruel slaughter of Comyn, Bruce was desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned King at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the Kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, whose duty it was to place the crown on the King's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to win the independence of Scotland.

King Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the

blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on March 29, 1306. Of course he was at very great disadvantage in the eyes of many good people both in Scotland and England because of his murder of the Red Comyn. Finally, on June 19th, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, and were placed in great danger and among many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings, almost always defeated by the English and such Scots as sided with them, the King still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions to amuse them, when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in wretched leaky boats.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from the ladies and his queen; for the winter was coming on and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should arrive. So he left his queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the Coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime, ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The Castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the Queen herself, were thrown into strict confinement and treated with the utmost severity. This news reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin and reduced him to despair.

It was probably about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in the

families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens. By this act he thought perhaps he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries.

But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider which, hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make

another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine and never return to my native country again."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded to the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was such an insect which had shown the example of perseverance and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers who had defeated an English officer who was governor of the Castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, blew his horn repeatedly. Now the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he

knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert and there was great joy on both sides.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of this fire on this place was to be a signal to Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry head became visible, and the King and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country with two or three hundred Englishmen, and they terrified the people so much, both by actions and threats, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach to tell you how the matter stood."

Bruce, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English so successfully as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick for some time.

Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick and in the neighboring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country with no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. The men of Galloway thought that if they missed taking Bruce or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information about the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his party of sixty men on the farther side of a deep and swift-running river that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the bank on which they were to land on the other side was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge extremely narrow.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of hounds, coming nearer and nearer. Bruce thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he thought that it might be some shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river side. Then the King thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition, and that would be a pity since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep

path and the deep river and he thought it gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand until his men came to assist him. He, therefore, sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile the noise and trampling of the horses increased, and the moon being bright, Bruce saw the glancing arms of about two hundred men who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion five or six of the enemy were slain or, having been borne down the current, were drowned. The rest were terrified and drew back.

But when they looked again and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honor would be lost for ever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the King's soldiers came up to his assistance and the Galloway men retreated and gave up their enterprise.

Another story of Bruce relates that about this time, and when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer De Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being

at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their masters' steps. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he would certainly find out Robert Bruce and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon Robert Bruce, he at first thought of fighting with the English Earl, but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose the King divided the men he had with him into three bodies and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he also neglected the two other divisions of the Scots and followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The King again saw that he was followed by a large body and being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must lose trace of him. Bruce kept only one man along with him and that was his own foster brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it

had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the others, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. They started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn and killed them all. It is to be supposed that they were better armed than the others were, as well as more strong and desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound shall lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly, the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for

you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster brother and he had rested themselves in the woods, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men that looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed and one of them bore a sheep on his back which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered they were seeking for Robert Bruce for they intended to join with him. The King answered that if they would go with him he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was and that he and his companions had some design against his person in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other you must go before us and we will follow near to you." "You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man. "Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded and thus they traveled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep which their companion was carrying. The King was glad

to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves and gave another to the King. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert that, for all the danger he was in, he could not help desiring to sleep. But first he desired his foster brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster brother promised to keep awake and did his best to keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster brother with his foot to awaken him and he started up; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength and the good armor which he wore freed him once more from this great danger, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster brother, and took his direction towards the place where he

had directed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter she asked him who and what he was. The King answered that he was a traveler who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our lawful King, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King.

Now the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But,

shortly after, they heard the voice of the good Lord James of Douglas and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend, Lord James, and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their quarters; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure and disperse into distant quarters and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, thus doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequences of those successes of King Robert was that soldiers came to join him on all sides and that he obtained several victories, until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance.

—Adapted from *Tales of a Grandfather*, by SIR WALTER SCOTT

HOW WE GET THE TIME

See how thoroughly you can master this selection in two minutes.

On the outskirts of the city of Washington, in a beautiful park, is a group of stone and sheet-iron buildings all of unusual shape, with odd-shaped domes on their roofs. Inside the buildings are astronomical instruments, from the hand sextant to the mighty twenty six-inch reflector, and a corps of expert astronomers and mathematicians is always busy with them. They are watching and marking the endless march of the heavenly bodies, from which we get the thing we call "time."

The finest clocks are used at the observatory to keep the time. The standard clock is in a vault, underground, where the temperature never changes. The standard clock has a very small weight, which is wound up every half minute by electricity; for heavy weights and long intervals between windings cause a clock to run unevenly. The mechanism is as simple as that of a clock can be, and is made of the finest material.

In spite of all these precautions, the clock does not keep perfect time. No clock or watch in the world does so. The only thing that does keep perfect time is the earth itself in its changeless rotation.

The standard clock is constantly compared with the true time derived from star or sun. The observers use an instrument called a meridian circle for that purpose. It is so entirely accurate in its work that it is the one thing in the institution which it would be hardest to do without.

For one hundred and fifty years astronomers have been watching the movements of the stars, and recording in tables the exact instant at which every star crosses a given

meridian. Now if, at the instant some particular star crosses one given meridian, the clock varies the least fraction of a second from the time named in the table, we know that the clock is wrong and can tell just how far it is wrong. While we cannot make clocks that keep time with the stars, they do keep time with themselves, and lose or gain an equal amount day after day. It is that little variation that the observation on the star corrects.

In addition to the standard clock there are the time-setting clocks in the main building of the observatory. There are two, so that if one breaks down the other can be used. Just before noon, eastern time, the lines of the telegraph companies are cleared of all other business, and the sounders in the main offices of the country begin to beat out seconds. At the end of every minute of the five minutes before twelve o'clock, there is a short pause of five seconds. Just before noon, for ten seconds, the sounders all stop beating seconds. Then, just on the stroke of noon, they all begin to chatter hard, a long roll. Noon is here. The sun is at the top of its daily course in Washington.

—Adapted from *Youth's Companion*

Can you tell how cities all over the United States keep in exact time with Washington?

How does Washington keep its time exactly standard?

A standard is a measure decided upon by authority for the sake of uniformity in custom. We must have standard time so that a man's watch set in Boston will be right when he reaches Philadelphia. Can you think of other necessary standards that you constantly make use of in every day life; as, for instance, when you go to market?

NAMES AND HOW THEY GREW

Here is an interesting account of a change of custom that affects all of us. This selection can be outlined very easily. As you read, see if you can make an outline on the plan of the one given below:

1. _____ (Paragraphs 1 and 2)
2. _____ (Paragraphs 3 and 4)
3. _____ (Paragraphs 5 to 8)
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.

An outline is useful because it enables us to state the substance of what we have read in brief form.

1. You are so accustomed to knowing people by two, or often three, names, that it has probably never occurred to you that, while there have always been first names—*given*, or *Christian*, names as we call them—the last name, or *surname*, is a comparatively modern fashion; while the middle name is a very new custom indeed. If you stop to think, the characters whom you remember in the Bible stories had only first names—Ruth and Joseph and David and Esther and Peter and Paul. In the stories of the early Greeks, too, you remember no last name for Ulysses or Theseus or Jason. In the times of King Arthur, Lancelot and Galahad and Percival are known by those names alone; while even as late as Charlemagne's time, we hear of Roland and Oliver without surnames. It was not until the tenth century that surnames began to be used, and then only by the highest nobility of France and England. The less important nobles had no surnames till the twelfth century, and it was 1300 before the ordinary citizens and farmers had anything but their common names of John or Thomas.

2. You can readily understand how it was that last names came into use. Although there are a great many beautiful given names (which, by the way, almost all have a meaning, as you will find if you look in the right place in the dictionary), parents have a way of using the same ones over and over in naming their children. Think how many Marys you know, and how many Elizabeths, how many Williams and how many Roberts. It was calculated some years ago in England that two-thirds of all the children in that country were called by one of twenty-five names. Since in any locality there were likely to be so many persons with the same given name, it was hard to make clear in speaking of them just which one of the many was meant, unless some term of description or definition was added.

3. The first persons to have such descriptive words attached to their names were the kings. So, in early times in France we have Louis the Agreeable, Louis the Child, Louis the Stammerer, and Louis the Coward. In Germany at that day we read of Charles the Bald and Charles the Fat, and somewhat later of Frederick of the Red Beard (Barbarossa). In Norway there were Harold Bluetooth and Harold the Fair-haired; while in England there were Edgar the Noble (Atheling), Edmund Ironsides, Ethelred the Unready, and later Richard the Lion-hearted (Cœur-de-Lion) and his brother John Lackland, so called because he lost the lands in France belonging to the English kings.

4. The family names of the nobles at first grew out of the names of their estates. In Scott's story, *Ivanhoe*, three of the chief characters are Cedric of Rotherwood, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, and Athelstane of Coningsburgh. A century later the "of" would have been dropped out of these names, and the men would have been known as Cedric Rotherwood, and so on. In France the word "of" is represented by

the syllable *de* or *du*; so a name like De Lisle (Rouget de Lisle, composer of the "Marseillaise") simply meant "of Lisle," while Dubois originally meant "of the wood," or Dumont, "of the mountain." Maybe you can think of other names beginning with *de* or *du* that must have been French in their origin. A German name beginning with *von* or a Dutch one beginning with *van* can be traced back to a similar source, for these syllables, too, mean "of," and so do the Scotch *Mac* and Irish *O'*.

5. When we come to the surnames of the plainer people, we find at least four ways in which they began. The most numerous, perhaps, are the names ending in the word "son." An easy way to point out which John out of several was being spoken of was to say, "John, Tom's son." You see at once how naturally that became John Tomson, and later John Thompson. And when you think that John might just as easily have been Andrew's son, or David's son, or Jack's son, or Will's son, or Dick's son, or Robin's son—well, it is evident why there are so many names ending in *son*. What others can you think of and explain in this way? The inventor of the locomotive had one, and the inventor of the phonograph, and one of our admirals in the Great War, and England's hero of Trafalgar (his name comes from his mother), and the President who followed Cleveland's first term.

6. Another way of pointing out which person was meant by a certain given name was to say Tom the smith, or Dick the carpenter, or Harry the baker, indicating the men by their occupations. Soon they came to be called Tom Smith, Dick Carpenter, and Harry Baker. From the large number of Smiths in the world you can judge how popular a trade that of the smith must have been in early times. The name Cooper belonged to the man who made barrels;

Glover, to the man who made gloves; Chandler, to the man who made candles; Franklin, to the free farmer who owned his land instead of having to rent it from a noble. Clark, a common name, reminds us of the English pronunciation of the word *clerk*, and belonged to the man of that trade. Can you think of other names that come from occupations? There is one that meant the man who ground the meal, and one for the man who acted as doorkeeper in a great house, and one for the man who shaped soft clay into dishes, and many others. And the names Pryor and Abbott and Bishop recall to us some of the high officials in the church of that time.

7. Some of the names stuck to their owners as a result of the kind of place where they lived. For instance, the name Moore was attached to a man who lived on a moor, or wide, heather-covered plain. Holmes dates back to an old English word *holm*, which meant "a meadow." Croft was another such word that meant "a farm." Can you explain how the following names probably started?—Barnes, Ford, Field, Church, Lane.

8. The fourth way in which names began is illustrated by such a name as that of the poet Longfellow. The first person to bear that name was probably exactly described by it; he must have been a long fellow. In other words, the one special John intended could be pointed out by some term which described him. The first man to be called Shakespeare was probably a warlike person who frequently shook a spear. And if no better means of description could be thought of, it was always possible to use a color fitting the dress or the hair or the complexion of the person concerned. Can you tell the probable origin of the following names?—White, Green, Hardy, Small, Brown, Doolittle, Strong, Gay, Bright.

—MABEL DODGE HOLMES

THE NINE DAYS' QUEEN

The story of the life of a single person is called a *biography*, as you know. There are many biographies so long that they fill whole books with many chapters. Divide this short biography into seven chapters, and write a title for each chapter.

A book is always made more interesting by pictures. If you were an artist, what picture would you choose to make to illustrate each of your chapters? Be ready to tell the things you would put in each picture.

In a luxurious room whose windows overlooked the Thames River, a grave, queenly-looking lady sat on a pile of silken cushions working with her needle on a piece of rich tapestry; while near her, before a tiny spinet inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, sat a charming little girl, her music master bending over her to teach her the notes. The lady was Catherine Parr, the last of the six unfortunate queens of Henry the Eighth of England; and the little girl was the grand-niece of the King, the Lady Jane Grey. She had been brought away from her home in a stately red brick mansion in the hills, to be cared for and trained at court, because some people thought it likely that she would in after years be chosen as bride for the King's son, Edward, and she must be fitted for her high position.

The court of Henry VIII was a strange home for a simple little girl. In the first place, the palace was richly and luxuriously furnished with precious things brought from all parts of the world. In the list of the property of the King are mentioned beds and chairs and tables of carved ebony or cedar, inlaid with pearl and ivory and upholstered in satin or velvet with golden fringe or strings of pearls. Wonderful Oriental carpets of silk and of wool covered every possible bit of floor space, and the walls were paneled

with satin brocade, cloth of gold, velvet, or hand-woven tapestry.

In this splendid palace moved a throng of gorgeously dressed courtiers. Hundreds of pages were on duty, dressed in green-and-white or in scarlet-and-gold satin. All kinds of officials took care of every imaginable duty in the King's household—the wardrobe, the stables, the pantry, and so on. There were physicians and secretaries and musicians; and no less than fifty cooks and a hundred scullions worked in the royal kitchens. And whenever his Majesty appeared in any part of the palace, all these people fell down upon their knees before him. Little Lady Jane mingled with the gaudy crowd; and as Henry was fond of children, the attractive little maid may often have sat, like any ordinary child, upon her royal uncle's knee.

But not very long after Lady Jane came to London, King Henry went on a journey to France, and Queen Catherine went with her three royal stepchildren, Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward, to one of the country palaces, taking Lady Jane along. The family lived a very quiet life, spending their days in the gardens and park, and their evenings listening to the beautiful contralto voice of the Princess. Mary, the Princess Elizabeth's playing upon the spinet, or the reading aloud of the Queen.

When Lady Jane was ten years old, her happy childhood was disturbed by the death of King Henry and the consequent departure of Queen Catherine from court. The little girl's father and mother, neither of whom had ever been very kind to her, took her home again, and the remarkable education, for which she became famous, was begun. The reason why her parents were anxious to have her finely educated was this. The young King, Edward VI, was a sickly boy, not likely to live long; and as there were some

doubts, for political and religious reasons, as to the claim of either Mary or Elizabeth to the throne, it seemed likely that Lady Jane's claim would be a strong one. Now in those days learning was just beginning to be very much thought of, and it was the fashion for all high-born women to be learned. The two daughters of the King and many of the court ladies could read Greek and Latin literature, and if Lady Jane was to compete with them, she must know as much as they.

So the poor little ten-year-old girl was set down to the hardest kind of study, which she probably didn't like any better than children nowadays would like to go to school all day with no holidays. Her tutor was a very wise and famous scholar, and so clever a pupil was she that other learned men thought highly of her, and she used to write letters to many of them. One of these was a very famous schoolmaster named Roger Ascham, tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. One day he was visiting in the neighborhood of Lady Jane's home, and came to pay a call upon her father, the Marquis of Dorset. Walking through the park he met the Marquis and his lady and all the household, out hunting. They halted to greet Master Ascham, and he inquired for Lady Jane. They said she was at home in her own room. There the schoolmaster found her, reading one of the works of Plato in Greek, with as much delight as a modern child would read a lively story book. Much surprised, Master Ascham asked the little girl why she was not out in the park instead of studying. With a smile, Jane replied, "I think all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure is."

"And how did you, madam, gain this true knowledge of pleasure? And what drew you to it?"

"I will tell you," replied Lady Jane. "One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that He sent me, with sharp, severe parents, so gentle a schoolmaster as Master Aylmer. When I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silent, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it perfectly, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, even sometimes so harshly punished, that I am wretched, till the time comes when I must go with Master Alymer, who teacheth me so gently and so pleasantly that I am happy all the time I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall to weeping, because whatever else I do besides learning is full of trouble and fear. So this my book is my greatest pleasure."

Those were almost the exact words of Lady Jane, as Roger Ascham set them down in one of his books. They give us a picture of a very lonely, cheerless childhood, even in the midst of wealth and greatness. And though at fourteen years old she could read Greek and Latin easily, and, it is said, was even beginning to read Hebrew, there were a great many things that make a part of a modern girl's education that she did not know—the life of the animals and birds and flowers, for instance, and the history of her own country, and the geography of the part of the world that was then known. These things were not a part of education in the sixteenth century.

Not very far away from Lady Jane's home was the great estate of the Duke of Northumberland, and very often the family of Dorset went to visit there. A river flowed between the two estates, so that Lady Jane and her mother and younger sisters used to go by barge across to the terrace that sloped down to the water on the other side. Then

came a gay romp in the castle hall for the young people of both families, and merry games in which even our sedate little lady would consent to share. Among the young folk was Lord Guildford Dudley, son of the Duke, whose father had decided to marry him to Lady Jane, and who therefore was thrown as much as possible into the young girl's company. The plan for a marriage with the young King had long ago been given up. When Jane was fifteen and Guildford was nineteen the marriage was arranged for, and Jane was given about a week's notice that it was to take place. She consented rather reluctantly, but perhaps she was somewhat cheered, as almost any girl would be, by the wedding preparations. Milliners and costumers, glove-makers, embroiderers and silk merchants flocked to the Dorset estate to display their wares.

The wedding was very magnificent. It took place in London, and everyone turned out to see the procession to the church. The little bride, graceful though small and slight, wore a gown of cloth-of-gold, a cloak of silver tissue, and a headdress of green velvet. Her reddish brown hair was arranged in plaits down her back. Sixteen bridesmaids all in white, preceded her, and she was escorted by two handsome pages. Flowers were scattered along the way, the church bells pealed, and the poor were given beef, bread, and ale enough to last three days.

It seems that the populace admired the bridegroom more than they did the bride. Although Lady Jane was quite pretty, with delicate features, a flexible mouth, sparkling eyes, white teeth, and a complexion which would have been good if she had not been freckled, she could not compare in looks with Lord Guildford Dudley. The young nobleman was tall and well built, with splendid coloring and golden-brown hair.

The real reason why the Duke of Northumberland wanted his son to be married to Jane was because he was forming plans to place Jane upon the throne as soon as the death of Edward should take place, an event which seemed likely to happen very soon. Then Dudley would be king, as his ambitious father desired. The Duke was in entire control of the young King, and persuaded Edward before his death to sign a paper leaving the throne to Lady Jane. So immediately upon the end of Edward's reign, the Duke proclaimed his daughter-in-law Queen of England, and she was taken in state to the Tower of London, where the King or Queen to be always stayed until the day of coronation.

Poor little Jane was even more unwilling to be Queen than she had been to marry Lord Guildford. But since she had to be a ruler, she tried her best to act in a queenly manner. Her reign, however, was to be neither long nor peaceful. In four days' time, Princess Mary, eldest daughter of King Henry, was at the head of an army marching toward London to assert her rightful claim to the throne. Northumberland led a force against her, but was betrayed, arrested, and brought back to the Tower a prisoner.

As for the people, everywhere they were rising for Queen Mary. In the streets of London there was cheering and rioting; bonfires blazed in the midst of rough men and women who danced about them shouting "Queen Mary! Queen Mary!" In the Tower, Jane shivered and wondered what her fate was to be. At last, just nine days after she had come so splendidly to the Tower, the poor little Queen's reign ended, with the proclamation of Queen Mary. London went mad with joy. It was not that they had any special dislike of Lady Jane, but Mary was the popular King Henry's daughter, and in spite of all his sins, England had loved their "bluff King Harry."

Jane's father hurried to the Tower to tell his daughter the news. He found her alone in the Council Chamber, seated, forlorn, under her canopy of State. "Come down from that, my child," said he; "that is no place for you." Then he gently told her all; and gladly did poor Jane rise and quit her hateful office. Father and daughter stood weeping in the deserted hall, while through the open windows came the exulting shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!"

Then Lady Jane Grey said four simple words, perhaps the saddest she ever spoke. "Can I go home?" she asked.

Alas! there was no more home for her except the Tower. Mary would not set the sad little prisoner free, because she and her statesmen feared she might be made the centre of a plot. So all through the hot summer she pined there, hearing news of the splendor of the coronation and all the gossip of the court. Mary, who was not of a cruel nature, wished to spare Lady Jane, but her advisers thought that all who had been concerned in Northumberland's plot should be brought to trial, and among the number, of course, were Lady Jane and her husband.

The gentle girl who was led through the streets of London to her trial looked very different from the bride of less than six months before. Instead of cloth-of-gold she wore a gown of plain, sad black cloth, with a black velvet hood; a prayer-book bound in black velvet hung by a chain from her girdle, and in her hand she held an open Bible, upon which her eyes were fixed. The trial, conducted with much pomp and ceremony, was a mere form. All the prisoners were pronounced guilty and condemned to death. How guilty were Jane and her splendid young husband you can decide for yourselves. Those were days when there was very little of either justice or mercy to be had in a court.

What a gloomy Christmas that must have been for the

unhappy young girl! Do you suppose she remembered, in the long, dull evenings, while she waited for the February day to come that was to end her life, the cheerful scenes of Christmas in years before in the country, with the Yule log and the holly and the merry games? Do you suppose she remembered the precious books and the kind schoolmaster from whom she had been snatched away to fill a throne that she did not want? Poor Jane had certainly been the victim of the ambitious schemes of others. Almost as sad is it to think of Dudley, a poor lad who had done no harm except to obey his father.

The story of Jane's death is too sad to tell. The fickle people, who had shouted for Queen Mary, now were moved to pity that a nobleman and a princess so young and so lovely should die so innocently. But their sympathy could do no good now. The charm of Lady Jane's character is shown by the fact that she grew so dear to her jailer, during her imprisonment, that he begged for a keepsake to remember her by. She promised that her prayer-book should be given him after her death, writing in it a message to him full of faith and patience.

So, amid the tears of all those who loved her, ended the story of the Nine Days' Queen, a tragic story, making us glad that those cruel old times are gone forever. For Lady Jane Grey was just a simple little girl like you, who ought to have grown up happily like other children, and who was kept from all that belongs to childhood and girlhood, not by any ambition of her own, but by that of the older people who surrounded her. With all its faults, the Twentieth Century is a happy time for children to be alive in, to work, to play, and to be happy and useful.

—Adapted from *The Nine Days' Queen*,
by RICHARD DAVEY

CLEAR THINKING

Arrange your paper with your name on the first line, to the right, and your grade below on the second line. Put nothing on the next line. Here are eight problems to be answered, not with figures, but with the word, *yes* or *no*. No other answer will be satisfactory. Put the answer to the first problem on the fourth line, and in the margin of your paper, mark it number 1. Use a new line for each new answer, and be sure to number it to correspond with the problem.

1. All the boys and girls of the Seventh Grade have joined the Junior Civic Club. Helen is in the Seventh Grade. Is she a member of the Junior Civic Club?

2. I am in a great hurry to get home, but I have just missed a train. The trains run every half hour, and take only fifteen minutes for the trip. I can get a trolley every five minutes, but that takes thirty-five minutes for the trip. Shall I wait for the next train?

3. John is older than Morty. I am younger than John. Are you sure that I am older than Morty?

4. In the United States, the semitropical fruits, such as the orange and lemon, grow only in the warmer sections. Do you think the orchards of Pennsylvania produce many oranges?

5. All but three of the boys of the Seventh Grade belong to the Boy Scouts. Morty is not a Scout. Is it safe to conclude that Morty, therefore, is not in the Seventh Grade?

6. Stuart earned \$48.50 last summer in his father's store. He still has more than half of it in bank. Can he buy a bicycle that is advertised at \$24?

7. My business partner and I need \$1,375 to settle up all our accounts. He has drawn from bank for that purpose \$700, while I have on hand a trifle over that amount. Can we pay off all our debts?

8. All the girls of the Seventh Grade are Camp Fire Girls. Alice is not a Camp Fire Girl. Are you sure that Alice is not in the Seventh Grade?

PRINCESS ELVIRA'S THREE TRIALS

As you read, write down a heading for each of the three sections of this story.

In a far-away country, a long time ago, there lived a princess named Elvira. As all princesses do, she lived in a wonderful palace, with fair ladies to wait upon her, and all the fine dresses and delicious food and luxurious furniture that her heart could wish. She slept till ten o'clock every morning, studied a few easy lessons, since even princesses must read and write, and went to drive in the park every afternoon with the queen. As she grew older she became more beautiful, and as everyone flattered her she soon became very vain. Besides, as she always had her own way, she grew very disagreeable if everything didn't go exactly as she wished. If she had not been a princess, she would have been called a spoiled child.

In those days, marriages between princesses and princes were arranged by their fathers and mothers. When Princess Elvira was a baby she had been betrothed to the heir of a neighboring kingdom, who was to marry her as soon as she was grown up and her education completed. At last the day came when this prince was to arrive to visit his expected bride. Elvira, though she was quick and clever, had grown so fond of finery and show that she spent her days in little else than thinking of how to adorn herself. On the day of the prince's visit she stood before her mirror, radiant as the sunshine in her satin gown and sparkling jewels. In her own eyes she was worthy to reign over the whole world.

But when she was led before the king to meet the bridegroom, he looked at her, shook his head gravely, and said, "She is not yet beautiful enough to be my queen. I must wait till she is ready." Then he went away.



THE WISEST TEACHERS IN THE KINGDOM WERE CALLED TO THE PALACE
TO GIVE OF THEIR LEARNING TO THE PRINCESS

Elvira was very angry at first. Then she began to wonder what it was that made the prince dissatisfied with her beauty. She went to her governess, to whose advice she usually paid very little attention, and surprised the lady by asking what her beauty could possibly lack. The wise governess said, "Beauty that is merely on the surface is only skin-deep and amounts to very little. You have talent and intelligence; cultivate them, and your beauty will go below the surface, for you will have a beautiful mind as well as a fair face."

So Elvira began to study very hard. The wisest teachers in the kingdom were called to the palace to give of their learning to the princess. She learned history and geography and botany and astronomy; she learned to read in many languages, and to solve the hardest mathematical problems. Soon she was not only the prettiest but the wisest maiden in the kingdom, and the fame of her learning spread far and wide.

After a while the prince came again to visit his betrothed bride. She dressed as elegantly as ever; but this time she entertained the visitor with the most brilliant conversation. The prince looked and listened; then he shook his head gravely, saying, "She is not yet either beautiful enough or wise enough to be my queen. I must wait till she is ready." And again he went away.

Now Elvira was indeed broken-hearted. She did not go again to her governess, but sought out instead a gentle old woman who had been her nurse in childhood, and who lived in a corner of the palace, where Elvira had almost forgotten about her. "Dear nurse," said Elvira, "since beauty and learning are not enough to make me fit to be a queen, tell me what will do so."

The old nurse drew the princess down to a stool beside

her, and laid the golden head on her knee. "My child," she said, "the best ornament for a queen is a loving spirit."

Then Elvira threw her gold and jewels away and flung her books into a corner. She put on a plain, dark dress, and went out into the narrow streets and dark alleys where the poor lived. She visited the sick, and comforted the crying babies, and fed the hungry, and soothed the sorrowing, and found work for the needy, and clothed the shivering. She went into the hospitals and prisons with words of cheer. When she appeared among them so humbly and simply, the poor people thought an angel had come among them, so beautiful did she seem to them. And, indeed, there was coming into her face a beauty of an entirely new kind, the gentleness and sweetness that are the outward sign of a loving heart.

At last the prince came a third time. Elvira was brought before him in the king's presence chamber, no longer proud of her learning or vain of her fair face and fine clothes, but simply dressed and modest in her bearing. The prince looked at her, and this time he smiled. "I have heard," he said, "as I passed through the streets of your city, how men and women and children look for the coming of the princess as their comfort in sorrow and their help in time of need. She needs no silks and jewels, she needs none of the wisdom of books, who is adorned in the beauty of a loving heart. I need wait no longer. The Princess Elvira is ready to be my queen." And he took her home with him to his kingdom.

—ADAPTED

QUESTIONS

What kind of king do you think this prince must have made?
In what ways did his queen, Elvira, help him?

MARTHA WASHINGTON IN WAR TIME

One of the most important parts in the Great War was played by the women, who, as nurses, munition workers, Red Cross workers, sacrificers, stood behind the men. But women in earlier wars have endured and worked and sacrificed, too. Some of you have heard your grandmothers tell what they remember seeing their mothers do, during our Civil War. And away back in Revolutionary days your great-great-nobody-can-count-how-many-great-grandmothers, if they lived in America, were doing the same; and the wife of their Commander-in-chief was setting them a good example.

Mrs. Washington set every agency of production under her control to "speeding up," just as we were asked to do in 1917. Years later she declared that, with her negro servants, she kept sixteen spinning wheels in constant operation, and that two of her best war-time dresses were made from old crimson damask chair covers and the ravelings of brown silk stockings. Her footman, her coachman, and her maid were dressed in cloth made at home, and her only regret was that the coachman's scarlet cuffs were imported. But there was one consolation—they were imported before the war.

A lady who visited the wife of the Commander-in-chief at army headquarters wrote:

"Well, I will honestly tell you, I never was so ashamed in my life. You see, Madam Budd and I thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our best ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting and with a speckled apron on! She

received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for herself and husband.

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way we could not be offended at, that it was very important at this time that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrymen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry."

—Adapted from *Youth's Companion*

Name the things in this story that prove the truth of the saying that "History repeats itself."

"WHO CAN FIND A VIRTUOUS WOMAN?"

Don't you suppose Martha Washington knew the picture of the good housewife given in the following lines?

She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands.

She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth food to her household

And their task to her maidens.

She layeth her hands to the distaff,

And her hands hold the spindle.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor;

Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

—*Proverbs*

A JAPANESE HOUSE

Write a subject for each paragraph or division of this selection. In some cases you should combine several paragraphs under one heading.

A Japanese house is one of the simplest buildings in the world. It generally has two walls of plaster and two sides closed with wooden shutters. The plaster walls are opposite to each other; that is, the east and the west walls would be of plaster, while the north and the south walls would be shuttered. Along each shuttered side of the house runs a veranda about four feet wide, inside the shutters. The walls of the rooms which adjoin these verandas, and all the partitions between the rooms, are screens made of paper. The plaster walls are made by fastening crosspieces to upright wooden poles, to which a lattice work of bamboo strips is laced fast with cords, in an interesting fashion, serving the same purpose of foundation for the plaster that laths do with us.

As a rule, the house is of but one story, and its flimsiness comes from several good reasons. The first is that Japan is a land of earthquakes, and when an earthquake starts to rock the land and topple the houses about the people's ears, then tall, strong houses of brick or stone would be both dangerous in their fall, and very expensive to put up again. Moreover Japan is a poor country, and the people cannot afford to build of brick or stone. Again, such houses came into use because Japan was a land of fires, at least since the coming of the foreigners who introduced the use of oil. Before the foreigners came, the Japanese used lanterns swung from the ceiling or set on a high standard. The arrival of the lamp meant frequent fires, for there were few tables, and the lamp had to be set on the

floor, where it was easily knocked over. Of course, a house with paper partitions burned easily; but then it was much cheaper to rebuild than a house of better material. Nowadays, however, electric lights have taken the place of lamps, and people are building more wooden houses, even though wood is quite expensive. Wood is better material than brick or plaster, for the climate is wet, and a brick or plaster house, unless well heated, is damp. The roof of a city house is of tile; of a country house, it is of thatch.

A house among the poorer sort of Japanese consists of one large room in the daytime. At night it is formed into as many bedrooms as its owner requires. Along the floor, which is raised about a foot from the ground, and along the roof, run a number of grooves, lengthways and crossways. Frames covered with paper, called *shoji*, slide along these grooves and form the walls between the bedrooms. The front of the house is often open to the street, unless the day is too wet or stormy, for the Japanese are very fond of fresh air and sunlight. If the sun is too strong, a curtain is hung across for shade, and very often this curtain bears a huge white symbol representing the house owner's name.

The furniture in these houses is very simple. The floor is covered with thick mats, which serve for beds, and used to serve for chairs as well. But nowadays the people have learned to sit on chairs, for all the schools are furnished with them, so the houses have chairs, too. As Japan becomes more and more like Europe and America, her furniture becomes more elaborate, and it is the fashion now for all who can afford it to have one or two foreign rooms, or a foreign wing, furnished in a style like our own.

However, not many years ago Mrs. Bishop, a well-known writer about Japan, wrote, in telling how simple a matter it was for a young couple to set up housekeeping:

"At present the requirements of a young couple in the poorer classes are a bare, matted room, capable or not of division; two wooden pillows, a few cotton quilts, and a sliding panel behind which to conceal the bedding in the daytime; a wooden rice bucket and ladle, a wooden wash-bowl, an iron kettle, a *hibachi*, or stove, a tray or two, a teapot or two, two lacquer rice bowls, a dinner box, a few china cups, and a few towels; a bamboo switch for sweeping; a *tabako-bon*, or apparatus for tobacco smoking; and a few shelves let into a recess."

At the time when Mrs. Bishop wrote, all this furniture could be purchased for ten dollars or less! Needless to say, prices would be much higher now, and the things needed for the house more numerous and less simple.

Better-class houses are of the same general plan, but the building may be of costly materials, with posts and ceilings of ebony inlaid with gold, and floors of rare polished woods. The rooms are still separated by the sliding screens, and there are no doors; so that to go from one room to another you must slide back one of the *shoji*, or else use the veranda as a passageway. The *shoji* are often beautifully painted, and in each room is hung a painting finely done on a strip of silk. A favorite subject is a branch of blossoming cherry, which, painted upon white silk, gives an effect of wonderful freshness and beauty. Such a picture is called a *kakemono*.

The floor is covered with beautiful mats, as white as snow and as soft as a cushion, being sometimes a couple of inches thick. They are woven of fine straw. On these the Japanese sit, with their feet tucked away under them. At dinner time small, low tables are brought in, and when the meal is finished these tables are taken away again.

When bedtime comes, there is no change of room. The sitting-room by day becomes the bedroom by night. A

couple of wooden pillows and some quilts are fetched from a cupboard; the quilts are spread on the floor, the pillows are placed in position, and the bed is ready. The pillows would strike us as most uncomfortable affairs. They are mere wooden neckrests, and European travelers who have tried them declare that it is like going to sleep with your head hanging over a wooden doorscraper.

As they both sit and sleep on their matting-covered floors, we now see why the Japanese never wear any boots or shoes in the house. To do so would make their beautiful, spotless mats dirty; so all shoes are left at the door, and they walk about the house in thick, glove-like socks.

There is no chimney in the house, for the Japanese do not have fireplaces. The cooking is done over a stove burning charcoal, the fumes of which wander through the house and disperse through the hundred openings afforded by the loosely-fitting paper walls. In cold weather the Japanese hang over smaller stoves, called *hibachi*, which are metal vessels just large enough to contain a handful of charcoal.

Even supposing that a wealthy Japanese has a good deal of native furniture, such as beautifully painted screens, handsome vases, ebony tables inlaid with gold, and so forth, he does not keep them in the house. He stores them away in a special building called the *godown*, and when he desires to use one for ornament in the house, a servant runs and fetches it. When the article has served its purpose, it is taken back again. The *godown* is built of cement, is painted black, and bears the owner's monogram in a huge white design. Articles stored there are safe from fire and from dampness, which is particularly hard on silks. Every valuable article is wrapped in a cloth and placed in a box. The *godown* has a window, which is opened every day to let the building air. Thus the family treasures are preserved.

The Japanese does not fill his house with all the decorations he may own, and live with them constantly. If he has a number of beautiful porcelain jars and vases, he has one out at one time, another at another. A certain vase goes with a certain screen, and every time a change is made, the daughters of the house receive new lessons in the art of placing the articles and decking them with flowers and boughs of blossom in order to gain the most beautiful effect. If a visitor be present in the house, the guest-chamber will be decorated afresh every day.

There is one vase which is always carefully supplied with freshly-cut boughs or flowers. This is the vase which stands before the *tokonoma*. The *tokonoma* is a very quaint feature of a Japanese house. The word means "a place in which to lay a bed," and, in theory, is a guest chamber in which to lodge the Mikado, the Japanese Emperor. So loyal are the Japanese that every house is supposed to contain a room ready for the Emperor in case he should stop at the door and need a night's lodging. The Emperor, of course, never comes, and so the *tokonoma* is no more than a name. Usually it is a recess a few feet long and a few inches wide, and over it hangs the finest kakemono that the house can afford, and in front of it is a vase whose flowers are arranged in a traditional form which has a certain allegorical meaning.

—Adapted from *A Peep at Japan*,
by JOHN FINNEMORE

DIRECTIONS

1. In the selection find definitions of the following Japanese words:

shoji hibachi kakemono godown tokonoma

2. Make a list of the ways in which a Japanese house is different from an American house.

LEAVES FROM A "Y" MAN'S DIARY

Here is a good word picture, from a letter written during the Great War, of a Y. M. C. A. canteen that attempted to serve the American boys in the front- and second-line trenches of no man's land in France. You can easily realize as you read that this service was no easy matter, especially when the enemies choose to "make it interesting."

As you read this story over, have before you a sheet of paper and write a title for each incident or experience told by the author. When you are through you will find that you have a pretty good outline of the selection.

At the bottom of your paper make a list of words that are unfamiliar to you. Tell what you think each of these words means from the way it is used.

I am safely located in one of the most rememberable situations I am ever likely to be in. I am sitting in the shade of a little group of trees, happily untouched by the general ruin, outside our dugout, in a village on the second lines of trenches. The dugout is a marvel of security, built by the French out of the ruins of a French home. I suppose the little cellar of the house was the beginning, and over that have been banked up layer after layer of logs, concrete, steel bars, and stone, so that while a direct hit with a high explosive shell would doubtless blow it all to pieces, anything short of that would leave it a thoroughly safe hiding place. There is room in it for three army cots, with a narrow passage for maneuvering between, and three of us Y. M. C. A. secretaries are comfortably located there. How strange it would look to you: the ruined old house that used to be a home, the heap of débris where once the front room was, the pretty forget-me-nots still blossoming where the family's flower garden used to be, the stone stairway down into the old cellar, the dark, damp, smelly

hole now boarded up into fair decency, furnished with those few necessities which soldiering allows, and on top the great mass of stone and iron and concrete which makes it safe! The window and door, broken up through the encircling stone, have army blankets for curtains.

We got in last night about nine o'clock, and I went to work at once in the Y. M. C. A. canteen. The canteen is located in a wine cellar of great depth and capacity. Room after room opens out as one ranges around it. Here is the local army signal service station, with telephones to the whole military district; here is the first-aid hospital for men in from the trenches; here is a bunk room for the men who stand guard in and about the village; and here at the entrance is the Y. M. C. A. with the canteen in one corner and a piano in the other. Above all is the dilapidated ruin of an old school or monastery—no one knows which. A company were going out to the trenches just as we got in, and had come to the Y. M. C. A. for a parting cup of tea. For nearly two hours I served out great cups of hot tea to the boys who crowded in, and it was worth the price of admission to see them. This is the "Yankee Division"; all the men are from New England. They are splendid fellows. I wouldn't have missed dishing that tea last night for anything. My! How good it tastes to them. And going or coming they can get it freely at any hour of the night. A company came in from the trenches about two this morning, and the regular secretary was out for two hours feeding the tired men up with tea and chocolate and biscuits. The canteen never closes night or day.

This morning I awoke after a good sleep to find one of the most glorious days I ever saw. Whoever would think that war is so near? The sky is beautifully clear, the sunshine balmy, the air fragrant, the birds jubilant. But

there is another side to the story. This used to be a fine French town; a single street lined with substantial stone houses. Now there is not a whole house left. The partial walls, blasted and broken, show where the buildings used to be; here and there enough of a room remains to surround the great rents where the shells came through; often the four walls stand, a hollow square, barren and empty; generally the walls themselves are broken, the roof caved in, the whole house left a pitiful ruin.

Yet there are plenty of inhabitants, all Americans. They live underground; no one sleeps above. Now in the beautiful quiet of this Sunday morning they are wandering around at ease, for no activity is evident at all on either side of the battle line, save a few guns that occasionally boom out. Some of the soldiers are sleeping late after their early morning return from a week in the trenches; some are burnishing their equipment; many are bathing—there is a glorious fresh fountain of cold spring water here. I can see one boy with his looking-glass stuck in a ruined wall, shaving; one boy I saw with his New Testament sitting apart in quiet study; and a line of boys keeps going to the fountain to fill their canteens. The scene is peaceful enough now; we might be camping out. We could have Sunday service if gathering were allowed.

But we know that at any moment the aspect may change. From where I sit now, looking over the camouflage that hides our fountain from the enemy, I can see the little village where our first line trenches are, and a bit beyond, across no man's land, which lies visible from my perch here, I can see the German first-line trenches, too. And beyond that, in plain view, is the little mountain which cost the French 20,000 lives to take, and then they lost it after twelve hours. We are on one ridge, and the enemy are on

another, and our trenches are in the marshy valley in between.

* * * * *

Last night I worked late at the canteen. What a welter that old wine cellar is! It gets jammed to the consistency of a sardine tin; the piano is drummed for all the tunes that there are in it, and at times the whole crew joins in a chorus; the stove where the tea is made warms the air to the heat of Hades, and tobacco smoke thickens the air, which has not been ventilated for centuries. At 10:30 last night we had Sunday evening service. The hospital end of the cellar was crowded. I started in with fun, and went from that to deeper things, and at the close we all stood uncovered to pray for ourselves and for the folks at home. It was a strange, steaming crowd of men, in a weird place for worship, but it was well worth while.

This morning I slept until breakfast time—10 A.M. For there are only two meals a day here—at ten and five. That saves the food, of which there is none too much, and it suits the convenience of the men who come in late at night from the trenches and want to sleep long in the morning. Breakfast consists of boiled rice with karo syrup over it, a hunk of bread and a bowl of coffee. Dinner yesterday consisted of thin tomato soup, a hunk of bread and a bowl of coffee. It doesn't sound very ample, but one gets along on it most comfortably—especially with the Y. M. C. A. canteen to fall back upon. Without that I fear the fellows would be hard put to it at times. But chocolate, cakes, jam, tinned milk, figs, even in very limited quantities, help out like everything—with plenty of free tea to wash it down. And cheerfulness is certainly the prevailing atmosphere here. So far as my experience goes, the most happy

place in which to live, while war is on, is a dugout on the second-line trench.

Tomorrow we are going to inaugurate a Y. M. C. A. service to the front-line trenches. Twice a week after this the secretaries with a carrying party of the soldiers, will go out to the first line, taking eatables and smokes to the boys there. I am glad to be in on the first trip. We shall walk out by daylight through the communication trenches—a long, hard, muddy, hot pull, so everybody says—and shall come back at night along the road, where it is impossible to go by day. Anyhow, I will tell you about it tomorrow morning.

SOUTH PASADENA CITY SCHOOL DISTRICT

* * * * *

Well, we had a great time. We left early in the afternoon, two Y. M. C. A. men and three soldiers. We had steel helmets on our heads, gas masks at "alert" on our chests, canteens of drinking water across our shoulders, shoes over our shoulders, too, to walk out with, and on our backs burlap bags of edibles and smokes. It was a heavy load. I never went so heavily accoutered before, and am not hankering for the like again.

The communication trench leaves the town just a little below where I am sitting now. It is a deep, narrow slit in the ground, duckboards at the bottom, and the sides bolstered up with wire netting whose sharp points catch one's clothes, or with plaited sticks that poke into one's anatomy most viciously. We stumbled on through a tortuous maze of these intersecting passageways—wading through water, sloshing through mud, falling through broken duckboards, squeezing through caved-in narrows, losing our way and doubling and turning with the trenches. After two hours, we emerged to find ourselves about fifteen

minutes' walk from town—if we could only have gone overhead! We sat for a few moments behind some camouflage, where the trench takes the surface, resting, and we had our reward. The Germans begun shelling our town that we just had left. When we heard that first shell we “hit the earth” quick. That is a military order easy to obey without thinking, and any officer would have been content with the speed and agility with which we fell flat. After that, we discovered what was afoot and could watch it at leisure. We could hear the German guns go off, several miles away; then the “singsong” of the shell over our heads; and then the burst of the shell in the town; and we could see the cloud of smoke which it kicked up.

We watched until the shelling stopped and then went on again, and about 4:30 came to the first group of men that we were seeking. I wish you could have seen our makeshift post-exchange, in a trench, just in advance of our present first-line trenches, beside a camouflaged road. It was a most welcome arrival to all the hungry, smokeless men.

Out there we had a fierce little battle a few weeks ago, as a result of which our men had to fall back, and when they counter-attacked and regained the ground, they found their old first line so knocked to pieces that they have not used it since as a regular first line. They occupy it by day with outposts and sharpshooters and fall back at night. There is, therefore, quite a little ground which is our territory by day, and at night is no man's land. We went out into that dubious ground and set up our second post-exchange in a little hamlet, that now is hammered utterly to pieces. It was very worth while doing; the boys naturally appreciate having the Y. M. C. A. come out to them in such a place with things they need. We set up our canteen in a ruined courtyard, and the men came in from the dugouts all

around. We had an evening meal with the men there, too—beans, tinned salmon, bread and coffee. Then we went out to our old first line. It is as close to the enemy as I am likely to get. From the observation post we could see plainly, a hundred yards or so away, the German barbed wire and trenches. All was quiet, except the crack of bullets, going back and forth as some unwary men on either side were sighted and sniped at. Needless to say we kept our heads down. It was very interesting. The traps set, with mines waiting to go off if unwise marauders came, the piles of hand grenades, the sing of the snipers' bullets, the desolate silence of no man's land—very impressive! We came away reluctantly, picked up the remainder of our packs and hiked over to the village.

Here we found boys who had not been paid for weeks and were all "broke." We "blew ourselves"—gave away tobacco, chocolate, cookies, to the whole town. The news spread. Out from the dugouts, down between the ruins, along the paths and streets the fellows streamed in to get the coveted goodies. It was great sport.

What a picture of desolation the village was! Nothing was whole, but once in a while enough to indicate with pitiable clearness what used to be there. The school, the mayor's office, the fire department, the church—one could locate them. And here a fireplace, there a broken bed, showed that a home was once between the now shattered walls. Everything was done utterly to pieces.

From this first-line town, our second-line town is plainly visible, sitting on the ridge. The Germans shelled our town again as evening came. Once more we could hear the boom of the German guns, the song of the flying shells above our heads, and the burst when they struck their mark near the old tower in our village here.

Then, after dark, armed with the password, we walked quickly up the road to our own billets, traversing in a half hour what had taken three hours by trench. Perhaps I wasn't tired! I was glad to spend twelve hours in bed last night. At midnight our batteries along the line behind us here began pouring high explosive and gas into a newly discovered German billet. The shelling was short and fierce, however, and then we had peace. And now after three hours' selling in the canteen I am back here in my shady nook among the trees. Once more it is a glorious, hot day. One of our big guns has been sending shells over us with startling suddenness and a terrific report. But, for the rest, all is quiet, and war could not be conducted much less dangerously to the combatants.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Courtesy of The Independent

1. How many different days does the "Y" man tell about?
2. Why would you understand the whole selection less easily if the story of the first day were told last?
3. Your teacher will collect the papers on which you have written your titles of incidents, and will assign each member of the class a topic for oral or written recitation.

YES OR NO?

I need six dozen $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch screws. They will cost me five cents a dozen. There are twelve dozen in a box, and a box will cost thirty-two cents. Would it pay me to get just what I need now?

The Mediterranean lands have a warm moist climate, and the soil is usually fertile. Tropical fruits need heat, rain, and rich soil. Do you think an orange grove in southeastern Spain would be profitable?

THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT

There is one kind of reading that everyone must do, whether he is a lover of books or not. We all read the newspaper. Sometimes we have to read it very hurriedly, too. It is good to be trained to read fast and pick out the important points almost at a glance.

Here is a newspaper account of the ratifying in 1919 of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Read it rapidly and find out:

1. What points in the news did the editor of the paper intend particularly to call to the attention of his readers? How do you know?
2. What was remarkable in this action by the United States?
3. How many States had to approve the amendment before it could become a law?
4. Why was Nebraska's vote important?
5. On what date did the new law go into effect?

U. S. IS VOTED BONE DRY; NEBRASKA DECIDES FATE; 38 STATES NOW IN LINE

Missouri and Wyoming Also Ratify Federal Agreement

LIQUORLESS PERIOD BEGINS, UNDER THE NEW LAW, IN ONE YEAR

10 States Yet To Vote

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.

RATIFICATION today of the Federal constitutional prohibition amendment made the United States the first great Power to take legislative action to stop permanently the liquor traffic.

Nebraska's vote gave the necessary affirmative three-fourths majority of the States to make effective the

amendment submitted by Congress in December, 1917. It was followed by similar action in the Legislatures of Missouri and Wyoming, making thirty-eight States, in all which have approved a "dry" America.

Under the terms of the amendment, the manufacture, sale and importation of intoxicating liquors must cease one year after ratification.

—From *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia

WHY AM I AN AMERICAN?

This graduation essay by a high-school girl tells of the reasons for thankfulness that should fill the heart of an American citizen. As you read, make a list of four ways in which the American citizen is free. Can you add to the list any more points than are mentioned here? When you have finished reading, write a short definition of an American, based on this essay.

Why am I an American? Legally, I am an American because I have the good fortune to have been born in America and to have lived in America all my life. Spiritually, I am an American because I believe in the principles for which America stands. I believe that a democracy is the first, the last, and the only form of government for a human race. I believe that those habits of right thinking which Washington, in his Farewell Address, so earnestly enjoins upon the American people, are the essential elements and indispensable supports of a free government. I believe that free education, not only for the well-born and well-to-do, but for the poorest of the poor, is the very bulwark upon which a true civilization rests. The chaos and destruction which have come to Russia, as a result of the illiteracy of peasants who form about four-fifths of the entire population, would be impossible in America where education is universal, free, and compulsory. Having always lived in America, and enjoyed its many privileges, having been allowed to take advantage of its many opportunities, I am unable to understand the condition that prevails in that torn and tortured country. The spectacle of a down-trodden, enslaved people must make me, and every American, doubly grateful for the freedom of America. The sense of freedom is born in me, bred in me. I am free to

express my opinion of any governmental act—national, state, or municipal, either in writing or in speech. I am free to engage in whatever business I choose. I am eligible for a responsible office even if I come from a poor family—poor in the sense of not being of aristocratic or royal blood. I believe in the principle that right makes might, and not that might makes right, without fear or favor. It has been proved by thousands of our boys who fought, and who gave their lives so gladly in the last war, that that principle is true. Everyone of those boys who died, was ready to give his life for the truth and justice that are American. They paid the price, but America is worthy of any sacrifice made in her name. She gives much, but the burdens that she imposes are light. I am not heavily taxed to pay for the luxuries of an iron-hearted, iron-handed ruler. I am not kept in a starving condition because a leader of the government happens to want a new automobile or a million-dollar palace. It is true, I do have to pay a certain sum for the support of the government, but it is a just and fair sum which the representatives of the people regulate and designate. Because I believe in all of these principles and because I practice them, I am an American. If I did not believe that these things are true, and if I did not put them into practice, I should not be an American, if I were descended from a dozen generations born on American soil.

—ELEANOR WISTER

Graduation Speech in the William Penn High School

This American-born girl places a high value on her birthright of American citizenship. Do you think that she would appreciate her American opportunities more if she had come here as an emigrant from a less-favored country?

A GREAT AMERICAN

As the passions of the Civil War disappear the people of both North and South are coming to appreciate the true character of the great leaders of that struggle. The following cyclopedia article gives an excellent idea of General Robert E. Lee, the leader of the armies of the South.

Do not read this article through at first, but use it for drill in finding facts quickly, as you will often need to find them from a cyclopedia article. At the end of the article is a suggestion that will call for a careful reading of the article as a whole.

1. What did General Lee do after the war that showed his genuine desire to diminish the bitterness between the two sections of our country? Time, one minute.

2. In what war besides the Civil War did General Lee play a distinguished part? Time, one minute.

3. What was the real cause of General Lee's defeat? Time, two minutes.

4. On what occasion did he take all the blame for a defeat; and on what one did he give entire credit for a victory to one of his generals? Time, two minutes.

5. What position did General Lee hold after the war? Time, one minute.

LEE, ROBERT EDWARD (1807-1870).—All critics agree that Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederacy, was one of the greatest generals the United States has ever produced; many believe him to have been the greatest. But so beautiful was his personal character that the fame which has grown steadily since his death, has taken as much notice of that as of his military achievements in the face of the most heartbreaking difficulties. "Ideal soldier" he was, but "perfect man" no less, one writer has declared; and the North against which he fought with all the energy of his nature now holds him in as loving remembrance as does the South which he served.

Early Life.—"When should the education of a child begin?" someone once asked Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Two hundred and fifty years before he is born," was the instant reply; and the life of Lee is perhaps the best example in all American history of what beginning a man's education

two hundred and fifty years before he is born can do for him. His family, in England and later in the colony of Virginia, was illustrious in peace and in war, the names of Francis Lightfoot, Richard Henry, and Henry Lee standing out prominently in colonial and Revolutionary history. The last-named, the famous cavalry leader best known as "Light-Horse Harry," was the father of Robert E. Lee, who was born on January 19, 1807, at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia. He grew up with a passionate devotion to his native state.

Sent in 1825 to the military academy at West Point, he passed his four years there without receiving a demerit or even a reprimand, and was graduated second in his class. Two years later, on June 30, 1831, he married Mary Parke Custis, the great-granddaughter of Washington's wife, and toward her he showed all his life a most beautiful devotion. In 1834 he became assistant to the chief engineer of the army at Washington, and later superintended the construction of defensive works in New York harbor.

From the Mexican War to the War of Secession.—During the Mexican War his services were so brilliant that he not only attained the brevet rank of colonel, but received the fullest commendation from General Scott, who is reported to have declared that his "success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted courage of Robert E. Lee, . . . the greatest military genius in America." After spending three years at engineering work in Baltimore, Lee became,

in 1852, superintendent at West Point, and in his three years' term left a decided impress upon the institution. Made lieutenant of cavalry in 1855, he spent the greater part of the next six years in Texas, away from his beloved Arlington, but happened to be at home in 1859 at the time of John Brown's raid, and was placed in command of the troops sent to suppress it. This accomplished, he returned to his regiment and there remained until 1861, when Texas seceded, and he was summoned home.

Lee was opposed to the breaking up of the Union; he felt that slavery was an even "greater evil to the white than to the colored race"; and he had several years before freed the few negroes which he had inherited; but loyalty to his state made him refuse the command of the United States army when it was offered him in April, 1861, and he accepted the leadership of the army of Virginia. It caused him the greatest grief to part from his companions-in-arms, and the break with General Scott, his commander-in-chief, was particularly hard. Appreciating his military genius, President Jefferson Davis very shortly raised him to the highest rank in the Confederate army.

The Great Struggle.—For a time Lee had no army under his command, but remained with President Davis as his military adviser and thus had no active part in the first Battle of Manassas, though his plans were in large part responsible for its success. Later in the summer of 1861 he took the field, but not for almost a year was he engaged in any movement of

primary importance. Then in June, 1862, he took command of the Confederate armies in the Peninsula, and a series of engagements in the neighborhood of Richmond drove the Federals from the Confederate capital.

Afterwards he and "Stonewall" Jackson won a decisive victory in Western Virginia—the second Confederate victory of Manassas, or Bull Run. Lee next crossed into Maryland with the intention of threatening Washington, but his army was checked at Antietam, and he was compelled to retreat across the Potomac.

On the Defensive Again.—Intrenched at Fredericksburg, Lee awaited the Federal army, which was again being directed against Richmond. Burnside, the Federal commander, attacked on December 13th, and Lee's army drove him back with great loss, but Lee was unable to take advantage of his victory because the Federals had been so placed that they could fall back without endangering their line of communication. Lee knew that the Confederate reserves in men and in supplies were shrinking badly, and that victories which simply held the enemy's forces but did not destroy them were too costly to be indulged in. Yet another defensive battle had to be fought, and at Chancellorsville, Lee won over Hooker one of his most brilliant victories. Lee suffered in this battle an irreparable loss, for Stonewall Jackson, his most efficient aid, was fatally wounded by some Confederate marksman, who fired upon him by mistake.

A Losing Fight.—Determining now on a more aggressive campaign, Lee led his forces into Pennsylvania, and on July 1st began the most famous conflict of the war—the battle of Gettysburg. In three days of fighting he showed the most distinguished ability and his army the utmost bravery, but they were overborne by the Federals under Meade, and were compelled to retreat across the Potomac. The greatness of Lee's character was as evident in this defeat as in his most brilliant victories, for he insisted on taking upon himself all the blame for the failure of the campaign, just as at Chancellorsville he had given all the credit for the victory to Jackson:

After a hard winter, Lee's forces found themselves in the spring of 1864 called to face a new Federal leader—the determined General Grant, and during May and the early part of June there occurred in the "Wilderness" a series of the fiercest and the bloodiest engagements of the war. The Federals lost more men than the Confederates, but they had greater reserves and more abundant supplies. Later, during the protracted siege of Petersburg, this costly warfare continued, Lee being unable at any time to gain a permanent advantage, not because of inferior generalship, but because of inferior numbers. Finally, abandoning Petersburg and Richmond, Lee retreated, and at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865, surrendered to General Grant. Never, throughout the struggle, were his dignity and true greatness more evident than in the way he met this final failure of the cause for which he had striven;

the generous Grant did all in his power to spare Lee humiliation.

Attitude of Lee's Soldiers.—Never was a commander more devotedly loved by his soldiers, and never with greater reason; their loyalty was shown most strikingly in this hardest hour of his life. Says a recent biographer:

"When Lee returned to his own lines, he was received with a shout of welcome, which died into a sad silence when his recent mission was recalled. With head bare and tears flowing down his cheeks, he said, 'Soldiers, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best for you I could.' The men crowded about him. Many wept; while hundreds attempted to take his hand or touch his person."

Last Years.—For the first time in forty years Lee was then a private citizen, but his services to his country were not over; for his dignified, manly acceptance of the state of affairs did more than all the Federal garrisons to bring the Southern people everywhere to a like point of view. He refused to accept any office in his own state, fearing that his appearance might inflame sectional bitterness, and he did all in his power to spread a kindly feeling toward the North.

On August 5, 1865, Lee was offered the presidency of Washington College at Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University. After considering the proposition several days, he accepted the offer as he himself

declared, to "educate Southern youth into a spirit of loyalty to the new conditions." He was inaugurated October 2, 1865. The institution grew under his guidance, and he was as popular with the students as he had been with his soldiers.

But his services there were brief, for his health failed early in 1870, and a visit in the South failed to bring him any lasting relief. He died on October 12, 1870, after a brief illness, his mind dwelling at the last on his military experiences; for he exclaimed, shortly before the end, "Strike the tent," and then "Tell Hill he must come up." His body was laid in the College Chapel at Lexington, and a Virginia sculptor, Valentine, carved the reclining statue which marks the spot. Not only in the South, but throughout the country, his death was felt as a personal loss. In the words of the distinguished English soldier, Lord Wolseley, there is perhaps as true a picture of him as may be found:

"I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way."

—From *The World Book*

Courtesy of W. F. Quarrie and Company.

After you have used the article on General Lee for a drill in finding facts quickly, read it through carefully. Prepare to talk to the class for one minute about General Lee.

FAIR PLAY

Every normal boy and girl loves to play, but sometimes we find one who is willing to win by breaking the rules of the game. Such a boy or girl is not a good sport. The person who is not willing to obey the law is not a good sport.

This selection shows why there must be laws wherever people live together.

Arthur Woods, who was at one time Police Commissioner of New York, is a man who believes in fair play. All American boys and girls who have any interest in the affairs of their country will be glad to read what he "wished for New Year's" not long ago. "I wish," he said, "that every man and boy in the United States would make a New Year's resolution. And I wish that the resolution might be this:

"I will play the game fairly and according to its rules. I will play hard and keep on playing, whether I am hurt or tired or not. I will remember that I am one of a team and that I must work for the good of that team and not merely for my own interests. I will be fair to the other side, but I will make them fight for every inch they gain."

"Every boy and every man knows that there is no fun in a game unless you have rules and play strictly according to them. A man is a poor sport not merely if he cheats at games or plays foul in football, but if he fails in any way to keep the laws of the community in which he lives.

"Why is there any law?" Mr. Woods continued. "How could we avoid laws? Suppose we were in a group of five hundred people cast ashore on some island in the Pacific Ocean, far from the mainland and out of the path of steamers. Let us suppose there is plenty of fresh water on the island, that fruit and vegetables grow in profusion, that there are

enough wild animals to supply us with meat. We are perfectly happy in this isolated paradise—we have no need of laws and courts and policemen.

“But don’t we need these things, after all? Let us think what would happen. You see a big juicy cocoanut at the top of a tree. You clamber up the trunk after it. You reach it and it falls to the ground. I happen to be walking by. I pick up the cocoanut and start away with it.

“‘That is my cocoanut,’ you say. ‘Give it back to me.’

“‘It is my cocoanut,’ I reply. ‘I’ve got it.’

“Well, you try to take the cocoanut away from me, and there is a fight. Your friends join in to help you and my friends join in to help me. And the peace of that island paradise is pretty thoroughly broken up.

“At last, all five hundred of us get together and resolve that there shall be no fighting over cocoanuts or anything else. And there you have a law established already.

“So now we have laws in our community. Two days later you step on the tail of my pet monkey. I find fault and soon we are fighting again. Now we have made a law against fighting, so you and I should not be fighting, but who is there to stop us? The whole community cannot assemble and stop us. Instead, some one man does the work of the whole community and stops our fight. In doing this he becomes our first policeman.

“Now we have law and police. How do we get a court? Well, some one says that the policeman hit him over the head with a club. The policeman says that he did nothing of the sort. Who is to decide which is right? Surely there must be a judge to question the person accused and the one who accuses him and the witnesses. So we have our court established.

“Now our island community has its laws and police and

court. And so it continues to be a place wherein people may live together in safety and happiness.

"The reason for obeying the law is that the man who does not obey the law is a poor sport. He is selfish, and plays the game regardless of the rules of the team."

Mr. Woods has made it clear that laws and rules do not make people less free, but rather make them able to enjoy their freedom. For it has been wisely said: "True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others."

QUESTIONS

Does this explanation help to make you understand the rules of your school? Select some one rule, and show why it is necessary, and that it is only for the sake of having fair play.

Write some rules for "fair play" in your playground.

PLAYING THE GAME

All should begin reading at the same moment.

Your teacher will call "time" in forty seconds. The moment she speaks, close your book. You will be asked to write or tell the substance of the paragraph.

This is a game to play. Be a good sport and play fair.

The geophone, a listening instrument developed by the French during the war to detect enemy underground mining operations, is now to be used by our Bureau of Mines as a possible aid in locating miners who have been entombed after a disaster. A miner pounding on a coal seam can be heard with this instrument 1200 feet away. Recently a pit boss put the instrument in his ears. He heard so distinctly that he called out in a startled tone: "Mack is tamping in a charge! We had better move away." A coal seam three hundred feet thick separated Mack from the startled boss at the time.

THE SELFISH GIANT

Springtime is the youth of the year; it is the time when the year is a child. That is why the writer of the following story makes the spring come to the garden only when the children are there. Of course the writer does not believe that there really *was* a giant; the giant represents a certain kind of people. See if you can tell what kind of people the writer means, and what sort of things they do.

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large, lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach trees that in the springtime broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend, the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice board:

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in grey, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the

Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out. What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could: but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant strode up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-by.

"But where is your little companion?" he said; "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here tomorrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not



AND A STRANGE AWE FELL UPON HIM AND HE KNELT BEFORE
THE LITTLE CHILD

know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

“Who art thou?” said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, “You let me play once in your garden, today you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise.”

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

—OSCAR WILDE

Courtesy of Augustus R. Keller and Company

LOVE

Maybe you think, as you finish this beautiful story, that the child was the spirit of love itself. Here is a description from the best book in the world, telling some of the signs by which you can recognize the spirit of love. Make a list of the signs, and put a check mark beside those which you think either the child or the giant showed.

Love is very patient, very kind.

Love knows no jealousy;

Love makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful;

Love is never glad when others go wrong;

Love is gladdened by goodness, always eager to believe the best, always hopeful, always patient.

Love never disappears.

Faith and hope and love last on, these three, but the greatest of all is love.

—MOFFATT

A New Translation of the New Testament

WHICH ARE RELATED?

In the first group below you recognize that MORSE was the inventor of the TELEGRAPH. Now from among the five words in small print that follow (invention, Whitney, new, build, cotton gin), you can easily select the two words WHITNEY and COTTON GIN as having the same relationship. Write these four words on the *first* line of your paper and in the margin mark them number 1, thus:

1. MORSE TELEGRAPH (Whitney cotton gin)

Do you see any connection between the words LAMP and LIGHT, group 2? Of the five words that follow (stove, gas, heat, wood, boil) you will immediately see that just as the LAMP gives LIGHT, so the STOVE gives HEAT. Write these four words on the second line and number them as follows:

2. LAMP LIGHT (stove heat)

Finish the exercise by selecting the proper words in the remaining groups. Write them on your paper and number them properly. When you have finished sign your name at the bottom of the paper and wait for the others.

1. MORSE, TELEGRAPH (invention, Whitney, new, build, cotton gin)
2. LAMP, LIGHT (stove, gas, heat, wood, boil)
3. CLOCK, TICKS (time, bell, hour, rings, listen)
4. FISH, WATER (swim, deep, bird, feathers, air)
5. PIPE, GAS (wire, copper, heavy, electricity, burn)
6. BUTTER, CHURN (milk, cake, oven, yeast, kitchen)
7. BOOK, PRINTER (copy, paper, press, loaves, baker)
8. EAGLE, SWIFT (snail, garden, run, flying, slow)
9. THERMOMETER, TEMPERATURE (watch, warm, winter, time, fast)
10. ORCHESTRA, PLAYERS (musical, choir, singers, concert, melody)

THE COD FISHERMAN

All should begin reading at the same moment. Read the selection *once* quickly and carefully, comparing as you read with the following outline. Then, when you have finished, try with the outline before you to tell your class the substance of the whole story of "The Cod Fisherman."

1. Labrador and Newfoundland:
 - (a) Climate
 - (b) Agriculture
 - (c) Fishing
2. The business of cod fishing:
 - (a) Catching the fish
 - (b) Curing the fish
 - (c) Dangers of cod fishing
 - (d) Marketing the fish
3. Other places where codfish are caught:
 - (a) Norway
 - (b) England and Scotland
 - (c) Cape Cod

On the northeastern edge of Canada is the sea, the Atlantic Ocean. Along its shore live white men, fishermen, who speak English. This shore country is Labrador, and out in the sea nearby is a big island called Newfoundland. It is never very warm there. In winter the snow covers the ground for many months, and even the stormy ocean freezes over near the shore. In summer the sea is dotted with big, very big, pieces of ice floating down from Eskimo land, which is still farther north. Some of these icebergs are many times as large as any building you ever saw, as large as fifty city blocks, or a farm, and sometimes polar bears and seals may be seen riding on them.

The shores of Labrador and Newfoundland are so cold

that no one thinks of trying to have a farm to grow food to sell. Most of the people do not even have gardens; and if a man does make one he often has such a little one that he can cover it up at night with an old sail to keep off the August frost which would kill his beets and potatoes if they were not covered.

Along the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, a man's only wealth is a frame house, fish, and things to use in catching fish. Strange to say, there are many fish in this ice-cold sea. In the spring when the shore ice breaks up, the fishermen put on their rubber boots and oilskin coats and hats and go out in sail boats to the best fishing places, called fishing banks. A fishing bank is a place where the water is about as deep as a three- or four-story house is high, so that men can drop lines down from their boats to the bottom of the sea. Here the codfish come in great numbers to feed along the bottom.

When the cod fishermen reach the banks, they take in the sails of their big boats, called *schooners*, and drop anchor. Then two men get into a small rowboat called a *dory*, row out a little distance, and drop overboard one end of a trawl line, with a weight to make it sink and a float to show where it is. A trawl line, is a heavy cord about half a mile long and is carried coiled up in a tub in the dory. Short lines two feet long are tied fast to the trawl every six feet. These short lines, with baited hooks on the ends, swing in the water near the bottom and catch the cod fish. One of the two men in the dory rows, and the other one throws the line overboard until it is all out. A float marks the place. Then, with their little boat climbing over the rolling waves, they row back to the other end of the trawl, pull it up and begin to take off the fish and bait the hooks again. When they get a dory-

load of fish, they row back to the big boat where other men clean the fish and put them in ice or salt them down in barrels.

When the schooners get back to the fishing village, the old men who do not go to sea and the women and boys and girls take the salted fish and spread them out on frames to dry. If they see clouds coming up, they have a busy scramble to pile up and cover the fish to keep them from getting wet.

When the codfish are dry and ready for market, they are called stock fish. They are as hard as boards and will keep about as well as boards as long as they are dry, so that they are fine for trading. The stock fish will keep for months in a store in a hot country where fresh fish will spoil in an afternoon. So dried codfish are sent to many countries far, far away from the icebergs of Labrador.

Cod fishing is a dangerous business. There are many widows and orphans along the cod-fishing shores. Thick clouds of fog often settle over this ice-cold sea more quickly than showers of rain come down on us. In the thick fog, where you cannot see fifty feet, the men in the dories sometimes lose their way. Their little boats miss the schooner and drift out to sea, where the storm waves upset them. Sometimes great storms come up suddenly and upset the schooners or drive them against the rocky coast or against the icebergs, and the men are drowned. The sea is cold and cruel, but somehow men like it.

If the cod fisherman does not meet with shipwreck, he has a good business. The men who buy the fish pay large sums of money, and the ships that carry away the codfish bring all kinds of goods to the fishing villages. When the fishing is good, the cod fisherman buys lumber to build a house; stoves and coal to heat it; clothes and rubber boots

to keep himself dry; flour, meat, and groceries to eat; books to read, and phonographs and pianos to make music. The stores in a cod-fishing village have as many things in them as the stores in any other village, and many kinds of fishing tackle besides. A man can buy anything if he has plenty of one thing to sell in a place where ships can go.

Labrador is not the only country in the world with a cold climate and fishing banks off the shore. Straight across the great Atlantic Ocean from Labrador is another such country, Norway, where there are many more cold fishermen living and trading as do the people of Labrador and Newfoundland.

The people of England and Scotland also go cod fishing, and the white people of Labrador and Newfoundland came from these countries. We have cod fishermen also in the United States. There is a place in New England called Cape Cod, because the people there used to catch so many codfish.

—J. RUSSELL SMITH

THE THREE FISHERS

The fishermen in this poem could not have lived either in New England, Labrador, or Newfoundland. What word in the poem tells you this? What fact in the life of the cod fishermen is suggested by the poem?

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town,
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

T. R. AND THE BOY WHO GOT LEFT

A great man who is *really* great is never too great to have sympathy in small things. Does the following story show in any way the greatness of Theodore Roosevelt?

In the fall of 1900, Roosevelt, Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, made a campaign tour through the West, speaking from the rear platform of the train in the small towns and at mass meetings in the larger towns.

In a small town in northwestern Ohio the school children went to the station to see and hear him. One little six-year-old boy climbed on the train and failed to get off when the "all aboard" call was given. When it dawned upon him that the train was moving and he was being carried away from school and home, he cried pitifully for the train to stop and let him get off, "for the teacher and mamma would scold him for running away."

The puzzled train officials finally took the boy back into Roosevelt's car and explained the situation.

Roosevelt took the boy on his knee, wiped the tears from his face and said, "Now let's see if we can't fix this up all right. I will write a letter to your teacher and your mother and tell them you did not know the train was going to start so soon, and the men could not very well stop it till they came to the next station. So when we get there, we will telegraph the teacher that you are all right and a brave little man. In an hour or two the next train will take you back home. I am sure they won't scold you at all."

Writing as he talked, the letter was finished by the time the next station was reached and a perfectly satisfied small boy was handed over to the Station Agent to be given to the conductor of the down-train and taken back home.

—Courtesy of Roosevelt Permanent Memorial Committee

BUMBLE GOES ROVING

Here are several topics which suggest the main divisions of this selection. As you read, write under each main topic as many subpoints as you can find in the paragraphs whose numbers stand after the topic. When you have finished you will have made a complete outline. Perhaps your teacher will let you talk to the class about one of the topics, using your outline as a guide.

1. How the Bees Help the Flowers—1, 6.
2. The Life of a Queen Bee—2, 3, 5.
3. The Work of the Queen Bee—2, 4, 5.
4. How the Flowers Feed the Bees—1, 7, 8.

1. Blossoms and bees belong together. They were made for each other. Without the flowers the bees must go hungry. Without the bees, and a few other insects, the flowers would commonly not change to fruit. In the center of each flower is a pistil in which, if all goes well, the seeds will form. About this pistil are stamens bearing the yellow dusty pollen. Grains of this powder must get from the stamens of one flower to the pistil of another before the fruit and the seed can form. This work is done by the bees, the butterflies, and a few other flying creatures.

2. By the time of the spring, when the fruit trees bloom, honeybees are roving abundantly, but bumblebees are few. Every one of them, too, is a queen in her own right, but her kingdom is yet to arise. She must build her own castle, or, at least, must adapt it to her own royal purpose. Strangest of all, she must people her kingdom with her own subjects, all of whom will be her own children. Her husband died last fall. He never sees his queen established or knows his children, for he dies before the kingdom has come, or the children have been born.

3. After their September wedding, he and his queen had the pleasant fall before them, but I fear that even then each went the way that pleased him best. So that when the cold of winter came, and the husband died, his wife did not miss him very much, especially as she herself must have felt a drowsy stiffness coming over her. Of the winter I doubt whether she has any recollection at all. But with the approach of warm weather her wings began once more to quiver, her legs to regain their old suppleness, and out she came in good time to see the first flowers in bloom. Over them she is now busily creeping. She meets no others excepting queens, who are perhaps to be her neighbors, for as yet they too have no subjects.

4. Hunting about the fields our bumblebee finds some hole that runs beneath the sod. Most likely it is one of the little tunnels that the field mouse has built. Perhaps a mink, a hawk, or an owl has relieved the home of its proper owner, and she takes immediate possession. Perhaps it is a hollow fence rail that catches her eye. But whatever be the hollow she preëmpts, in it she carefully puts together a few little cups of a yellowish-brown wax, which she fills with a pasty mass of pollen and honey, and in each of which she lays an egg or two. These hatch before long, and from them come her first subjects. They are workers; females, though never to be queens. Nature has doomed them to be old maids and drudges. But they know no better, and go contentedly to work.

5. The queen now gives up all employment outside the palace, and inside, her duty is almost entirely confined to laying eggs. Later in the season her royal children are born. Then white heads are abundant, for the white heads are males, and of course, having no egg apparatus they have no sting, as every country boy well knows. These

new bees are just in time to take the place of the old queen mother. She has reached her ripe age of twelve months. If by reason of strength her months be fifteen, yet are her latter days labor and sorrow, for her battered wings are but a weak dependence beside those that greeted with their deep-toned hum the first spring clover, and honey-getting is no longer easy.

6. Farmers in Eastern Pennsylvania have often told me there is little seed in their first crop of clover, while the second crop carries abundant well-filled pods. I wonder how many of them understand who 'are their friends in this matter. If they did, I think the sport of destroying bumblebees' nests would not be so common as it is amongst country boys. The first crop of clover blooms while as yet there are few bees. By the time the second crop comes on, bees are abundant, the pollen is well carried, and so clover-seed will be abundant as well.

7. Of all the trees I have ever watched, none seems more wonderfully beloved by insects than the wild crab-apple. For some time past, swelling red globes have been warning us that the festive day is near. But it is as if the tree restrained the forward buds until the more backward ones were ready. Then comes a warm, clear, sunny day, and that is crab-apple day, for that tree at least. All over the tree the red globes swell into open bowls of the most delicious nectar, of an odor so pervading that even our poor nostrils can catch it in a gentle wind, nearly a quarter of a mile away.

8. The flower is so alluring and the odor so enticing that all sorts and conditions of insects gather from near and far to join in the vernal revel. Industrious hive bees, too busy for dissipation, delve assiduously at the bottom of the coral cup; filmy little flies hover round the red stem, filling the

air with the constant hum of their rapidly moving wings. Wasps gather too, and their yellow-banded bodies add a new note to the beautiful color scheme. Hornets gather, not so much to feast on the nectar as to gobble up the other feasters. But of them all the bumble is most happy. This is his day of wildest glee. Not content with drawing up the sweet nectar, he robs the flower of its golden pollen. Fairly intoxicated with delight, he rolls over and over amongst the stamens until he is covered with the yellow grains. Then, retiring to one side, he combs himself with his front legs and rolls the pollen into balls which he claps into his bristly pockets on his hind legs. These pellets he carries home to be food for the bee babies.

—From *Under the Open Sky*, by S. C. SCHMUCKER
 Courtesy of J. B. Lippincott Co.

WORDS OUT OF PLACE

Arrange your papers as usual. Below are some words which have been classified once, but the work is either unfinished or incorrect.

In each list below is a word that does not belong with the other words at all. In the first list, if we omitted the word ROPE, we would have a list of fruits. Write the word ROPE after figure 1 on your paper. In like manner pick out the word out of place in each list and write it after the proper figure on your paper.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.
apple	snow	carpenter	Washington	unselfish	silk
peach	rain	stronger	Lincoln	cowardly	wool
rope	hail	plumber	Roosevelt	deceitful	coat
pear	paper	moulder	Wilson	dishonest	cotton
grape	fog	blacksmith	Virginia	discourteous	felt

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S RAFT

Have you read *Robinson Crusoe*? If you have not, you should read it. This story of a man cast away all alone on an island and of his life there is one of the great books with which almost everyone is familiar. You will find that the language of the story is different from that of most of the books you read, but you will soon grow used to the quaint way the author, Daniel Defoe, has of saying things. It is not strange that his style should seem a bit queer to us at first, for he died nearly two hundred years ago.

This selection begins just after Crusoe has been thrown on the shore of the desert island after a desperate battle with the angry waves.

I was now landed and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved, in a case wherein there was some minutes before scarce any room to hope. I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapt up in a contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe, reflecting upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sight of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when, the breach and froth of the sea being so big, I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, "Lord, how was it possible I could get on shore!"

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition, I began to look round me, to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done; and I soon found my comforts abate, and that, in a word, I had

a dreadful deliverance; for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything either to eat or drink, to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts: and that which was particularly afflicting to me was that I had no weapon, either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs. In a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for a while I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began, with a heavy heart, to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

All the remedy that offered to my thoughts, at that time, was to get up into a thick, bushy tree, like a fir, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolved to sit all night, and consider the next day what death I should die, for as yet I saw no prospect of life. I walked about a furlong from the shore, to see if I could find any fresh water to drink, which I did, to my great joy; and having drank, and put a little tobacco in my mouth to prevent hunger, I went to the tree, and getting up into it, endeavored to place myself as that if I should sleep I might not fall. And having cut me a short stick, for my defense, I took up my lodging; and having been excessively fatigued, I fell fast asleep, and slept as comfortably as, I believe, few could have done in my condition, and found myself the most refreshed with it that I think I ever was on such an occasion.

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before: but that which surprised me most was, that the

ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay, by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock where I had been so bruised by the dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright, still, I wished myself on board, that at least I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay, as the wind and the sea had tossed her up, upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her; but found a neck or inlet of water between me and the boat which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbèd so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of my grief; for I saw evidently that, if we had kept on board, we had been all safe; that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears to my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I espied a small piece of rope hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the

forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold; but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, and her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low, almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search, and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And, first, I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water, and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread room, and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had, indeed, need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had; and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with them, and I slung as many of them overboard as I could manage of their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down the ship's side, and pulling them to me, I tied four of them together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them, crossways; I found that I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains; but the hope of furnishing myself with necessaries

encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get; and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together; but, to my great disappointment, I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as first tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without

losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition, and arms. There were two very good fowling pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them, but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good. Those two I got to my raft, with the arms, and now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder, and the least capfull of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements: 1. A smooth calm sea, 2. The tide rising and setting in to the shore, 3. What little wind there was blew me towards the land; and thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an ax, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it; so I guided my raft as well as I could, to keep in the middle of the stream. I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and there fastened or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground; one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end; and thus I got my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was, I yet knew not; whether on the continent or on an island; whether inhabited or not inhabited; whether in danger of wild beasts or not. There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills, which lay as in a ridge from it, northward. I took out one of the fowling pieces, and one of the pistols, and an horn of powder, and thus armed, I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction; that I was in an island environed every way with the sea, no land to be seen except some rocks, which lay a great way off, and two small islands, less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none, yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither, when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree, on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but from all parts of the wood there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming and crying, every one

according to his usual note, but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for that creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons or claws more than common. Its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day. What to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me, though, as I afterwards found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures, like hares, run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land; and I resolved to make another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council, that is, to say, in my thoughts, whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable; so I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down; and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checkered shirt, and a pair of linen drawers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second

raft, and, having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldly, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as, first, in the carpenter's stores I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together, with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crowbars, and two barrels of musket bullets, seven muskets, and another fowling piece, with some small quantity of powder more; a large bagful of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare fore-topsail, a hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehension during my absence from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wildcat upon one of the chests, which when I came towards it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun to her, but, as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked (as pleased) for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more; so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore (though I was fain

to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels for they were too heavy, being large casks), I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail, and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil either with rain or sun, and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without; and spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy, for the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day.

But I was not satisfied still; for while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could; so every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other: but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small rope and twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails, first and last; only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could, for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

But that which comforted me more still, was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with; I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, three large runlets of rum, or

spirits, a box of fine sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage; and now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables, and cutting the great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the ironwork I could get.

I had now been 13 days on shore, and had been 11 times on board the ship, in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe, verily, had the calm weather held, I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece: but preparing the 12th time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise. However, at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks; in another I found about thirty-six pounds' value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some gold, and some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. "Oh, drug!" said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me, no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving." However, upon second thought, I took it away; and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another

raft; but while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind off-shore; and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel which lay between the ship and the sands, and even that with difficulty enough, for the wind rose very hastily, and before it was quite high water it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay, with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning, when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen. I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, viz., that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me; and that there was little left in her that I was able to bring away.

I now gave over any more thoughts of the ship, or of anything out of her, except what might drive on shore from her wreck; as, indeed, divers pieces of her afterwards did; but those things were of small use to me.

—DANIEL DEFOE

1. Try to draw a diagram that will show how Crusoe made his raft out of spars and planks.

2. What four kinds of things did Crusoe take ashore on his first trip? Was he sensible in his choice of what to take first? Why?

3. Make a list of the things he brought ashore on his other ten trips. Did he know what he was going to use all of them for? Why did he bring them?

4. Why did he say the money was of no use to him?

SWEET, BUT MILD REVENGE

Here is a story of the young manhood of Abraham Lincoln that shows how, even in early life, he had the power to make men devoted to him as a leader. Can you read the story in one minute well enough to answer the questions at the end?

When the United States found that a war with Black Hawk could not be dodged, Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, issued a call for volunteers, and among the companies that immediately responded was one from Menard County, Illinois. Many of these volunteers were from New Salem and Clary's Grove, and Abraham Lincoln was the first to enlist.

When the company was full, the men held a meeting at Richland for the election of officers. Lincoln had won many hearts, and they told him that he must be their captain. It was an office to which he did not aspire, and for which he felt he had no special fitness; but he finally consented to be a candidate.

There was but one other candidate, a Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was one of the most influential men of the region. Previously, Kirkpatrick had been an employer of Lincoln, and had been so overbearing in his treatment of the young man that the latter left him.

The simple mode of electing a captain adopted by the company was that of placing the candidates apart, and telling the men to go and stand with the one they preferred. Lincoln and his competitor took their positions, and then the word was given. At least three out of every four went to Lincoln at once.

When it was seen by those who had arranged themselves with the other candidate that Lincoln was the choice of the majority of the company, they left their places, one by

one, and came over to the successful side, until Lincoln's opponent was left standing almost alone.

"I felt badly to see him cut so," says a witness of the scene.

Here was an opportunity for revenge. The humble laborer was his employer's captain, but the opportunity was never improved. Mr. Lincoln frequently confessed that no subsequent success of his life had given him half the satisfaction that this election did.

After reading this Lincoln story through once, see if you can tell it briefly, using an outline similar to the following:

1. The company of volunteers.
2. Two candidates for captain.
3. The method of election.
4. The result.

THEY DO NOT BELONG THERE

Arrange your papers with your name on the first line at the right and your grade on the second line. Skip the third line and number the next five lines from 1 to 5.

In each list below are two words out of place. In the first list the words BOOK and MUSIC do not belong with the list of musical instruments. Write these words after figure 1. Now pick out the two misplaced words in each remaining group and write them after the proper figure.

1.	2.	3.	4.	5.
violin	doctor	street	pretending	cheerful
cornet	lawyer	wagon	printing	deceitful
music	stranger	automobile	weaving	loyal
trombone	teacher	boulevard	nothing	reverent
flute	foreigner	lane	painting	honest
book	engineer	avenue	gardening	boastful

THE LIBRARY

The scene is set for a play.

It is the library of a well-to-do gentleman. In the rear wall facing the audience is a fireplace in which a fire is cozily burning, as it is early November and a chill is in the air. Flanking the fireplace on each side are low bookcases with a miscellaneous collection of well-bound volumes. Over each bookcase is a window looking out into a garden in which the bare limbs of leafless trees are to be seen. On the left is a door opening into a hallway. Toward the front against the left wall is a large comfortable leather couch that shows signs of considerable use. In the opposite wall on the right is another door leading to the interior of the house. A chair is placed on each side of this door. A large and handsome Oriental rug is thrown obliquely upon the floor. Standing upon this rug and well forward is a substantial library table generously littered with books and papers, but having one end clear. At this end is an electric reading lamp, and drawn to it is a deep-seated leather armchair with a high carved back. As the afternoon is drawing to a close the lamp has been lit.

From this description try to draw a diagram of the stage setting, indicating the location of the windows, doors, furniture, etc.

What time of year is represented by this scene? What is there to indicate this?

What time of day is it? What indicates this?

Describe the appearance of the library table.

What signs are there that the owner of the house is well-to-do?

What does the owner of the house like to do in his leisure time?

Do you think he is expected home this evening? Why?

A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE

Here is a story which is taken from one of the greatest books ever written in the English language, Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. When we read this book many years ago we wondered if it really were written in English, so quaint were its expressions and so queer many of the words. But the wonderful spirit of the story gripped us and we thrilled to the rugged courage of John Ridd, the English farmer lad of two centuries and a half ago. The story which you are now about to read will give you some of this spirit, and we think your blood will sing with John Ridd's as he sits astride "Winnie," the strawberry mare. There will be lots of words which you never saw before; guess at their meaning if you can, but don't worry about them. Just read on, and as you do so your interest will carry you as the swollen stream carried the mare. We only hope this little taste will lead you to read the whole book some day. The story is told in John's own words.

It happened upon a November evening, my sister Annie being turned thirteen, and a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and the bark from the woodricks washed down the gutters, that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white, not I mean twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national duck's anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round, till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again. Now I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roystering, roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, plodding one after other, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore, I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash-trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgency and melancholy of the duckbirds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of

it, and the noise, and the up and down, like a wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle, nine feet long, and four and a half in depth, slung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking time from straying away there drinking and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep, but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle was buffeted almost flat. But saddest to see was between two bars our venerable mallard duck jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will.

For a moment I could scarce help laughing; because, being borne up high and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with the turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water, as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt by the way he sputtered, and failed to quack, and hung down his poor crest, but that drown he must in another minute.

Annie was crying, and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on

horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there," he cried; "get thee back, boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful, and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from the saddle, in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed, some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks, and admiring him, he would answer us never a word, until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this

time; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tailfeathers; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for his great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble, and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us, with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose, and keen blue eyes, and a merry jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything disliked him.

"Well, young uns, what be gaping at?" He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride of her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor foaled, but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take them leathers off of her."

He looked at me, with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me, in such a way, that I was almost mad with her.

"Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I am a fool, sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is like to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's; and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery; but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me. She was wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water and prominent eyes, full of love or of fire.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life. Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the joke was.

"Good tumble off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth; "take off your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle, at this proud speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and a half a dozen. Tom Faggus gave one glance around and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first, so easily and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight on her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-

off time; "Gee wugg, Polly and show what thou be'st made of." With that I plugged my heels into her and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro, with her strong fore arms rising, like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright, and struck me full on the nose with her comb; then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her like wax (for my mettle was up as hers was), away she flew with me, swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow. She drove full-head at the cobwall—"Jack, slip off," screamed Annie—then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child at the breast, and wished I had never been born. Straightaway all I knew of the speed we made was frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flank part, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in



THEN SHE TOOK THE COURTYARD GATE AT A LEAP

her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish; till I longed to give up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, graceful, and soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and at last, as she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground somewhat tottering, and miry, and crestfallen, but otherwise none the worse. "Not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long—"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery—"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha, ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart, if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

"Foul shame to thee, then, Tom Faggus," cried mother, coming up suddenly, and speaking so that all were amazed, having never seen her wrathful; "to put my boy, my boy, across her, as if his life were no more than thine! Oh, my

boy, my boy! What could I do without thee?" All the time mother was scolding so, she was feeling me, and wiping me; while Faggus tried to look greatly ashamed.

"Only look at his jacket, mother!" cried Annie; "and a shilling's worth gone from his smallclothes!"

"What care I for his clothes, thou goose? Take that, and heed thine own a bit." And mother gave Annie a slap which sent her swinging up against Mr. Faggus, and he caught her, and kissed, and protected her; and she looked at him very nicely, with great tears in her soft-blue eyes. "Oh, fie upon thee, fie upon thee!" cried mother. "Never more shall horse of thine enter stable here, since these be thy returns to me."

Everybody looked at mother, to hear her talk like that, knowing how quiet she was, day by day, and how pleasant to be cheated. Winnie, too, was looking at her, and wondering if she had done amiss. And then she came to me, and trembled, and stooped her head, and asked my pardon, if she had been too proud with me.

"Winnie shall stop here tonight," said I, for Tom Faggus still said never a word all the while; but began to buckle his things on; "mother, I tell you, Winnie shall stop; else I will go away with her. I never knew what it was, till now, to ride a horse worth riding."

—From *Lorna Doone*, by RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

1. Do you think John Ridd was fond of animals? What things in the story make you think so?

2. Find three things that John did which show he was a brave boy.

3. Tell how Tom Faggus was thought of by: (a) The local magistrates; (b) Winnie, his mare; (c) John Ridd.

OPPOSITES

Below are several groups of words. For each word printed in capitals there is, among the four words that follow, one that is exactly opposite in meaning. Can you pick out these opposites?

In the first group, for example, we find the word **SLOW** followed by four other words, *strong, quick, young, correct*. Which of these four words is exactly opposite in meaning to the word **SLOW**? *Quick*, of course. Write this pair of opposites on the first line of your paper and mark it number 1 as follows:

1. SLOW QUICK

In the same way pick out the second pair of opposites and write them on the second line thus:

2. POOR RICH

When you have finished the exercise by picking out and writing each pair of opposites, sign your name at the bottom of the paper and wait quietly for the others.

1. SLOW (strong, quick, young, correct)
2. POOR (abundance, provisions, wealth, rich)
3. INDUSTRIOUS (earnest, willing, lazy, work)
4. FEW (many, dozen, several, enough)
5. PLENTIFUL (harvest, apples, scarce, farmer)
6. THRIFTY (extravagant, money, hoarding, miser)
7. COWARDLY (traitor, brave, captain, hero)
8. SKILFUL (clever, practise, precise, awkward)
9. PRAISE (congratulate, condemn, wrong, reward)
10. RESIST (prevent, continue, submit, appeal)
11. FOOLISH (knowledge, wise, ignorant, silly)
12. ADVANCE (proceed, stay, withdraw, retreat)
13. PERMIT (allow, decline, forbid, refusal)
14. SORROW (pain, glad, joy, happy)

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

What is a democracy? A country where all the people are free, where all have a voice in making the laws and in deciding how they shall be governed. Yes, these are parts of the meaning of democracy, but not all. Our word democracy is made from two old Greek words meaning "people" and "rule." Lincoln spoke of a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," and that is just about what a democracy is.

How can all the people rule? Suppose one wants one thing and another something else. Somebody has to give up, of course, just as when children want to play different games. Since they have to play together to have a game at all, they decide on the game that most of them want. That is what we mean when we say the majority rules.

How can people be free if they have to do what the majority wants when it isn't what they want themselves? Let's ask it the other way. How could they be free if they did not do this? Suppose one man wants something his neighbors have—their cows, or furniture, or automobiles. His neighbors, of course, do not want him to have them. Why shouldn't he be free to take them? Because if he were, they wouldn't be free to keep them. And perhaps if he could take them, somebody might come along some day and be free to take what he has. That wouldn't be freedom for anybody. It would be just savagery, rule by force. The only person with any rights would be the one with might to take them.

One of the most important parts of Lincoln's expression is the last phrase, government "for the people." That which is really democratic is good not for any one class or group, not for the rich or the poor or the educated or the

ignorant or the farmers or the factory workers, but for the largest number, or majority, of all the people.

—From *National School Service*

Here are a few laws and customs that are common in America. Try to decide whether or not they are democratic, and why.

Always keeping to the right of the road.

Making children go to school till they are fourteen years old, whether their parents want them at home or not.

Quarantining a house where there is diphtheria.

Forbidding people to spit where they please.

Allowing no one to have slaves.

Not permitting a farmer to sell unclean milk.

Making a man pay school taxes when he has no children of his own.

Letting the umpire in a game decide disputes.

Allowing no alcoholic liquor to be manufactured or sold.

TANGLED SENTENCES

This exercise gives you some sentences to be untangled.

You will find directions for doing so on page 65. Follow them exactly.

1. invented the Columbus lightning rod.
2. destroy forest fires great a amount year of each timber.
3. is great the telephone a business to aid men.
4. men carry must their in regions desert the food them with.
5. king the elected English is term for a years of.
6. traveling good make roads easier much.
7. colonial of houses most the times in electricity by were lighted.
8. are a deep rivers help commerce great to.
9. days summer are the and hot short.
10. time canal saves Panama the crossing for ships New York from to London.

CHARLEMAGNE

Here is an account of Charlemagne taken from an encyclopedia. Without reading the entire account find the answer, one at a time, to each of the following questions.

1. How long ago did Charlemagne live?
2. What relation was Charlemagne to Charles Martel?
3. Who was Roland?
4. What was the extent of Charlemagne's dominions when he became king?
5. What was their extent at his death?
6. When, by whom, and for what purpose was he crowned at Rome?
7. What was his attitude toward learning?
8. Was he a good ruler or a bad one, and why?

Charlemagne (*Carolus Magnus*, Charles the Great), King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, was born in 742, probably at Aix-la-Chapelle. His father was Pepin the Short, King of the Franks, son of Charles Martel. On the decease of his father, in 768, he was crowned king, and divided the kingdom of the Franks with his younger brother Carloman, at whose death in 771 Charlemagne made himself master of the whole empire, which embraced, besides France, a large part of Germany. His first great enterprise was the conquest of the Saxons, a heathen nation living between the Weser and the Elbe, which he undertook in 772; but it was not till 803 that they were finally subdued, and brought to embrace Christianity. While he was combating the Saxons, Pope Adrian implored his assistance against Desiderius, King of the Lombards. Charle-

magne immediately marched with his army to Italy, took Pavia, overthrew Desiderius, and was crowned King of Lombardy with the iron crown. In 778 he repaired to Spain to assist a Moorish prince, and while returning his troops were surprised in the valley of Roncesvalles by the Biscayans, and the rear guard defeated; Roland, one of the most famous warriors of those times, fell in the battle. As his power increased he meditated more seriously the accomplishment of the plan of his ancestor, Charles Martel, to restore the Western Empire of Rome. Having gone to Italy to assist the pope, on Christmas Day 800 he was crowned and proclaimed Cæsar and Augustus by Leo III, the titles of the Roman emperors being thus restored. His son Pepin, who had been made King of Italy, died in 810, and his death was followed the next year by that of Charles, his eldest son. Thus of

his legitimate sons one only remained, Louis, King of Aquitania, whom Charlemagne adopted as his colleague in 813. He died January 28, 814, in the forty-seventh year of his reign, and was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, his favorite and usual place of residence. Charlemagne was a friend of learning, and deserves the name of restorer of the sciences and teacher of his people. He attracted by his liberality the most distinguished scholars to his court (among others, Alcuin, from England), and established an academy in his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, the sittings of which he attended with all the scientific and literary men of his court. He invited teachers of language and mathematics from Italy to the principal cities of the empire, and founded schools of theology and the liberal sciences in the monasteries. He strove to cultivate his mind by intercourse with scholars; and, to the time of his death, this intercourse

remained his favorite recreation. His mother-tongue was a form of German, but he spoke several languages readily, especially the Latin, and was naturally eloquent. He sought to improve the liturgy and church music, and attempted unsuccessfully to introduce uniformity of measures and weights. He built a lighthouse at Boulogne, constructed several ports, encouraged agriculture, and enacted wise laws. He convened councils and parliaments, published capitularies, wrote many letters (some of which are still extant), a grammar, and several Latin poems. His empire comprehended France, most of Catalonia, Navarre, and Aragon, the Netherlands, Germany as far as the Elbe, Saale, and Eider, Upper and Middle Italy, Istria, and a part of Slavonia. In private life Charlemagne was a good father, and a generous friend. In dress and habits he was plain and economical. In person he was strong and of great stature.

THE RETURN OF CHARLEMAGNE

A favorite legend regarding any national hero seems often to be a story which suggests that the great leader is not really dead, but is somewhere waiting for the day when his country needs him. At that day he will return to save the country. So King Arthur was said to be carried away by a magic barge to the Isle of Avalon, where he was to rest until England called him. So Emperor Frederich Barbarossa (Red Beard) was said to be sleeping in a cave in Germany with his knights around him. And so Charlemagne was believed to be in a magic sleep, seated upon his throne of gold and ivory in his buried palace at Aix, sceptre in hand and crown on head, waiting till France should summon him.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

You are familiar with the stories of King Arthur and his knights, which have come down to us from the dim centuries that we know as the Middle Ages. Arthur belonged to the sixth century in England. Almost as many legends as those of the Round Table have gathered around the name of Charlemagne, the great king of France, in the eighth century, of whom you have just read. His bravest knight, "without fear and without reproach," was Roland, the hero of this story.

In the early years of Charlemagne of France, there lived in a cave on a rocky hillside in the northern part of Italy a boy and his mother. The cave had once belonged to a hermit, and it had even now little more than a hermit's furnishings, boasting only a single stool, a broken table, a few earthen dishes, and the like. In one corner of the room, however, hung a battered old set of armor, and the lady who dwelt in the cave was no beggar woman, though she was dependent on her kind neighbors for food, but showed in her noble face and bearing that she was of high birth. Her name was the Lady Bertha, and her son's name was Roland.

When Roland was twelve years old, all the country was full of excitement because the king, Charlemagne, was going to pass by with his army on his way to Rome. On the day of their coming, Roland, and his friend Oliver, who was a page at the castle where the king was to be entertained, went out upon the hillside to watch the long and brilliant procession pass, for in those days an army on the march looked like a procession, with horses prancing and banners flying and bugles blowing. As the two boys, one in his page's suit of silk and velvet, the other in his shabby rags, stood watching the splendid sight, they said to each other

that some day they too would be proud and valiant knights. Before they parted to go home, they pledged each other as brothers in arms, true to each other so long as life should last, sharing whatever fortune might come, and ready even to die for each other. As a sign of this pledge, Oliver gave Roland a little dagger, the dearest of his possessions, inlaid with gold and having a carved ivory handle. Roland gave Oliver what to him was equally dear, a broken piece of an old sword blade, notched and rusty, which was all that was left of his father's sword, when he died fighting the Moors. Then the lads parted, Roland to his cave, Oliver to his castle.

After Roland had told his mother all that he had seen that afternoon, he asked her a question. "Mother," said he, "I am old enough now to hear what you always promised to tell me about my kinsfolk and myself, and the fortune I am to make in the world."

So the Lady Bertha, while the boy listened in wonder, told him how years ago the sister of Charlemagne had fallen in love with a poor knight who came to the French court, brave and of noble birth but penniless; and how the girl had made her brother very angry by running away and marrying this poor knight. They had had to flee to Italy, disguised as beggars, and hunted everywhere by the king's spies. The knight had taken up arms to defend Italy from the Moors who were invading it, and had died bravely in battle, soon after his little son was born. And the boy and his mother had lived ever since in the humble cave; for the Lady Bertha was Charlemagne's sister, and Roland was the great king's nephew.

Roland at once resolved that he would go to the king and claim his rights. Ragged and barefooted he arrived at the castle where the king and all his knights were feasting,



"STOP!" COMMANDED THE KING. "BY WHAT RIGHT ARE YOU SO RUDE?"

walked straight into the banquet hall, and strode boldly up to the table. Without a word, he seized a basket of rare fruit and a loaf of bread that had been placed before the king. Charlemagne, who admired boldness, looked at him with interest rather than anger. "That lad will make a brave knight," he said.

Next Roland seized out of the very hand of the king the golden wine cup which he was raising to his lips. "Stop!" commanded the king. "By what right are you so rude?"

Roland gazed fearlessly into the face of the king, who could not look angry although he tried his best. "The forest," said Charlemagne, "is a better place for you than my banquet hall. Go and pick nuts from the trees, and drink water from the brook, as is fitting for a poor boy like you."

"The peasant drinks from the brook," answered Roland proudly, "and the serf gathers nuts in the forest. But nothing is upon your table that is not my mother's by right."

"She must be a great lady," cried the king. And he began to jest about the castle and the servants that must belong to a mother whose son was clothed like Roland, in rags. But to every jest Roland made a quick-witted answer, so that the king was well pleased.

"And now, my lord," said the boy at last, "that you have learned all about my mother, will you not visit her in her castle?" And he turned and walked out with the basket of food and the goblet of wine.

Charlemagne was not willing to let the lad go, so he sent after him a dozen of his squires, to bring Roland and his mother back to the castle. They found the lad telling his mother all that had happened, while she ate the baked fowl and drank the wine that he had brought. She was very

much frightened when she heard what her son had done for she remembered her brother's high temper; and she was more frightened when she saw the armed men appearing outside the cave. Roland would have gone with them gladly, had they treated him with courtesy; but instead they called out rudely, "Come along at once, you and your mother the beggar woman. The king wants you for robbing his table."

"Beggar woman indeed!" cried Roland in a rage. "How dare you speak thus of the sister of Charlemagne? Go back and tell the king that his nephew will not obey the command of a mere squire. I will come only if he sends the proudest of his nobles."

The squires laughed, but they rode back to the king and told him Roland's words. Filled with surprise and hope that he was about to find the sister for whom, after his anger had cooled, he had sought far and wide, only to learn that she was dead, Charlemagne sent a noble lord to the cave. And as evening came on this noble duke, with the Lady Bertha mounted behind him, and Roland following on foot, came to the castle of the king. Glad was their meeting, and happy was the mother to go back to her native France, and see her son installed in a place that befitted his birth, as page at the court of Charlemagne. But Roland and Oliver had to say good-by to each other for many a long year. When next they met it was under strange circumstances.

Roland grew tall and strong and braver year by year. When he was still not much more than a boy he was knighted for his bravery in saving the king's life on the field of battle. Charlemagne himself took great pains in providing his nephew with armor that befitted one who was sure to be a hero. His steel helmet was said to have been made ages

ago by the gods. His coat of mail was of such finely wrought metal that no sword could pierce it. His spurs were of gold, his lance a single shaft of mountain ash, and his charmed sword had belonged to Hector, the mighty prince of Troy, and had been handed down from age to age. Next to his sword, Roland prized an ivory horn, which he wore hung from his neck by a golden chain. The music of the horn could be heard for many miles, so powerful was it; and the king gave it to Roland because he was the only knight in France who had strength enough to blow the horn and bring a single sound from it. Until the youth blew upon it, its music had not been heard in France for a hundred years. "I give it to you," said the king, "if you will promise never to blow it except in battle and in a time of dire need, so that your friends may know that you need help."

Now it came about not very long after this that there arose a quarrel between Charlemagne and a certain old Count Gerard, and the king went to lay siege to the city of the rebel. The siege lasted long and long, until both sides were wearied out, but neither would yield. At last one of Charlemagne's knights suggested that the matter should be settled by choosing two champions, one from each side, and letting them fight until one or the other was victor in single combat. Both sides agreed; and when lots were drawn the lot fell upon Roland.

The two armies were drawn up on either side of the River Rhone, and on an island in the middle of the river the two chosen knights met. Roland's opponent was well armed and wore a red plume in his helmet. The champions were not known to each other, as their visors were drawn down concealing their faces. The fight began; and at once it was evident that it was so evenly matched a contest

that it would be a long one. They fought till ten in the morning, till noon, till midafternoon, till the shadows began to lengthen, and still neither was wounded and neither would yield. At last, while all the onlookers were thinking that the fight would never end, it happened that the sword of the Knight of the Red Plume was snapped short off, at the same moment when Roland's sword buried itself so deep in his opponent's shield that he could not draw it out. Thus both knights were disarmed at once; and they rushed at each other to throw each other down by force. Each had the same thought of what to do; and each snatched off the helmet of the other, and for the first time saw his enemy's face. Then they stood dumb with astonishment for a moment, and rushed into each other's arms, each crying out, "I yield me!" For the Knight of the Red Plume was Oliver, Roland's boyhood brother-in-arms and the grandson of Count Gerard.

This evenly matched fight gave rise to the proverb, "a Roland for an Oliver," meaning a blow for a blow or a retort for a retort.

The legends go on to tell us how the war was settled and how Oliver became one of Charlemagne's knights, and how, just as they had planned, Roland and Oliver had many daring adventures together, to the very end of their lives. The story of their last fight is the most stirring of all, and that is where the ivory horn plays a part.

When Charlemagne was very old, he undertook an invasion of Spain, where at that time the Moors ruled. After he had overrun with his army a large part of Spain, the Moorish king sent to sue for peace, and made such generous offers that Charlemagne agreed, not knowing that the Moor was deceitful. The great army set out for France, with Roland and Oliver in command of the rear guard of twenty

thousand men. The rear guard had to see to it that no harm should come to the main body of the army while they passed through the dangerous Pyrenees Mountains, which make the boundry between France and Spain. When all the army had gone on ahead, suddenly the rear guard discovered that they were set upon in the steep, gloomy passes of the Pyrenees by a hundred thousand treacherous Moors. In a valley called Roncesvalles, or the Vale of Thorns, the twenty thousand made their stand against five times their number.

"Brother Roland," said Oliver, "blow your horn. The king will hear it and come to our aid."

"That would be the act of a coward," said Roland. "I vowed to blow it only in extreme need, and I will not so disgrace my family. My good sword shall be my defence and if I die, men shall say it was the sword of a noble knight."

Twice more did Oliver urge Roland to blow the horn, but he would not. Long and fiercely the fight was waged, and hundreds and thousands of Moors fell before the French. But the numbers were too uneven, and at last there were but sixty men left with Roland, hemmed in on every side. Then at last Roland set his ivory horn to his lips, not hoping that he himself would be saved, for that would have shamed him after all his comrades had fallen, but knowing that Charlemagne would return and find his fallen knights and take them back to France for burial.

Thirty leagues away, almost at the other side of the mountains, the king heard the echoing music of the horn. "Hark!" he cried. "It is the horn of Roland." And knowing that his knight had need of him he turned his army about and hastened back.

Help came too late. Roland, last to fall of all the brave

men, lay beneath an oak, his magic horn and his beloved sword lying beside him. Mourning deeply, the king took Roland and Oliver back to France, and buried them in white marble tombs. The ivory horn he took to Bordeaux, filled it with fine gold, and laid it on the altar of the church in that city. And for centuries the name of the matchless hero was an inspiration to warriors, who went into battle singing the poem known as the "Song of Roland."

—MABEL DODGE HOLMES

Without looking back over the story, see if you can tell briefly the stories indicated by the following topics.

The Friendship of Roland and Oliver.

Roland's Demand for his Rights.

Roland's Armor.

"A Roland for an Oliver."

The Horn of Roland.

CHARLEMAGNE

Some of the legends of Charlemagne are partly true and some are not true at all; but each one magnifies his wonderful strength in battle or his wisdom in counsel, or his feats at arms or the magnificence and prowess of his great armies.

The poet has recounted one of these legends for us in which he tells how Charlemagne came down with his great army to attack one of the cities of the King of the Lombards in northern Italy. Read the story in Mr. Longfellow's words.

Olger the Dane and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach
A mighty army, thronging all the roads

That led into the city. And the King
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth
As hostage at the court of France, and knew
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne
Among that host?" And Olger answered: "No."

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed onward and increased, until the King
Cried in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"
And Olger answered slowly: "No; not yet;
He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed
King Desiderio asked: "What shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater army?"
And Olger answered: "When he shall appear,
You will behold what manner of man he is;
But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose,
The Paladins of France; and at the sight
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror cried:
"This must be Charlemagne!" and as before
Did Olger answer: "No; not yet, not yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete
The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts;
And Desiderio could no more endure
The light of day, not yet encounter death,
But sobbed aloud and said: "Let us go down
And hide us in the bosom of the earth,
Far from the sight and anger of a foe
So terrible as this!" And Olger said:

“When you behold the harvests in the fields
Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,
Then may you know that Charlemagne is come.”²⁵
And even as he spake, in the northwest,
Lo! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,

Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms
Upon the people pent up in the city;
A light more terrible than any darkness;
And Charlemagne appeared;—a Man of Iron!

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
And tassets were of iron, and his shield.
In his left hand he held an iron spear,
In his right hand his sword invincible.
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,
And color of iron. All who went before him,
Beside him and behind him, his whole host,
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armor that they wore.
The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,
And points of iron glistened in the sun
And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane
Saw from the tower, and turning to the King
Exclaimed in haste: “Behold! this is the man
You looked for with such eagerness!” and then
Fell as one dead at Desiderio’s feet.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Company

RELATIONSHIPS

This drill will not only tell you whether you can follow printed directions, but will also test your ability to recognize easily relationships between words and between things, an ability very necessary for both reading and thinking.

1. Write your name on the first line of your paper, and your grade on the second at the right. Beginning with the fourth line write the figures 1 to 10.

2. In each group below, the two words in capital letters bear a certain relation, or have a certain connection in meaning. When you see this relationship between the first two words, you can find among the five words in smaller type that follow, two other words that bear the same relationship. For example, in group 1, the SAW is a tool used by the CARPENTER. Now if you look among the words that follow, you will easily see that of the five words (farmer, sky, plough, trees, field), the words FARMER and PLOUGH are connected in meaning in the same way. Write these four words after figure 1 on your paper.

1. CARPENTER SAW farmer plough

3. Look at group 2. HEN and CHICKS are words that have a certain relation, and similarly of the five words that follow, CAT and KITTENS are the only two that are connected in the same way. Write these four words after figure 2 on your paper:

2. HEN CHICKS cat kittens

4. Complete the exercise by selecting the two words in each remaining group that are related in meaning in the same way that the given words are related in meaning. When finished, wait quietly for the others.

1. CARPENTER, SAW (farmer, sky, plough, trees, field)
2. HEN, CHICKS (corn, feed, cat, milk, kittens)
3. CATTLE, MEAT (packer, wheat, field, flour, harvest) .

4. FIELD, FENCE (garden, rake, flower, poppies, wall)
5. OLD, WEAK (strange, giant, young, strong, birthday)
6. CUP, CHINA (table, saucepan, coffee, stove, aluminum)
7. DOLLAR, SILVER (penny, copper, mint, chest, treasure)
8. COAL, MINER (shovel, barn, acre, grain, farmer)
9. TAILOR, COAT (thimble, milliner, hat, display, fashion)
10. ARGENTINA, WHEAT (China, eastern, Pacific, tea, milk)

WHAT THE DICTIONARY TELLS ABOUT A WORD

Do you know how much information the dictionary gives about a word? Consider the word *submit*:

sub-mit (sŭb-mīt'), *v.t.* [*p.t.* and *p.p.* -mitted, *p.pr.* -mitting], [*< Lat. sub, under + mittere (missus), to send*], **1.** to yield to the will of another; surrender: often used reflexively; **2.** to present for, or refer to, the judgment of another; as to submit a question to others; **3.** to propose; offer as an opinion:—*v.i.* to yield or surrender, or to be obedient.

First we are given the spelling and the syllabication. Next comes the pronunciation, which we find by reference to the word within the parenthesis. Each vowel is marked, and reference to the key words at the bottom of the page gives the correct sound. The second syllable which is to be accented is also marked for us. Now we come to the letters *v. t.* Turning to "Directions for Using This Book," we learn that the word is a transitive verb. Within the brackets we are shown how to spell the other forms of the verb, *submitted* and *submitting*. Using the directions again, we interpret the contents of the second brackets as saying that the word comes to us from the Latin, and results from putting the Latin prefix *sub*, meaning "under," before the Latin verb *mittere* (or *missus*), "to send." Thus we have the history of the word and some idea of its meaning. Time has changed the meaning somewhat, and after the figures 1, 2, 3, we find the meanings which show how the word is used today.

Get your dictionary and look up *fairy*, *pin*, *cargo*, *cat*.

JOHN SMITH AND POCAHONTAS

The first English colony to be founded in America was Virginia in the year 1607. The "Susan Constant," a little ship on which an ocean voyage would seem today a most reckless adventure, safely brought the first colonists. They were not the kind of men best fitted to bear the hardships of a new and unsettled land. They were the pleasure-loving sons of English gentlemen who hoped quickly to win their fortunes. At least one of their number, however, was of a different sort. Captain John Smith had had the adventurous kind of life which fitted him for leadership in the little colony.

The Englishmen, of course, soon met the Indians and traded with them, bartering knives and hatchets for the corn which the white men were both too lazy and too impatient to grow. It is the story of an adventure which Captain Smith had with these Indians which you are now about to read.

After the Jamestown settlement was well established, it seemed wise to make a thorough exploration of the neighboring country, and to learn more about the Indians, who belonged to a tribe called the Powhatans. Their head chief was known as "the Powhatan." So, choosing eight men to go with him, Captain Smith fitted out a barge with food and took beads and hatchets for trading. They sailed up one of the streams until, when the water became too shallow, Smith hired two Indian guides with a canoe in which he took two of his men. The others he left with the barge with orders that they must not leave the boat or go ashore. After a short time he landed with the guides, leaving the two men to stay with the canoe and fire a gun if there were any trouble. He had gone but a short distance when Indian war-whoops warned him that his men were in danger. Binding his guide's arm to his own, he hastened back, only to find that two hundred Indians had attacked his



JAMESTOWN COLONISTS TRADING WITH THE INDIANS

men. The two guarding the canoe were dead, and the men with the barge had also been killed, while the Indians were yelling and dancing beside the stream. As soon as Smith appeared he was attacked. In trying to defend himself, he stepped into a marshy place where he was captured by the chief, a brother of the great Powhatan.

Of what happened next John Fiske writes:

“It was quite like the quick-witted man to take out his ivory pocket compass, and to entertain the childish minds of the barbarians with its quivering needle which they could plainly see through the glass, but, strange to say, could not feel when they tried to touch it. Very like him it was to improve the occasion with a brief discourse on star craft, eked out no doubt with abundant gesticulation, which may have led his hearers to regard him as a wizard. There seems to have been a difference of opinion among them. They tied Smith to a tree, but the brother of Powhatan held up the compass; then the captive was untied, and they marched away through the forest, taking him with them.”

They had decided to take him to the mighty Powhatan for judgment. After tramping through the woods and following the rivers for a number of days, they came to the place where the great overking called the Powhatan lived with his tribe. The warriors were dressed in their best suits of red paint with new white feathers in their heads. The Powhatan was a big man with gray hair and was about sixty years of age. He wore a long robe of skins and a string of pearls around his neck.

Standing near her father was a young girl about thirteen years old, graceful and pretty, with bright flashing eyes. This was the Indian emperor's dearest child, Pocahontas,



“HE SHALL NOT DIE. STAY!”

who later proved to be a true friend to Captain Smith and the little band of settlers in Virginia. She gazed at Smith with looks of wonder and pity while the Indians talked together as to what to do with him. They decided that he must die and the story goes that when they threw him down intending to dash out his brains with clubs, Pocahontas put her arms around his head and cried out, “He shall not die. Stay!”

Powhatan to please his daughter spared Smith's life, but

made him promise to give the Indians two of the big cannons at the fort. Smith knew the cannons were too heavy for the red men to carry away, and they found it so when they came to get them.

When Smith reached Jamestown after being away for nearly five weeks he found the colony in a bad way. Hunger and cold had left but thirty-eight alive and these were very quarrelsome. The Captain soon restored order and promised to get food from the Indians. This he was able to do with the help of the kind princess Pocahontas, who appeared every few days bringing baskets of good things to eat.

Shortly afterwards Admiral Newport arrived from England with the ship "Phoenix" loaded with stores and arms and bringing one hundred more men. Affairs seemed more hopeful although the Indians were still unfriendly. They would have done more damage but for Pocahontas, who gave warning and many times saved the lives of the white men.

John Rolfe, one of the colonists, fell in love with this beautiful and lovely girl and wanted to marry her if she would leave the Indians and join the white people. This she was willing to do, as she loved him and wanted to stay with his friends. She was baptized in the little church at Jamestown and her name was changed to Rebecca. They were afterwards married in the church.

Rolfe was a good man and had a fine farm; so he and his sweet wife and a little son, Thomas, lived a happy life. He often spoke of his old home in England and Pocahontas wanted to see it. So as soon as he could spare the time he took his wife and child on a visit to the old country. Rebecca was well received by everyone, even by the king and queen when they learned she was the daughter of an emperor. Her beauty and gracious manners won the love of all, but the climate of England did not agree with her and she

became very ill. To save her life her husband hurried her aboard a ship sailing to Virginia, but before the vessel started the loving, great-hearted Pocahontas died.

The colony in Virginia continued to grow and prosper under the leadership of Captain Smith. One day Smith and his men were returning down the river to Jamestown. The Captain was asleep in the boat, lying against a bag of gunpowder, and one of the men in lighting his pipe accidentally set the bag afire. The powder exploded and Smith was in flames. He jumped into the water. Although he was saved from drowning, he was terribly burned and fainted from the pain. He continued to be so weak and ill that he decided to return to England and have his wounds properly attended to. So he set sail in October, 1609, bidding good-by forever to his beloved Virginia.

This selection is very easily divided into two parts. Make the division at the proper place. Write a title for each division, and make a list of subpoints under each title.

POCAHONTAS

The Indian girl of this poem was the daughter of the Powhatan, mentioned in the last selection, and the "single knight" was John Smith. As you read, see if the poetic way of telling the story thrills you more than the prose way. If so, can you tell why?

Wearied arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the funeral pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die by fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng with sudden start
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring!
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife,
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires
How a daughter of their sires
Saved a captive Englishman.

—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1. Tell what is happening at the beginning of the poem, as the first stanza suggests it to you.

2. What picture is painted on your mind by the second stanza?

3. From the Indian maid's act, what do you conclude is meant by "the Indian right"?

THE FIRST GANG

Here is a story about the life of two boys, away back in the dim past before real history began, and when men were just beginning to learn some of the things that afterwards became the foundation of civilized life. The story sounds somewhat like the tales we have read of the American Indians, but these boys were not of that race. Their people were among our very early European ancestors, as you can see from the fact that they worshipped Odin, who was a god of the northern European peoples. You will see that the story shows one great step which our savage forefathers took on the way toward civilization.

The years went by, and Om and Sut were almost men. They had trapped the smaller animals, now and then shooting a deer with their arrows or driving one into a pitfall. But now they aspired to bigger game. They wanted to sit with the men about the campfire, to be treated by the women, and especially by the girls of their own age, as if they were grown up. And there was just one way to demonstrate to the satisfaction of all that they had arrived at man's estate, and that was to prove themselves hunters strong enough and cunning enough to match their wits and weapons against the strength and fury of the bear and the wild buffalo.

They spent long days in the woods together planning and contriving. They provided themselves with bows of the strongest and arrows of the sharpest, with saw-edged knives, lances, and stone axes. For hours they shot at a mark, taking turns and criticizing each other's shooting and handling of the bow. Sometimes the men found them and smiled at them indulgently. But the women and girls laughed and jibed at the boys and pretended to be very much alarmed at the idea of two smooth-faced boys going

hunting alone in the woods. That made the boys work all the harder and keep more and more by themselves.

Now in a valley, some distance away, there was a herd of wild buffalo, the most dreaded of all the wild beasts. The bear was ugly only when hungry or wounded. The leopards rarely attacked men in the daylight and in the open. Even the wolves did not like to fight men unless they could take them at a disadvantage. But the buffalo bulls seemed to have in their breasts the concentrated fury of all the savage creatures of the wild. They feared nothing. Their thick hide and powerful muscles defended their vital parts from the arrows and spears of men. They would charge at sight, and when their keen eyes did not detect their enemies their sensitive nostrils did. The only possibility of escape was to climb the nearest tree, and sometimes the mad bull would lie in wait at the foot of the tree till the man dropped from cold or exhaustion. Many men had been already killed. Even the boldest and the hardest rarely ventured near the buffalo valley. The boys were warned from it as from sure death.

For that reason, perhaps, it had a peculiar fascination for Om and Sut. They talked about it, and dreamed about it. They climbed hills from which they could look down into it. They never forgot the time when they first saw the herd in the distance, the bulls feeding on the outside, the cows and calves on the inside. Now and then some young bull would get too bold and rouse the anger of one of the kings of the herd and there would be a terrible battle. When the dust hid the fighters from the boys' sight, they could hear the terrible bellowings.

As time went on, the buffalo valley had a greater and greater attraction for the boys. They ventured nearer and nearer. They lay on the bluffs overlooking the valley and

boasted to each other how they would kill a bullock and carry it back to their cave homes; and they imagined how envious the men and boys who had been afraid would be, and how humble the girls.

But one day they ventured a little too near, and a stray bullock caught sight of the boys and immediately charged. Each boy climbed a tree with a swiftness which did credit to his bringing up, and there they stayed hour after hour during the long day, the bull watching them from blood-red eyes. Now and then he would stroll away to browse and drink, but at the slightest movement would dash back to the foot of the trees where the boys roosted. As night came on, the boys grew colder and colder and hungrier and hungrier. They remembered the men who had gone into the buffalo valley and never come back, and they wished they were at home, even though the girls did laugh at them and they had to sit back of the men at the fire.

Finally they escaped, but by good fortune, not by any prowess of their own. A great bear came out of the wood, looking for something to fill his empty stomach. He had missed a deer as it came to drink. He was tired of roots and ants' nests. He wanted meat—good red meat and plenty of it. When he saw the bullock, he hesitated for a moment, for big as he was he usually passed bulls by. A fight with one was such uncertain business, and even if he killed the bull the appetite was likely to be killed too. But the bear was very big and the bullock not very large; so the hungry bear hesitated too long. The bull spied him and charged instantly. The bear stood on his hind feet like a great boxer. As the bull struck him, he gave him a blow with his great paw which would have broken the neck of any other animal and buried his great fangs in his shoulder. But the bull's sharp horns pierced the chest of the bear and



THE BULL SPIED HIM AND CHARGED INSTANTLY

bore him back to the ground. Deeper and deeper the cruel horns reached, while the claws of the bear tore great strips from the bull's flanks. It was a terrible spectacle, but the boys were too near to enjoy it. Quick as a flash they slid down and ran up the cliffs above them like two monkeys. At the top they stopped, panting for breath, and looked down into the valley. The air was filled with terrible roarings and bellowings. In the dim light they could see a huge brown mass rolling back and forth below them. Now they thought the bear had won and now the bull.

By and by the dark settled down, and nothing could be seen; the sounds grew fainter and finally all was still. The boys did not dare to go through the woods in the dark, so they found a bed of leaves and lay down where they were. But there was not much sleeping that night. A leopard's shrill cry woke them from their first doze; the baying of wolves from the next; and when a great owl gave his weird wail just above their heads, they gave it up.

The crackling of twigs told them that they were being hunted by some night prowler. In the dark and with no weapons—for they had dropped everything but their knives—they were at the mercy of any wild beast which discovered their hiding place. Then Om remembered the fire which had saved his life when a child, the fire which no animal was bold enough to come near. Could he make a fire? The moss upon which they lay was dry. A rough flake of flint which had not been shaped was in his skin pouch and his flint knife was in his belt. He had seen his father Ang call the Red Spirit from the moss by striking flints together. Once or twice he had succeeded in doing it himself, but it was no easy task. Still, there was nothing for it but to try. With trembling hands he gathered the driest of the moss into a little pile and pulled together

some dry twigs. Sut got on his knees ready to blow the smallest spark into flame. Om took the flint flake in his left hand and struck it a glancing blow with his knife. A dull spark flew, but did not light the moss. Again and again he tried, but in vain. Meanwhile soft but ominously heavy footfalls came nearer and nearer. It was now or never. In desperation he struck a terrific blow which shattered the knife in his hand and brought the blood to his battered hand. He saw nothing, but Sut suddenly stooped lower and blew gently and then more strongly. A tiny glow appeared, a wisp of smoke, and then a red flame. Om crouched by the fire, exhausted, speechless, and helpless; but Sut skilfully fed the growing flames till they leaped high, and the hunter in the dark leaped away with great bounds into the deep woods.

All night the boys sat by the fire, hungry and exhausted, but happy and safe. In the morning they looked down on the open spot below them which had been the scene of the terrible fight of the night before; and there, still locked together by horn and claw and jaw, were the bear and the bull, both defeated or both victorious. A fox came out of the bush and sniffed at the pool of blood in which they lay; a flock of red-eyed buzzards hovered in the air above and finally lit on a dead tree near by.

The boys were looking with mingled awe and delight at the bodies of their savage foes of the day before, when a brilliant thought came to Sut. "Om! The horns and claws! We will take them to the camp, and who will laugh at us then!" No sooner thought than done. Down the cliff they clambered, forgetful of everything but the coveted trophies. At the foot they found their weapons where they had dropped them. The fox skulked away, the buzzards screamed and flapped to a little more distant trees, while

the boys hacked off with rude knife and stone bludgeon one of the bear's claws and the horns of the bull. Then they fled up the cliff again and started hot foot for home.

As they approached the stream by which they lived, Sut began to hasten, but Om went slower and slower. "Hurry, you snail," said Sut, "the women and girls will be pounding the meal and making ready for the men to eat and they will see by these that we are not boys to be laughed at." "But," said Om, "we did not kill them; we ran away." "Oh! but we don't need to tell all that," said Sut; "hurry up, hurry up!" But Om would not hurry. He went more and more slowly and finally sat down to think it out. The temptation was a very strong one. Perhaps all they would need to do would be to be silent, and it would be very pleasant to be treated like mighty hunters and men. But the trouble was that deep down in their hearts they would know that they had not proved it.

Then a thought came to Om which settled his uncertainty. If it had not been for Odin who sent the bear to fight the bull, and sent the Red One at the prayer of the flints to drive away the leopard, they would not be here and there would be no story to tell. Then he remembered that his Father had said that the Great One loved truth as he loved light. He turned to Sut with all his indecision gone. "We will tell the truth! We will not win the man-right by telling a lie." Sut grumbled a little, but yielded as he always did to the stronger will of Om.

When the boys came to the river bank, there was a great shout, and all went out to meet them, for the villagers had grown anxious at their long absence. And they were pleased that no one laughed at them, not even the girls. As the boys were being fed, they told the story of their adventures amid the eager questionings of the home group. The

horns of the bull and the paws of the bear were passed about, and the older men told how large the bear must have been from the size of the paw. Then they told stories of bears which they had seen and fights of many kinds in the forest till Om and Sut were all but forgotten. But Om was pleased to notice that his father looked at him with quiet approval in his eyes, and he heard him say to his mother Oma, "Our son will be a great hunter, for his feet are swift and his hands are strong, and his head is chief over them all, and more than that, he is beloved by the Great One." And Om was glad.

For a while the boys brooded over their adventure and kept away from the buffalo valley. But the horns and the great claws kept reminding them, and again all their hunting trips seemed to lead towards the dangerous valley. Oma tried to make Om promise that he would not go there again, but Ang had said, "Do not make him promise. He must prove his man-right as we all have done, and the Great One loves him."

Finally Om said to Sut: "We cannot escape the call of the death valley. Something tells me that we will either leave our bones there or win our man-right. I have been thinking it over, and it seems to me that one of the reasons why so many men have lost their lives there is that they have not used their brains and they have not worked together. Why shouldn't we be the first to do it? My idea is this. We will get together ten boys of our own age and we will have only those who will promise under the sacred oak tree to hunt together and not each for himself. Then we will choose one who shall be to the others as the head is to the hands and feet. All shall obey him. When we have learned to work together, we will go where the cliffs which overlook the buffalo valley draw together, and we

will pile great stones where a push will send them crashing down. Then we will keep watch, and some time when the wind blows up the valley and the herd is well up to where the cliffs are too steep to climb, where they come together like two streams, we will pray to the Fire Spirit and take burning brands from the fire and light the tall dead grass at the opening of the valley. Six will start from one side and six from the other, and we must outrun the deer. The buffalo will run from the wall of fire farther and farther up into the narrow part of the valley, and when they are bunched together like fish in a trap we will hurl down great stones and shoot our arrows, and there will be meat enough for all the men of the north country, and every cave shall have its buffalo skin at the going in."

So Om and Sut got the other boys together with great secrecy, and every one was made to take the oath of loyalty to the gang under the sacred oak. And Sut was chosen Chief, because he was the best talker. Om could make the plans and carry them out, but Sut could explain them to others so that they would understand and want to carry them out. In the working of the thing Sut did most of the talking, but he always kept his eye on Om and did what Om wanted, and when it came to doing things Om was leader.

For weeks the clan scouted the valley, often having hair-breadth escapes when they ventured too near. It seemed as if the wind would never be in the right direction when the herd was at the small end of the runway. But the delay was a good thing. The boys learned to hang together and obey the commands of their chief. One boy nearly lost his life by disobeying, but the lesson was learned, and the gang hung together as no boys had ever done since the man-story began.

At last the day came when the lookout reported the herd well up in the narrow end of the valley and the wind blowing up. Nothing was said, but by common consent Om was leader for the day. He sent Sut and five other boys to the south, while he and five more went to the north. Each gang was to build a fire where the smoke would not blow up the valley, and dry torch sticks were made ready to light. At midday, when a spear driven into the ground cast no shadow, Om shot an arrow high in the air. Each boy seized a torch from the fire and dashed across the mouth of the valley, lighting the dry grass as he ran.

It was a wild rush. Never had the boys run as they ran that day. In the years after, they told the tale to their children and grandchildren and they set the pace faster with each telling. In less time than it takes to tell, the boys had spread their net of fire and the wind was drawing it for them.

When the boys reached the cliffs, the frightened herd was already crowding up into the narrow end of the wedge-shaped valley, fleeing in terror from the pursuing wall of fire. Then the boys rolled the great stones down upon the seething mass below them; shooting their arrows until the supply was exhausted. The maddened buffaloes trampled on and gored each other until scarcely more than half the herd escaped alive.

The young hunters, exhausted but triumphant, danced along the ledges, filling the air with savage yells.

The next thing was to send word to the scattered homes. Three boys were left to keep watch, and the rest ran as if running a race to carry the news of the feast that was waiting for all who would come.

Before night every man, woman, and child within a distance of twenty miles was on the spot. Old suspicions were

forgotten and old grudges ignored, for the time being, at least. A great fire was built, and the men stripped the hides from the dead buffaloes and the women rolled them up to carry away for tanning. One of the largest of the bulls was dragged to the fire and roasted whole. Far into the night they worked and feasted. Finally, as they stretched themselves about the fire, exhausted but satisfied, Ang spoke:

"I have seen the Cold Spirits come and go many times, but I have never seen so many men together as now. Men have not been like the wolves who hunt in packs or like the buffaloes which feed in droves or like the ducks and geese which come and go in flocks. Each man, with his mate, has lived apart like the bear or the lion. There have been fear and hatred between us, because each man feared that some other man would spoil his hunt or rob his traps. And we have lived far apart. Tonight we sit about the same fire as some of us have sat before at the feasts of the Great One. As I look into the fire, into the cave of the Red One within it, I see that whenever men come together to hunt, or to feast, and there is no hatred in their hearts, it is a feast of Odin. I have told you many times before of the will of him whose voice I am as I watch the tongues of flame. It is his will that men learn to live together. These boys have heard the whisper in the heart which we have not heard. They have killed more buffaloes since the sun rose this morning than we have done in all our lives and our fathers before us. They have not come to their full strength; they have not learned to shoot as far or as straight as we have done, but together they have done what no one of us could do."

Then Ang picked some long grasses from a tuft beside him and took out a single one. Holding it where all could

see, he snapped it as if it were a spider's web; then he put two together and snapped them; afterward more and more until he had twisted a rope of grass which the strongest man could not break. He passed it about the circle, and each tried in vain to break it. Then Ang took it and held it high above his head where all could see, the women and boys as well as the men. "The single grass which the child can break is man alone; this rope of twisted grass, is man united."

A shout of assent broke from the group: "It is the will of the Great Spirit." Then Wang, Sut's father, who had been restless in his place, leaped to his feet: "If we are to hunt together like the wolf, we must learn from him. Each pack has its head which all the others obey. When the geese fly to the south, a great bird who is wise always leads the flock. Let us learn from the beasts and the birds. Who shall be our chief?"

They all looked at Ang, and some one said, "Let Ang be our chief." But Ang shook his head: "I have told you for many years the will of Odin. I will do so still as I see it in the fire or hear it in the whisper to the heart, but my eyes do not see as they did, my feet are not so swift in the chase, or my hands so strong at the kill. The head of the wolf pack is the strongest and the most cunning, not the oldest. The whisper within tells me that it is not time to choose a chief tonight. He must be proven first."

The men looked about on each other and knew that the words of Ang were wise. There was no one that they could all follow without question. The time to choose had not come yet. It came when—but that is a tale for another telling.

Then Om and Sut and the boys who had followed them were brought into the men's circle by the fire, and they

told the story of how they had trapped the buffalo. It was Sut who told the story, and his eyes shone like stars and his voice bubbled like the brook. As he talked on, Wang would wag his head now and then, as much as to say, "See! like father, like son." The girls listened eagerly to Sut, but the older ones looked at Om, who sat a little back where the light did not shine so brightly on his face, and nodded their heads and said to each other, "Some day, perhaps, if the Great One wills."

From that time on men began to do things together as they had never done before. They hunted together and fished together. Groups of related and friendly families lived near, in favored spots, as Wang and Ang had done. And they had more to eat and more to wear. Fewer lost their lives in hunting the more dangerous animals. The women and children were safer in the little villages than they had been in their lonely caves and huts.

And Om and Sut were remembered in the sagas of the tribe as those who taught men how to live together.

—From *Around the Fire*, by HANFORD M. BURR

Courtesy of Association Press

QUESTIONS

1. Can you see any ways in which these two boys were like boys of today?
2. How could you light a fire in the woods if you had no matches?
3. How did Om show that he was of a finer character than Sut?
4. What great discovery did the boys lead their tribe to make?
5. Make a list of the customs of the savages which you have noticed in the story.

THE FIRST CHIEF

This story is a sequel to the one you have just read. In the previous story, you saw that the only foes the tribe had to fear were the wild beasts. This story tells you of a new kind of enemy against whom they had to defend themselves—a tribe of warlike men. Such stories are interesting because they show us how many of the habits and feelings of men today are inherited from our far past ancestors, although our manners and customs have become so totally different.

As Om and his people lived in northern Europe, and the enemy came from far away toward the east, who do you suppose the men with black hair and high cheek bones must have been?

The years went by, and Om and Sut and their fellows became men. Their muscles hardened and the beards came upon their faces, and when they spoke at the council fire older men listened. They had grown more strong and more cunning. They had learned to hunt together so well that no one was hungry or without warm skins for his back and his bed. Some of them had taken wives from the girls who had ceased to laugh at them after the great slaughter at Death Valley. But Om and Sut seemed to be enough for each other. Day and night they were always together.

Oma grew anxious and said, "The years go by and you take no wife. There are many girls. I will choose one." But Om shook his head. "When the goddess Freya shows me one like Oma, but not before." And the mother could say no more.

One year, as the cold grew stronger, disturbing rumors came to the village of Angwang. Some young hunters who had gone far to the east had seen fires at night a long way off. The next night the fires had been nearer. Then Ang remembered that his father had told him that many days'

journey to the sun-rising there were other men not like themselves. Their hair was black, coarse, and straight, their cheek bones high and wide, and they hunted men as well as beasts. They killed the men and the children and took away the women. They came like the great tempest and left none behind to tell whence they came or whither they had gone. By a common instinct all the scattered families and groups gathered at Angwang. Men feared to go far to hunt. The terror of the dreaded foes grew greater, and food began to grow more scarce. Ang called the men together to take counsel. They did not dare build a fire, for fear it should be seen.

"The time has come," said Ang, "for the men to have a chief. Who shall he be?" "Let the one who can save us from the red men be our chief," cried someone. Many talked, and many at the same time, but no one seemed to know what to do, and the fear grew. At last Om, who had been silent, stood up, and all listened. "I have been silent because I am not so wise as many of you. I speak now, not because I am wiser than the old men, but because I am freer. I have no women or children in my cave to starve or be fed by others if I am killed. I and some who are like me will go and see who these men are, whose terror has fallen upon us till we shake like the rushes by the river bank when the wind blows upon them. Who will go with me?"

Sut and Lack rose and joined Om, and together they slipped away in the darkness. They stopped under the sacred oak to make their plans. They would travel by night and watch from hill tops and high trees by day and learn what these men from the east were like and what they wanted.

They provided themselves with three days' food and their finest weapons. Under the leadership of Om they journeyed

all night and part of the next day toward the east, but saw nothing. After a few hours' rest they kept on through most of the second night. On the morning of the second day they reached the top of the Black Hills, and from the highest peaks they could see still another day's journey to the east. At first nothing could be seen but the wide expanse of forest, threaded here and there by streams, with occasional meadows by the river banks.

As the mist gradually lifted, they studied with care each meadow opening. The dim haze of morning gave way to the full blaze of day, and still their searching eyes found nothing to arouse suspicion.

But finally Om, whose eyes were the keenest of the three, saw on the edge of one of the farthest meadows what appeared to be a herd of buffaloes or possibly wild horses. After examining them as carefully as possible, he noticed that they did not seem to move about as a group of wild animals would do if feeding. Then he thought he saw smaller objects moving in and out among the herd. What could they be? If they were men, surely the buffaloes or wild horses would not let them move about among them in that way.

At last the moving in and out stopped and the herd began to advance, going in single file like wolves. More strange still, on the back of each animal there seemed to be a moving hump. The three young men looked at each other with questioning and dread. What could these strange animals be? "If they were only men, I would not mind," said Sut. "Let us go back and consult with the wise ones," said Lack, whom the fear of the unknown was gripping. But Om shook his head. "It is for us to find out and not for the wise ones at the village. I will go forward and find out what these strange animals are. If I do not

return by the next sunrise, Lack will go back to the village. If I do not return by nightfall of the same day, Sut will return also, and may Odin help you."

They tried in vain to persuade Om to go back with them or at least to wait until they could see more from their lookout. "If I wait," said Om, "it may be too late to warn the villagers—if it is the red men in disguise." So he took his share of the food, and having fixed the directions in his mind by studying the sun, the slant of the shadows, and the direction of the wind, he slipped down the hillside and vanished into the forest. Sut and Lack watched him anxiously. Their fears grew, after Om had left, and if it had not been for their love for Om and their dread of what would be said if they returned alone, they would have fled from the mystery they dreaded. It was Sut who finally said, "If Om can go on, we can at least stay the appointed time." So they settled down to that hardest of all tasks, waiting, when the fever of unrest is in the blood and the legs twitch to be going.

Meanwhile Om was making his way through the trackless forest with the skill of one born in the wild. In the excitement of rapid motion his fears left him. He picked his way by the slant of the light, by the moss on the trees. Sometimes he climbed a tree to test the wind and see if he could catch some guiding object. His plan was to strike the river on whose banks the meadow lay and then follow it. If the strange animals or men were coming west, they would follow the stream. At the very thought of them a chill of fear crept up to the roots of his hair. Hour after hour passed. He took a little of the food which he carried and drank often at the numerous brooks. A leopard in the tree top glared at him and was about to spring, but Om was gone before it made up its mind. Then a big bear sniffed

at his track and the leopard decided that it had other business. Now and then a pair of timber wolves would follow his trail for a short distance, but they were full-fed and they did not altogether like the strange man smell.

It was not until almost nightfall that Om reached the banks of the river. Exhausted with the day's journey and the excitement, he decided to find a sheltered place where he could see and not be seen, and wait. If the dreaded ones were coming this way, he would gain nothing by going to meet them. So he found a bluff which overlooked a small meadow by the river bank and lay down to rest and watch. Overcome by fatigue, he fell asleep, but was awakened by strange noises, just as the sunlight was leaving the tree tops. Some heavy animals were crashing through the woods and drawing near the meadow. There were hoarse cries—men's voices, but unlike any that he had ever heard. He peered out through his screen of ferns and looked in fear and dread at the fringe of the forest from whence the strange noises came.

The crashing and shouting grew louder and louder, the boughs parted, and there came out upon the open a man—a red man with black hair. Om shuddered at the size of him and his savage look. Behind him, led by a rope of twisted grasses, was a horse, such as Om had sometimes seen on distant plains, wilder even than the deer; but this horse followed the man as a child follows its mother. Behind the first man came another, and another, each leading a horse. On the backs of some of the horses were lashed skins and strange dishes and weapons. Man followed man until it seemed as if the whole meadow was filled with the most savage-looking group Om had ever seen. Even the men whom he had beheld in his troubled dreams as a child had not been so terrible. Last of all there came out of the

wood a horse which was also led, and on its back was—Om rubbed his eyes and looked again—a woman, though she was not a red woman. It was too dark to see clearly, but her hair was not straight like that of the red men, but waved like the water when the wind blows upon it gently.

The horse on which the woman rode was led to the very center of the meadow, and as the woman was taken down Om could see that her hands were tied behind her with thongs. Some of the men made a rough bed of skins and placed the woman upon it. Then they untied her hands and tied her feet together instead. Om wondered why they needed to take such pains to keep one woman amongst so many men. Then they brought food and made a rough screen of skins about her.

The men tied their horses where they could feed on the grass of the meadow and ate from something which they carried in skin bags on the backs of their horses, and then they lay down to sleep on piles of leaves.

At last all was still and dark, and Om lay and thought and thought. These were the red men who hunted for men. They came from far because the four feet of their horses could carry them and their burdens. But they must have come from a country where there were many meadows and not so many trees. Here a man could travel faster than any animal with four feet except the wolf. Why should these men of the plains tear their way through the woods? And the woman with the hair like Oma's, with hands tied? What did it all mean? Om could not read the riddle, but some things were plain. The red men were going straight to the village of his people. In three days, or four at the most, they would be there, and what could his people do against these men? They must be stopped before they came to the village. With the horses

there was only one way that they could get through the hills, and that was by a narrow pass through which ran one of the brooks to feed the stream by which they were camped. The red men must be stopped there. But how could it be done? The pass was a day's journey; the village three hard days. He could not stop them alone.

As he lay and thought, a desperate plan came to him. The horses were tethered together at one end of the meadow. He remembered that the ground was soft and the stakes were not driven in very deeply. If he could frighten the horses, they might bolt and pull their tether stakes and be lost in the woods. That might delay the red men till he could send word to the village and get help.

Om crept down from his hiding place and crawled like a fox towards the horses. Every now and then his ears caught the stealthy sounds of other creepers, and he wondered whether he might not feel their fangs in his neck before he had accomplished his purpose. Sometimes he saw yellow eyes in the dark, but the Great One must have been with him, for nothing harmed him. At last he got near the horses, who were snorting uneasily, afraid of the things they had heard and smelled in the dark about them. Waiting till all was quiet, Om dashed at the horses, with blood-curdling yells, which seemed to combine all the most dreaded noises of the wood, the shriek of the hyena, and the cry of the gray wolf as he leaps upon his prey.

In an instant all was confusion. The horses, with wild snorts of terror, bolted. The shouts of the men only added to their fear, and they dashed into the woods. Om did not wait to hear what the red men would do. Sight was impossible, as the night was moonless and there was no fire. As fast as possible he groped his way along the river's bank, now falling over roots and tangled vines, and now splashing

through the haunts of the deadly watersnakes. He had no time to think of any other enemies than the red men. It might be that the hidden enemies of the wood and water would forget their hatred of man for tonight. At any rate he must get on, get on!

The night was like a black dream, long drawn out. Sometimes Om wondered dully if he had not dreamed it all. But as the morning light began to filter into the darkness of the wood, Om's brain cleared and he went faster and faster. If the full strength of man when men were young had not been his, he would have fallen by the way.

When it was light enough to see, he climbed a tree and looked off. The stream had led him right. The hills loomed above him. He was almost at the pass through which the red men must go if they went west.

As he came into the narrow gorge, he noted with satisfaction how the rocks rose up straight on either side. The men would have to go in wolf file. Then his people on the rocks above would hurl down great stones and crush them as the bullocks had been crushed in Death Valley.

Before the sun had climbed so high that the tree trunks cast no shadow, Om reached the spot where Sut and Lack were anxiously waiting. Lack was sent hot foot to the village to bring the men to guard the pass, while the others remained to watch.

While Om had been gone, Sut had set some snares for the wild hares which were very numerous, so that the young men had food for several days and could give their undivided attention to the pass. Om went to the eastern entrance, and Sut to the other end, and they rolled all the loose stones which they could find to the edge of the cliffs so that they could be pushed down on the red men.

It was strenuous and exhausting labor, and anxious fears

made it even harder. Notwithstanding the fierce labor of pushing the great stones into position, the hours seemed to drag with snails' feet. Every moment they expected to hear the din of the coming of the red men, but night came at last and there was no sign of them. By morning the villagers would be there, if Lack had been swift and the men courageous. Om was so exhausted by the sleepless night and the terrific labors of the day that he fell asleep as soon as the shadows began to fall. Sut found him lying on a moss-covered rock and thought him dead at first. Remembering how long he had been without sleep and how much he would need strength on the morrow, Sut let him sleep and kept his lonely watch. As for himself, sleep was out of the question. Every nerve was tense and every sense alert. The crackling of a dry twig warned him of the stealthy movement of some wild animal, but he dared not light a fire. He leaped to his feet and grasped his stone axe at the sudden hoot of an owl.

As the darkest of the night passed and gave way to the dull gray of morning, Sut also fell asleep, and the two young men lay as motionless as if carved from the rock on which they slept. They saw nothing, heard nothing. They did not hear the crunch of approaching footsteps; they did not see the face which finally looked out through the screen of a nearby thicket—a face which appeared and disappeared in a most mysterious manner.

The light grew brighter and still the men slept, when a woman stepped out of the thicket and sprang lightly upon the rock on which they lay. She was scantily clothed in a loose tunic of deerskin which was torn from struggling with the thickets of the forest. Her bare arms and ankles were terribly scratched and bleeding; her hair, though she had evidently tried to braid it, hung in wild disorder about



SHE LEANED OVER HIM SO LONG AND LOOKED SO STEADILY THAT OMA
MIGHT HAVE FEARED FOR HER SON IF SHE COULD HAVE SEEN

her face. She stepped upon the rock as lightly as a leopard and stooped down and studied the faces of the sleepers. First she studied the face of Sut, but turned with a shake of her head to Om. She leaned over him so long and looked so steadily that Oma might have feared for her son if she could have seen. At last, apparently satisfied with what she saw in the face of Om, she kneeled down, and with her face close to his, blew gently on his closed eyes. Om stirred and then opened his eyes and lay perfectly still, looking up into the face of the woman—eyes blue as the sky, hair yellow gold like the grass of the river meadows before the snow comes. It was like the face of Oma, only younger and more beautiful; it was the face which he had seen in his dreams and which had made the faces of all the women of his tribe seem ugly. It must be a dream; but no, she breathed, and the drops of morning dew were on her hair; her eyes questioned him, challenged him; he had never been able to see the eyes of the dream woman, so he knew that he was not dreaming.

As he rose to his feet, the woman drew back, putting her fingers to her lips to signal silence. She pointed with her bleeding hands to the east and shook her clenched fists as if at some invisible enemy. She pointed to the marks of thongs of rawhide which had cut into her wrists and ankles and to her bruised feet. Then she knelt by Om's side and put his hand upon her head. At the touch of her hand Om trembled as a leaf trembles in the breeze, and then he stood straight as a young fir and raised his free hand towards the rising sun. He shook himself like a young buffalo rising from his lair. He seized his stone axe and waved it above his head; now his strength should be as the strength of ten.

But the woman still knelt. Om looked down on her, lifted

her gently to her feet, and made her sit on a cushion of moss. He brought her some of the hare's meat which they had saved, and watched her eat it hungrily. Then he brought water from a spring in his cupped hands and bathed her poor bruised feet, crooning over her like a mother over her first born. And the woman followed his every motion with her eyes as a dog follows those of his master. Not a word was spoken, but in the childhood of the race lip language was less needed than now.

Om did not need to be told. This was the woman whom the red men had carried as a captive. She had escaped. She was his. No man, red or white, should take her from him. He stood before her and pointing to himself said, "Om," and the woman repeated it after him in a voice which was as sweet as the love song of the wood thrush, and pointing to herself said, "Ulma." "Ulma," breathed Om in a voice so low that it did not waken Sut. For the moment Om forgot all but Ulma. She was the first to remember. She leaped to her feet and pointed to the mouth of the pass. Men—the red men—were already filing slowly out of the woods and approaching. In a flash Om was the fighting man, ready to give his life for his tribe. He roughly wakened Sut, told him who Ulma was, and pointed to the red men entering the pass. A single look at them was sufficient to drive all other thoughts away. Even in the dim light it was easy to see what kind of men they were. They were wolf men, cruel, relentless, hunting in packs and fearing nothing.

So intent were they that they did not notice the approach of Lack and the villagers till they were almost upon them. Every man who could carry a weapon and could make the journey was there. Ang was there, and even Wang, though he puffed and panted and had not breath left to speak.

Nothing was said, but Om was recognized as leader by common consent. Under his direction the villagers took their place at the narrowest part of the pass, piled great rocks along the edge of the cliff, and waited for the coming of the red men.

At last they came, all unconscious of the nearness of an enemy. They came slowly, for they had to carry burdens which before had been carried by their horses, and they were evidently in a very ugly mood. As they stumbled along, their leader lashed them with his tongue and sometimes with a rawhide whip which he carried. When they arrived at a spot where the sides of the pass came so near to each other that a man could almost leap across, Om gave the signal, and the villagers, with a terrible war cry, hurled the rocks down upon the red men. They ran forward, they ran back, they huddled together, but there was no escaping the terrible hail of stones. No thought of mercy entered the minds of the villagers. They were fighting for their homes, their women, and their children.

At last the shouting and groaning ceased. The crash of the hurtling stones was followed by no human cries. Nothing could be heard but the complaining of the brook and the hoarse cries of the vultures who were gathering from far and near in answer to the call of blood.

Forgetting the exhaustion of their long journey and the labors of the morning, the villagers clambered down the sides of the pass to where the dead bodies of their enemies lay, in order to strip them of their weapons; and Om and Ulma found themselves alone with Ang upon the top of the cliff. In some mysterious way Ulma had found time and the means to braid her hair and wash the blood stains from her face and hands. Om thought with pride that no woman whom he had ever known, except his mother, would have

done so. Taking Ulma's hand in his, he led her to his father: "The Great One has sent her to me. I slept, and when I awoke she had come with the light of the sun. She was captive to the red men, but she escaped when their horses ran into the deep woods. I will take her to my cave and she shall be to me what Oma has been to thee."

As Ang saw the young man, now taller than himself by half a head and more powerful than any man of his tribe, his breast swelled with pride. There was none like him among all the men of his race. And the face showed something finer than mere brute force. Thought had already begun to shape the features to finer mold, and love had softened and refined them. At last the Great Giver had sent a chief whom men could obey and love.

Then Ang turned to Ulma with jealous questioning in his eye. Who was she? Was she worthy to be the wife of the Son of Oma, the beloved of the All-Father? With critical care he studied her face, her form, her bearing, and his look softened. Of slighter build than Om, she was larger than the women of his race. Every line of her lithe body suggested power as well as a certain grace rarely seen among the women of the young world. She was fit to be the mother of chiefs. But Ang's eyes lingered longest on her face. As she looked at Om and then at him, her face shone with love and a prophecy of things to come which stirred the heart of the priest of the Fire Spirit. In her and in her children should be fulfilled the visions which he had seen so often in the secret cave at the heart of the fire.

At that moment the sun, which had been slowly climbing the eastern slope of the mountain, looked down upon them. A beam of light touched the heads of the young man and woman with gold and that of the old man with silver. Pointing with his right hand to the sun and raising

his left in attitude of benediction, Ang said, "Look, the Great One smiles upon you; you shall be the children of the Sun. Walk together in the light."

For a moment they stood in silence under the benediction of the light, the young man and woman thinking of each other, the old man of things to be. Then Ang spoke to Om in a tone which brought him back at once to the realities of the present: "Listen! The men below us are without a leader—they are like wolves, like vultures. Go, lest they forget that they are men and Odin forget them. Leave Ulma with me. I will take her to the cave of Oma and prepare the people for thy coming."

It was just at nightfall that the victors came into the village of Angwang. Ang had brought the news, and all were ready to receive them. A great fire had been lighted on the altar of the Fire Spirit. At the first shout of the coming men, the women and children filed out of the village to meet them, and lined the path on either side. In front of them marched Om and Sut. Om's eyes looked straight before him, forgetful of all but one. Sut beamed on all.

The men bore on their shoulders the plunder of the red men. There were weapons of strange shape and even stranger material. There were axes and spears of something that was harder than stone and had an edge finer than the sword grass. There were tunics made, not of skins, but of cunningly woven fibers. And, strangest of all, they led behind them a horse, which followed them as a child follows its mother. That night, as they sat about the fire, the strange weapons and garments were passed from hand to hand. Sut stood upon a rock in the full light of the fire and told the story of the discovery and destruction of the red men, and the story lost nothing in the telling. Om sat a little in the background with Ulma at his right and Oma

at his left, while Ang stood behind them, looking steadfastly at the fire with far-seeing, prophetic eyes.

After the tale had been told and retold and the curiosity of all satisfied, Wang pushed Sut from his rock platform and made the speech of his life, though he himself wished that he could have made it longer. But that was impossible, for after the first sentence no one listened to him and his voice was drowned in the shouting. In fact, he was even pushed off the platform by some girls who wanted to see all that happened. He would have resented it had he not been so fair. And this is what Wang expected to be the beginning but which turned out to be the whole speech. "Let Om, the son of Ang, be chief." Immediately men, women, and children shouted, "Let Om be chief." Wang started again, but only to be silenced by the shouts, "Let Om be chief."

And so Om became the first Chief of the Men of the North.

—From *Around the Fire*, by HANFORD M. BURR
Courtesy of Association Press

Make a list of the things Om did that showed he was worthy to be a chief.

TO MAKE A SAFE CAMP FIRE

Everyone has made or has wanted to make a camp fire, but few people other than experienced woodsmen and campers know just how to make a safe one. Read these directions and see if you can remember how to build the right kind of fire for your next hike.

There are almost as many ways to start a camp fire as there are campers.

Many prefer what is known as the "tepee" or "wigwam"

style, in which a pyramid is built with fine twigs on which are placed others that are progressively larger until they are full size. Others use on either side of a fireplace two green sticks as supports, and "lay" the fire as with andirons.

But whatever the method of starting, there is only one way that is safe, as far as prevention of forest fires is concerned. Such a safe fire is never built against a fallen log or near a tree. The ground is carefully cleared of inflammable duff and rubbish. Large, flat rocks placed at the sides will support coffeepots or cooking utensils; and if the back is built up with stones it will serve to reflect heat.

This fireplace puts such definite limits on the blaze that when the time comes for quitting the camp a little water and some shovelfuls of soil will effectually extinguish the blaze and prevent the spread of fire to the woods.

A fireplace of this type can be more elaborate and pretentious, of course, but its essential features of safety and convenience can not be much improved.

Such a fireplace is available for use from one camping party to another. Before being used, however, all the accumulated *débris* should be carefully cleared away.

Stones are in no way essential. In the Florida National Forest, for example, where the soil is a fine sand, one camper asserted that the largest stone he found was in a can of baked beans. In such a place a hole scraped in the sand, with the pine needles and *débris* raked away, makes an adequate and safe fireplace. Similar conditions elsewhere can be satisfactorily met by making a hollow in the earth; then when the fire is left it can be effectually extinguished by heaping upon it the earth removed from the excavation.

—P. S. RIDEDALE, in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*
Courtesy of D. Appleton and Company

THE LADY OF THE LAND

Here is another of the world's great stories, like "Atalanta's Race," page 46. Read it and try to tell it to some person, or some group.

A number of seamen from Italy once went sailing among the islands of Greece in order that they might trade with the people who lived upon them. Their voyage lasted a long time and proved a very prosperous one, but at last, having run short of water, they came to an island which was almost uninhabited except for a few poor fishers on the coast, and sailing into a land-locked bay, they set to work to fill their water casks.

Now, they had been long at sea, and the sight of land was a pleasant one to those mariners; so that, when their water casks were full, they strayed ashore in twos and threes to walk for a while among the woods. One of the sailors became separated from his companions, and, losing his way, struck ever farther and farther inland, until he came at last to a sheltered valley, overgrown with cypress-woods, in the midst of which stood a ruined castle.

It had been a fair place once, the home of some wealthy prince or noble, and even now, many signs were to be seen of its former grace and beauty. The gardens, all overgrown with wild shrubs and weeds, had once been arranged in terraces, while here and there were marble-paved pools, the water in them green and stagnant, the polished steps cracked and stained. An eerie silence hung over the valley. The seaman, half afraid of some dreadful thing, strained his ears for some sound that would give evidence of the nearness of man, but nothing rewarded him save the melancholy croaking of ravens overhead, the low murmur of the breeze, and, far away, the echo of a grey wolf's cry.

Shuddering despite himself, the seaman pushed on until he came to the ruined gateway of the castle. Its stones were mouldered and crumbling, yet above the door he could still see the sculptured device of the lord who had owned the place—a winged figure battling with a serpent.

Passing beneath the gateway, he entered a cloistered courtyard, upheld by graceful pillars sculptured with many an heroic tale of the golden age of Greece. Climbing weeds half hid the pillars, and some of the slender shafts were broken, it seemed, wilfully, as though before the inhabitants of the place had left they had for some reason wrought such destruction as was in their power.

Leaving the courtyard, he entered a chamber wherein was a winding stair, up which he climbed to a high turret commanding a wide view of the country around. Far away he could see the bay, with his ship riding at anchor, and having taken his bearings, and being reassured, he descended again to make a more thorough exploration of the ruins.

This time his steps led him to a crypt, built beneath the wide hall of the castle. At one end was a door, and, strange to say, this door, unlike everything else within the castle, showed no signs of decay. It was well hinged and closed shut, and the hasp of it was free from rust.

Moved both by curiosity and by the desire to find some treasure which he imagined might well be hidden in that place, the sailor, after some hesitation, reached out his hand to try the latch. It yielded easily, and he entered a large room lit by a strange dim light, as from some hidden fire. The floor was of marble, covered with soft carpets of Indian silk, and the walls were hung with drapery beautifully patterned in many colors, and as fresh as when it first left the loom. Nor was this the last of the wonders,

for ivory chairs of exquisite workmanship were set here and there, while in the corner of the room was a bed that seemed as though it might have been slept in only an hour or two before.

Now, the sailor felt a breath of wind fan his cheek—a soft, warm breeze, heavy with strange perfume that seemed almost to steal away his senses. Quite sure now that he was in the home of some enchanter, he began to tremble with fear, and turned to go away ere he could be overtaken by some magic spell. Yet even as he made the first step, his eyes lighted on another door, and curiosity again overcoming fear, he ran forward quickly, threw up the silver latch, and entered.

There, indeed, lay the treasure he had hoped to find! The floor of that room was covered with great heaps of gold. Under foot were coins and medallions of all shapes and sizes; golden chalices stood on golden tables; great vases, richly worked, were filled to the brim with flashing gems; the very roof was overlaid with plates of gold, while costly hangings of gold-embroidered silk draped the walls. Never, in his wildest dreams, had the sailor imagined such a treasure! Surely in that chamber were stored the spoils of an empire, the gatherings of one of those marauding Kings of old who had plundered the world! The seaman turned dizzy as he gazed, and he could not withdraw his eyes from the glittering heaps around him.

Suddenly a voice woke him from his stupor. It sounded as from an inner room, and, lifting his eyes, the sailor saw, at the farther end of the chamber, a wide archway, above which was figured the device he had seen on the castle gate. A prey to all kinds of hopes and fears, he hesitatingly passed through.

He found himself in a room paved with polished marble.

In the midst of it was a pool filled with clear water, and on the steps at the side stood a pair of jewelled shoes and a silken robe. No more than a glance the seaman gave to these things, for a more wonderful sight still claimed his attention. Beyond the pool, at the end of the hall, throned in an ivory chair, sat a woman.

She was young and very beautiful, but on her face was such a look of pain and misery that the sailor's heart was stirred with pity. Her eyes were closed, and so wrapped was she in her thoughts that she had not heard the intruder's step upon the floor. Then suddenly she bowed her head and spoke aloud.

"Alas!" moaned she, "another day gone by! Another day, and no soul comes! Another year, and yet I am not dead!"

At the last word she lifted her head, and with wide-open eyes gazed straight at the man before her. For a time they remained, gazing in silence at one another. Then, using the Greek speech the sailor knew so well, the maiden spoke again.

"What man are you?" she asked sternly. "And what has brought you to this house of sorrow? Is it greed of gold and envy of these treasures of mine? If so, beware, for, weak though I seem, I have many a spell to guard my own, and not lightly shall you win them away from me."

"Nay, lady," answered the mariner, "I am an honest man led here by chance, because I lost my way. My home is in Florence, and poor though I seem, my name is held noble in my native city. With certain companions I set forth on a voyage, not so much to gather treasure as to see strange lands, and, if chance favored me, to win by noble deeds an enduring fame. Treasures, indeed, have I seen in these halls—more treasures than I thought were in the

world—but the sight of your beauty has made me forget them all. You spoke truth, lady when you said you had a spell to guard your own. Already that spell is laid upon me, and its name is Love. Tell me how I can serve you, and even if the cost of such service be my life, I will give it willingly. Nay, I will count myself fortunate if by dying I can bring back the smile of happiness to your eyes, that were not made to weep.”

“These are brave words, sailor,” said the maiden. “God grant they be not idly uttered, for, indeed, I am sore in need of help. Listen while I tell you my sad story.

“Many years ago my father was lord of all this land. A wise man he was and blessed by the gods, and by their aid he was enabled to amass great wealth. Therefore, when I was born, he vowed me to the service of Diana, and gave me into the charge of the priests in her temple. There I abode until my twentieth year, and there I should have lived until my dying day had I not incurred the anger of the jealous goddess. A young man saw me and loved me, and, alas, I loved him in return. This was all my sin; yet because I had broken my vows Diana visited both me and mine with a terrible punishment. Within three years this fair land over which my father ruled was desolate, for he and all his people, some by pestilence and some from the arrows of invading enemies, were dead, and I was left in this castle alone.

“Would that I had died too! But a more fearful doom was reserved for me. Diana changed my fair woman’s form into that of a fierce and fork-tongued dragon, horrible to behold. Every night I range the island, or swim the seas with the strange monsters of the deep, but by day I lie drowsy within these halls, which were built by no mortal mason’s hand, guarding the dragon’s gold.

"Yet, since hope deferred can torture the soul more than any pain, the goddess Diana has allowed me one chance of escape. One day in every year, from sunrise to sunset, I am given my own form again, so that a mortal may see me and love me, and for the sake of that love may dare to do the thing that shall set me free. Oh, sailor, your eyes, I see, are full of tears with sorrow for my miseries. Are you brave enough for the task? Will your heart fail you at the test?

"Listen! This is what you must do to set me free. When this day comes to an end I shall once again take on the grisly dragon's form. You must not wait for that, but go away and return tomorrow. Then when you see me in the dragon's form, have no fear, but take my head within your hands and embrace it. In this way the spell will be broken, and I shall regain forever my woman's form. Now, go quickly, for the sun is getting low, and for this night at least I would have you think of me in my true shape. Take this jewel, and look at it when you are alone; it will serve to prove to you that all that has happened is real, and that you have not been befooled by a dream."

So saying, the maiden drew from her breast a gem, which she gave to the mariner, and he, casting many looks behind, went at her word, proud that the chance of such happiness had fallen to his lot, and never doubting his ability to pay the price.

The next morning he arose, and clothing himself in his bright armour, made his way once again to the wood in which lay the ruined castle. As he passed through the crumbling archway a terrible roar sounded in his ears, and trembling, he drew his sword and ran to the shelter of the cloisters.

Louder and louder the fearful roaring came, mingled



SMITING BLINDLY AT THE HORROR WITH HIS SWORD

with strident yells and hoarse moans. Then suddenly they ceased, and the man felt his blood turn to water in his veins, as a thing, bearing in its reeking jaws the body of a slain goat, came out of the shadows at the farther end of the courtyard. At sight of him the dragon paused, then, dropping the goat, it came creeping horribly toward him, while he stood transfixed to the spot with terror.

Nearer and nearer it came. He saw with horror the smoking hair upon its tongue, and at last, approaching within a yard of where he stood, it raised its head and showed the wrinkled skin upon its throat. At that he gave a wild cry of terror, and smiting blindly at the horror with his sword, shut his eyes and fled with a white and ghostly face. Half mad with fear, he dashed through the gateway and into the forest. Many a time he fell, bruising himself upon the stones and against the trunks of the trees; but he took no heed of his wounds, for only one thought was present in his mind, and that was to get back to the ship again. And the dragon, seeing him go, made no attempt to follow, but, crying horribly, so that her voice was heard far out to sea, caught up in her jaws a block of stone and ground it into powder.

As for the man, he reached the ship in safety, and for three days lay raving and crying for death. On the third day he became quieter, and a drowsiness fell upon him, so that his companions thought him saved; but that night he awoke only to die.

His body lies at Byzantium, within the churchyard of the Genoese, and two blossoming pomegranate trees are planted on his grave.

—From *Stories from the Earthly Paradise*
retold by C. S. EVANS

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD

As you read this selection, group the information that you find in it as subpoints under the main headings which follow:

- I. The Work of a Colonial Farmer.
- II. Indoor Life in a Colonial Home.
- III. Colonial Sports and Social Life.
- IV. Education in Colonial Days.
- V. The Religion of the Colonists.
- VI. Early Superstitions.

When you have grouped your material, choose the topic which interests you most, and prepare to tell about it, using your outline as a guide.

The first settlers in the English colonies in America came to a country in which fertile land could be had almost for the asking. The pioneer with very little money could quickly get a living for himself and his family. He began by clearing a patch of land for corn and a garden, and building a rude log home. If he had any neighbors they would help him build his home. At first he lived like the Indian, on the game which he shot in the forest and the fish which he caught in the sea or in a nearby river. Soon he began to gather the crops on his own land. In two or three years, when he had cleared more land and was raising a few hogs and cattle, his living was secure. If he had a large family, so much the better, for the children could help him with the work.

The greater part of the settlers in the English colonies had been farmers in their mother countries, and it was natural that they should bring with them to the New World the grains, fruits, vegetables, and domestic animals which they had raised in their old homes. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, peas, beans, cabbages, onions, and apples were the principal cultivated plants of Great Britain when English-

men began to settle in America. All these plants were brought to the New World by the early settlers. Maize or Indian corn, the potato, both white and sweet, the pumpkin, squash, and tobacco are native American plants which the pioneers soon learned to cultivate. Our common domestic animals, cattle, horses, swine, sheep, and poultry, all came to us from Europe. The turkey alone is a native of the western continent.

Our modern agricultural machinery had not yet been invented in colonial days. Plows, harrows, and carts were then the only farm implements drawn by horses or oxen. The crude and heavy plows had moldboards of wood. The colonists had rude spades, hoes, and wooden forks. Hay was cut with the scythe and grain with the sickle. The grain was usually threshed with a flail, though in the southern colonies it was sometimes trodden out on a hard threshing floor by the feet of oxen or horses. Both of these ways of threshing are older than history.

Nearly all the farms in New England and the middle colonies and many of those in the south were small. Each of these farms was worked by its owner with the help of his boys and of an occasional slave or servant. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, and buckwheat were the chief crops. In those parts of Maryland and Virginia where tobacco was extensively grown and in the rice swamps on the coast of Carolina the plantations were very much larger and were cultivated by the labor of indentured servants and negro slaves. Nearly everywhere wool, flax, and hemp were raised for home use.

In the early colonial days when almost every man was a farmer, every farmer was a jack of all trades. He hunted and fished, not simply as a sport, but also as a means of procuring a needed supply of food. He trapped the fur-

bearing animals because furs were in great demand and found a ready sale for money or for supplies. He was often a lumberman. During many a long winter evening, while the women spun or wove, the men and boys made staves and shingles before the great fireplace in the kitchen. The successful pioneer must be able to turn his hand to almost any kind of work.

The colonial home was a hive of industry. In it all the food of the family was prepared and nearly all of its clothing was made from homespun cloth. The settler was his own carpenter, blacksmith, and tanner, and sometimes his own shoemaker. Every housewife could spin and weave and could make such necessary articles as soap and candles.

Home life in colonial days centered about the great fireplace with its blazing logs. On the long winter evenings all the members of the family gathered before it for warmth and light. Tallow candles and, later, lamps in which whale oil was burned helped to light up the darkness. Stools, benches, tables, and other articles of furniture were very plain and were usually homemade. Sometimes there would be a few finer pieces brought from the old home in England. By and by those colonists who could afford them had china, glassware, silver, fine linen, and furniture from the Old World.

The home farm produced nearly everything that the colonists ate or wore. In the summer its cornfield furnished delicious roasting ears of green corn, and all the year porridge, puddings, and bread were made of corn meal from the ripened grain. Most of the early settlers could catch fish, and after the first years of hardship were over they raised their own pork and beef. As time passed, an orchard like that of the old home in England provided apples and plenty of cider which was a common drink in colonial

times. Sometimes wild honey was found and in many parts of the country toothsome maple sugar was made. The clothing of most of the people came from wool, flax, and leather grown on their own land and manufactured in their own homes.

The daily life of the colonist was one of hard work, and he had few of the opportunities for sport and amusement which we now enjoy. Still, his life was not an unceasing round of toil. The deer, wild turkeys, and other game in the forests furnished some of the finest hunting in the world. Sometimes shooting matches were held, and it was thought a great honor to be the best marksman in the neighborhood. In some of the colonies horse racing, cock-fighting, and other old English sports and games were not uncommon, but these amusements were frowned upon by the Puritans of New England.

Our colonial ancestors were far more neighborly and hospitable than we are today. In time of sickness they cheerfully did for each other the work which is now done by professional nurses. People who lived near together helped each other in clearing land, in harvesting and corn husking, and at quiltings and barn raisings. These gatherings of neighbors to work together were called "bees," and were social events which were enjoyed to the full, especially by the young people. In the South travelers were freely entertained at the homes of the great planters. The weddings were joyous occasions at which there was a great deal of gaiety and rough sport, and even the funerals were occasions for much feasting.

The early American settler seldom traveled far from home. The roads were few and very bad, the inns were poor, there were few bridges over the rivers, and a long journey was a serious and often a dangerous adventure.

When a man was obliged to travel a considerable distance from home, he went on horseback or by boat on the rivers and along the seacoast. It was a long time after the colonies were founded before stagecoaches ran between even the large towns. In the home neighborhood people walked to church or rode on horseback or in a two-wheeled chaise.

The Puritans of New England led in the work of opening public schools in America. One of the early laws of Massachusetts ordered that every township, as soon as it had fifty householders, "shall appoint one within their town to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read." The same law provided that when a town contained one hundred families it must set up a grammar school with a master "able to instruct youths so far as they may be fitted for the university." The other New England colonies followed the example of Massachusetts in establishing public schools.

Outside of New England there were no free public schools in the colonies. There were a few excellent private schools in some of the larger towns like New York and Philadelphia, and in many places the English and Scotch ministers taught the children of their congregations. Some of the wealthy planters in the South employed tutors to teach their boys and girls in their own homes. But the greater part of the children in the middle and southern colonies had very little opportunity to go to school.

The early colonists were a very religious people. Many of them had come to America because they were not free to worship God in their own way at home. They found it no easier in America to agree among themselves about religion. Their differences of opinion in this matter led to the introduction into the colonies of many sects or

religious denominations. The Puritans of New England were Congregationalists. There were Catholics in Maryland, Baptists in Rhode Island and North Carolina, and many Quakers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The Scotch and Scotch-Irish were Presbyterians and there were many differing sects among the German settlers in Pennsylvania.

Most of the colonists in Virginia and many of them in some of the other colonies belonged to the Church of England, and sooner or later that church was established by law in all the colonies south of New England except Pennsylvania and Delaware. In most of the colonies the people did not want the members of other sects to live among them. The Episcopalians in Virginia drove Puritans and Baptists away from the colony. The Puritans in Massachusetts shamefully persecuted the Quakers. Maryland, Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania however, were leaders in religious toleration, and in time the people of the other colonies learned that it was best not to quarrel over differences in religion. The presence of so many different religious sects in the colonies helped to bring about this result. Going to church in colonial times was a very different matter from what it is with us. In the South, where the plantations were widely scattered, the churches were often a long distance apart and some of the people had to travel many miles to reach them. Bad weather and poor roads frequently made it almost impossible to go. In New England where there was a meetinghouse in every town, the Puritans expected everyone to be present at the services and punished any who did not come. The Puritan church service would seem very tedious to us. The prayer was an hour long, and frequently the sermon lasted for twice that time. There was no way of heating the meetinghouse

in winter, and attendance during that season must have been a real hardship. In the early colonial days the women sometimes carried heated stones in their muffs to keep their hands from freezing in church, and later they used little charcoal foot stoves.

The colonists brought from the Old World many strange ideas and notions, which we now call superstitions. They thought, for example, that the right time to sow seed and to harvest crops was determined by the phases of the moon. Any unusual sight in the heavens like a comet was a sign of ill luck. They believed in ghosts and were sure that certain houses were haunted by them. One of the strangest of these superstitions was the belief in witchcraft. A witch was a person, usually an old woman, who was believed to be possessed by an evil spirit. The people thought that witches could fly through the air and that they had the power to bring all sorts of evil upon their enemies. When the butter was slow in coming in the churn, it was because someone had bewitched the cream. The belief in witchcraft had long been common in Europe and great numbers of people had been put to death there as witches. In 1692 there was a panic about witches in Salem, Massachusetts, and before it passed, twenty innocent people were executed. As people have learned more about nature, these old superstitions have gradually disappeared, though it is still possible to find folks who believe in lucky signs or unlucky days and who think that potatoes ought to be planted in the right phase of the moon.

The habits and morals as well as the knowledge and the ideas of the early settlers in America were those which then prevailed in the mother countries from which they came. They were ignorant of much that we know, and many of the things which they did would seem very coarse

or brutal to us. But they were a fearless, hard-working, and resolute race of men and women, and they built broad and deep the foundation for the civilization which has since developed in our country. We have good reason to be proud of our colonial ancestors.

—From *Our Beginnings*, by SMITH BURNHAM
Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company

A FITTING MEMORIAL

Below appears a newspaper item just as it was printed in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. Read it rapidly, and find out

1. Of what is Ypres to be a memorial?
2. What and where is Ypres?
3. Why is it thought best to leave it in ruins? You should be able to find four reasons.

YPRES AS MEMORIAL APPROVED BY BRITISH

Press and Public Say Ruins Will Show Civilization Indestructible

LONDON, Jan. 29.—The decision of the Belgian Government to maintain Ypres, the scene of several battles between the British and the Germans, in its present condition as a permanent memorial is indorsed heartily by British press and public opinion.

"Ypres will be a memorial," says the *Westminster Gazette*, "in which future generations may learn the

horrors of war. There is nothing more impressive than the sight of the stricken city, with the skeletons of its once wonderful buildings rising gaunt into the sky. In a sense there are few things more beautiful. To patch it up would be impossible. Everyone, therefore, will welcome the decision that the remains of the old city shall be left intact instead of being cleared away.

"The east abounds in the ruins of the last vestiges of once glorious civilizations which have been overthrown. Ypres will stand for centuries as a reminder that civilization itself cannot be overthrown and as a monument to a generation sacrificed in its defense."

A GERMAN KING ON AN ENGLISH THRONE

Americans are accustomed too often to think that the George III from under whose oppressive rule the American colonies revolted was really an English king, and that what he tried to do to his subjects across the Atlantic was what all English people wanted to do. The fact is, however, that he was a German, who had the same absurd ideas of the divine right of kings that the former Kaiser had. So it is interesting to read what a great English writer has to say about this German king, George III, whose grandfather had been imported into England for lack of a better heir to the throne.

George III and his Queen lived in a very unpretending but elegant-looking house. The King's mother lived at Carlton House, which had a perfect paradise of a garden, with trim lawns, green arcades, and marble statues. The King's mother was a shrewd, hard, domineering, narrow-minded woman, who educated her children according to her lights, and spoke of the eldest as a dull, good boy. She kept him very close; she held the tightest rein over him. George lamented in his after-life that his education had been neglected. He was a dull lad, and the cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect.

There is little doubt that a letter, written by the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, a letter containing the most feeble commonplaces about the horrors of war, and the blessings of peace, struck the young monarch greatly, and decided him to select the young Princess as the sharer of his throne. They say the little Princess was at play one day with some of her young companions in the gardens at her home, and that the young ladies' conversation was, strange to say, about husbands. "Who will

take such a poor little princess as me?" Charlotte was just saying, when the postman's horn sounded and the letter came from the splendid young King of all England, who said, "Princess! because you have written such a beautiful letter, come and be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and the true wife of your most obedient servant, George!" So she jumped for joy; and went upstairs and packed all her little trunks; and set off straightway for her kingdom in a beautiful yacht, and around her a beautiful fleet, all covered with flags and streamers.

So they met, and were married, and for years they led the happiest, simplest lives ever led by a married couple. They had the simplest pleasures; little country dances, to which a dozen couples were invited, and where the honest King would dance for three hours to one tune. The next night the Queen would play on the spinet, or the King would read to her out of the paper or a book of sermons.

But as long as his mother lived, a dozen years after his marriage, George was a great, shy, awkward boy, under the control of that hard parent. She must have been a clever, cruel woman. She kept her household lonely and in gloom. Seeing one of her younger sons silent and unhappy once, she sharply asked him the cause. "I am thinking," said the poor child.

"Thinking, sir! and of what?"

"I am thinking if ever I have a son I will not make him so unhappy as you make me."

Dutifully every evening George and Charlotte paid their visit to the King's mother. "George, be a king!" were the words which she was forever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, narrow-minded man tried to be.

He did his best; what virtue he knew, he tried to prac-

tice; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire. He learned geography with no small care and industry. He knew all about the family histories of his gentry. He knew what kind of facings, the exact number of buttons, and the cut of all the cocked hats, pigtails, and gaiters that ought to be worn by each officer in the army. He knew court etiquette to a nicety. These parts of the royal business he was capable of learning, and he learned. But, as one thinks of any single being pretending to control the thoughts, to direct the faith, to order the obedience of brother millions, to compel them into war at his quarrel, to command, "In this way you shall think, in this way you shall trade, these neighbors shall be your allies and those others your enemies"—who can wonder that when such a man as George took such an office on himself, punishment and humiliation should fall upon people and chief?

It was he who made the war with America; it was he who refused justice to the Roman Catholics. He bribed, he bullied, he deceived on occasion; he used a slippery perseverance which one almost admires. His courage was never to be beaten. It trampled Lord North under foot; it beat the stiff neck of the younger Pitt; even his illness never conquered his brave spirit. So even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them. "I wish nothing but good to my people, therefore every man who does not agree with me is a traitor and a scoundrel," was the way he reasoned. He was the father of his people; his rebellious children in the colonies must be flogged into obedience.

Very different from this stubborn king was the George whose household was a model for an English gentleman's home. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable;

it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which makes me shudder. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours, and poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about. He used to give a guinea sometimes; sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions: about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid. On one occasion he played King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat on a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a piece of paper with some money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George.

King George's daughters were beautiful, kind, loving, and ladylike; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments. One was an artist; one played the piano; they all worked most prodigiously with their busy little needles.

The King rose every morning at six, and had two hours to himself. Shortly before eight, the Queen and the royal family were always ready for him, and they proceeded to the chapel. It was scarcely alight; the princesses grumbled and caught cold; but cold or hot, it was their duty to go.

Of all the figures in the large family group which surrounds George and his Queen, the prettiest is the father's darling, the Princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and the extreme tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favorite amongst all the children. Of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best. When the King, grown an old man, was staying at Weymouth, he was eager to have this darling son with him. The King's house was not big enough to hold the Prince; and his father had a portable house erected close

to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit; talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time before. The Prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. The dullness of the old King's court stifled him, and he could not stand it.

The pretty Amelia, who was his darling, died many years before her father. Ere she was dead the poor King was in such a state that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him, and ten years before his death George III ceased to reign. History presents no sadder picture than that of the old man, blind and mad, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him.

The story is too terrible for tears. "Oh brothers!" I said, to those who heard me first in America—"Oh brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—Oh comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle. Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave!"

—From *The Four Georges*,
by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

DIRECTIONS

Thackeray seems to have felt pity rather than blame for George III, whose reign had such bad results for his country. Make a list of the reasons you see for feeling sorry for him.

Show how the same wrong ideas of government that he had were overcome by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans in the Great War.

PROVERBS

Every country has its own proverbs and sayings of its wisest men. The proverbs of several countries may sound quite different, but very often teach the same lesson. The proverbs below are arranged in two columns. The first column is numbered from 1 to 10. The proverbs of the second column are not numbered, but for every one in the first column there is one in the second that is very similar in meaning.

Look at the first one in the second group. It teaches the same lesson as number 3 in the first group. Therefore write it after figure 3 on your paper.

3. Birds of a feather flock together.

Now look at the last one in the second column. It corresponds in meaning to number 5 in the first column. Write it after figure 5 on your paper.

5. A tiny leak will sink a great ship.

In this manner finish the exercise by writing the remaining proverbs of the second column after the number of the corresponding proverb of the first column.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Better late than never. | Birds of a feather flock together. |
| 2. A penny saved is a penny earned. | You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. |
| 3. A man is known by the company he keeps. | Many an honest heart beats beneath a tattered coat. |
| 4. Figs do not grow on thistles. | It is never too late to mend. |
| 5. A few sparks may start a great fire. | The nightingale can sing his own song best. |
| 6. There is safety in numbers. | Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves. |

- | | |
|--|--|
| 7. The sweetest grapes hang highest. | Look before you leap. |
| 8. Fine feathers do not make fine birds. | What is worth having is worth working for. |
| 9. Let the cobbler stick to his last. | Two heads are better than one. |
| 10. The time to avoid the thorns is before you get into the thicket. | A tiny leak will sink a great ship. |

HOW TO MAKE A BAROMETER

Can you master the substance of this paragraph in one minute?

It is very easy to secure the four articles necessary to the making of a simple barometer. You must have a worn-out electric bulb, a basin half full of water, a quarter of a bottle of red ink, and a pair of sharp old scissors. Pour the ink into the water, dyeing it pink. Next, put the bulb into the pink liquid, holding it with the metal part out of the water, and with the glass point downward, about an inch away from the bottom of the basin. With the other hand submerge the scissors, and, under water, snip off the tip of the bulb, about one-eighth of an inch up. The water will rush in through the tiny opening until it fills the bulb as far up as the level of the water in the basin. Now take the bulb out of the water, tie a piece of stout string around the metal top, and hang it up, out-of-doors in the air. Now it is ready to be a barometer. You may think the water will run right out through the opening, but the space is too tiny for that. On some days not a single drop of water will appear hanging from the tip of the bulb. That means that it will not rain for twenty-four hours. But if a drop does appear, there is sure to be rain within that length of time.

MAKING A LIVING

Read this selection carefully so that you can make a good outline for it similar to the model given on page 185.

Out in Montana a farmer is planting wheat. The ground has been plowed by a large tractor made in a factory in South Bend, Indiana. The wheat seed the farmer uses is the kind recommended by the Montana Agricultural College. In due season the wheat ripens. Some of the men who help to harvest it come from the East, through state, national, or private employment bureaus. The making of the reaper that harvests the wheat, the thresher that separates the wheat from the straw and the chaff, and the wagon in which the wheat is hauled have all given work to the wage earner in factories in various cities. The manufacturer had paid the wages of these earners knowing that he would get his money back when the farmer paid for these implements. With the money received from the sale of his wheat the farmer buys what he needs but cannot produce, builds his barn and repairs his machinery.

This wheat is loaded from the country grain elevator, owned by a large city company, into a car owned by the railway company. The railway company hauls this wheat to its destination for a certain sum of money. This freight charge pays in part the wages of the engineer and the fireman and the conductor, and in part it pays dividends upon the money used in building and equipping the railroad.

The wheat is sent, let us say, to Minneapolis, where it is bought for a milling company by one of the many commission merchants in that city who make their living by buying and selling grain. The commission, or money received for these services, pays its share of the wages of the clerks and the stenographers in this great wheat market.

The wheat now goes to a mill, perhaps located in Kansas City, Missouri, where it is ground into flour and put into sacks or barrels. The miller takes his toll in money for himself and his helpers, for the cost of running the machinery, and for the coal needed for power. The flour is sold on commission to a large wholesale grocery firm—one of the many that make their living by knowing just where to buy and sell to the best advantage.

One sack of this flour gets on the shelves of a retailer, and your mother buys it and uses part of it to make a loaf of bread. Or a baker buys the flour and bakes the bread, and your mother pays him ten cents for the loaf. The Montana farmer probably received about three of these ten cents. Seven out of the ten cents that your mother paid for the loaf of bread went to pay interest and dividends and rent, and the profits and wages of those who handled the wheat and milled the flour and baked the bread.

Over in China there are many people who are making their living by working on the large tea plantations. They plant, pick, and cure the tea. Someone buys this tea in large quantities. He then employs numbers of Chinese laborers to put this tea aboard a huge ship bound for New York City. Here the shipload of tea is sold to a large tea firm, which puts it up into small neat-looking packages marked with the name of the dealer.

Your grocer buys a few of these packages; your mother buys one of them from the grocer. She uses a spoonful of it to make you some tea. In the price she pays for the tea is your share of the wages of those who worked on the plantations in China; your share of the profits of the plantation owner; your share of the wages of those who loaded and sailed the ship; your share of the dividends to the railway and steamship companies; your share of the profits to the

middlemen and to the retailer. The spoonful of dry tea really represents the work and the services of many people.

This interdependence of families is shown in every line of work. Men and women no longer do everything for themselves; instead, each one is specially trained for one kind of work or trade, and by using that training to help others who lack the knowledge of that particular trade, they "earn their living." For instance, a man may be a farmer or a carpenter or a street-car conductor or a policeman. He does his own special work daily, and nothing else. In return for this he receives "wages" or "pay" or "salary," whatever he calls it. With this "pay" he buys the products of others trained in other lines of work. Here is a policeman. From the wages he receives from the city he hires a carpenter to build his house. He buys the vegetables the farmer raises directly from the farmer or through another agent, the grocer, as the case may be.

All boys and girls know these facts, but very few ever think that the money they spend for clothing, for school-books, or for food helps the parents of other boys and girls to live, to clothe and shelter their children, to send them to school, and to give them money. Each family today is dependent on its neighbors for its living. Robinson Crusoe would be out of place in a modern city, just as a modern man or woman would be misplaced on Crusoe's island. Modern factories and means of transportation have made each family a mere unit of a great community group, dependent on every other unit of that group for the food, the shelter, and the clothing it needs, and for its pleasures as well.

—From *Our Community Life*, by KING and BARNARD

Courtesy of The John C. Winston Company

Make your outline and be prepared to stand before the class and give the substance of this selection in a three-minute talk.

THE DEADLY FEUD

You should all begin reading at the same moment.

At the end of two minutes your teacher will ask you to close your books and answer the questions given at the end of the selection.

According to the law of Scotland in the early centuries, the judges named by the King and acting under his authority had a right indeed to seize and to punish offenders against the public peace, when they could get hold of them. But then it was very difficult to seize upon the persons accused of acts of violence when the powerful lords in whose territory they lived were disposed to assist them in concealing themselves, or in making their escape. And even when the king's courts were able to seize such culprits, there was a law which permitted the lord on whose territory the crime had been committed to demand that the accused persons should be delivered up to him to be tried in his own court. A nobleman or baron making such a demand was, indeed, obliged to give security that he would execute justice on the persons within a certain reasonable time. But such was the weakness of the royal government, and such the great power of the nobility and of the barons of high rank, that if they once got the person accused into their own hand, they might easily contrive either to let him escape or to have him acquitted after a mock trial. Thus, it was always difficult, and often impossible, to put in execution the good laws which were made in the Scottish Parliament, on account of the great power possessed by the nobles, who, in order to preserve and extend their own authority, threw all manner of interruption in the way of public justice.

Each of these nobles, within the country which was sub-

ject to him, more resembled a king himself than a subject of the monarch of Scotland; and in one or two instances some of them became so powerful as to threaten to dispossess the kings of their throne and dominions. The very smallest of them often made war on each other without the king's consent and thus there was a universal scene of disorder and bloodshed through the whole country. These disorders seemed to be rendered perpetual by a custom which was called by the name of *deadly feud*. When two men of different families quarreled, and the one injured or slew the other, the relatives of the deceased or wronged person, knowing that the laws could afford them no redress, set about obtaining revenge by putting to death some relation of the individual who had done the injury, without regarding how innocent the subject of their vengeance might have been of the original cause of offence. Then the others, in their turn, endeavored to execute a similar revenge upon some of the family who had first received the injury; and thus the quarrel was carried on from father to son, and often lasted betwixt families that were neighbors and ought to have been good friends, for several generations, during which time they were said to be "at deadly feud" with each other.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

QUESTIONS

1. What was a "deadly feud" in the old days in Scotland?
2. What kept the judges from executing the laws in early Scotland?
3. Of what advantage is it to you that we have a government strong enough to prevent such things as a "deadly feud"?
4. Have you ever heard of such feuds as this existing in places in our own country? Where?

HOW RADIO COMES TO US

Nearly everyone is interested in radio. It is wonderful to think that you can listen to a speaker, a singer, or an orchestra and hear so perfectly what is being produced a hundred or a thousand miles away.

This selection gives a good idea how this wonderful effect is produced.

“Father,” said Johnny Pell, “how does radio work?”

The Pell family, consisting of Father and Mother Pell and Johnny, were listening to a concert played by a famous band in Washington, D. C., nearly a thousand miles from their home in New Orleans.

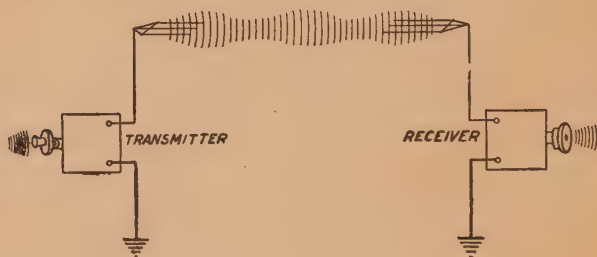


Johnny's father seldom failed to know the answer to his questions. This one, however, took some thought to find ways to explain a subject which seems at first glance rather technical.

In a few minutes he said: “Johnny, you have probably noticed that when you throw a stone into a pond little waves are set in motion which move in ever widening circles to the edge of the pond. If you tie a rope to a post, hold it loosely and shake it rapidly up and down, waves will travel the length of the rope. These are visible waves. There are many other kinds of waves or vibrations. If you strike a bell, vibrations are started which travel in all directions and which you can hear. These are sound waves. Light travels by means of vibrations and so does heat.

“Radio comes to us by means of electrical waves. At

the broadcasting station powerful electrical apparatus, connected to a number of wires hung high in the air called a transmitting aerial, is used to send out in the air a continuous series of electrical vibrations. These vibrations are controlled or moulded by the sound of the speaker's voice or of the music, through the microphone. This is an instrument very like the telephone.



“When the waves from the broadcasting station strike a receiving aerial, vibrations are set up in the wire exactly like the vibrations in the aerial of the broadcasting station, and these vibrations are changed by the receiving set back into sound and we hear the music just as it is played.”

Johnny had been listening closely to every word and for a few moments he sat quietly in deep thought. Then he asked, “How many broadcasting stations are there in the United States?”

“There are several hundred,” replied his father.

“Then how is it that with most of them broadcasting every night we hear only the one we set the dials on the receiving set for?”

“That is a harder question to answer,” his father said. “To make that clear we shall have to learn a little more about electrical vibrations, or electromagnetic waves, as

they are properly called. You remember when I spoke of the waves in the pond. The distance from the top of one wave to the top of the next is called the *wave length*. We know that electromagnetic waves travel through the air at the speed of one hundred eighty-six thousand miles or three hundred million meters a second. Radio waves are always measured in meters. Now, if we know the speed and the wave length it is not hard to divide the speed by the wave length and find how many waves will strike a given spot in a second of time. This is called the frequency. Musicians know that if two pianos are placed side by side and tuned alike, the striking of a note on one piano will cause the corresponding string in the other piano to vibrate and give out the same note. So it is with radio. The transmitting apparatus at the broadcasting station is tuned to a certain frequency and when the receiving set is tuned to the same frequency by adjusting the dials, that broadcasting station and no other will be heard. Broadcasting stations are assigned a certain frequency by the government and this is published in the newspapers, so that if we know how to set the dials on our set for this frequency, we can be sure that we will hear this station if it is operating."

"Well," said Johnny, "that doesn't seem so very complicated after all."

—LOGAN HOWARD-SMITH

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what is meant by the following words: *vibrations*, *broadcasting station*, *microphone*, *aërial*, *transmitting apparatus*, *wave length*, *frequency*, *complicated*.

2. Perhaps some of the pupils can stand before the class and tell how they have made radio sets.

A LETTER FROM A TAXPAYER

Here is a letter from a man who is not only a good citizen but a very unusual one as well. He pays his taxes as all good citizens do, but he also investigates to find out just how his money has been spent. The letter appeared in a paper called *Our Public Schools*, published in Oakland, Calif.

I am a taxpayer. Feeling stress of tax payments, it occurred to me that I would like to know where the tax money goes, so I proceeded to figure. My home is a comfortable one, perhaps a little better than the average. The real estate is assessed at \$850.00, the improvements at \$750.00, and my personal property at \$450.00. My total city taxes for the year are \$33.23, at a rate of \$1.84. My annual city taxes are apportioned approximately as follows:

Police Department.....	\$4.21
Fire Department.....	4.95
Street Lighting.....	1.81
Health Department.....	.90
Streets.....	4.54
Harbor.....	2.15
City Hall and Auditorium upkeep.....	.95
Public Parks.....	1.50
Playgrounds.....	.82
Public Library.....	1.22
*Bonds for City Hall, Parks, Waterfront, Auditorium, and City Schools.....	2.13
†City Officials' Salaries and Expenses.....	2.97
Miscellaneous.....	5.08
Total.....	\$33.23

* The expense for these bonds would be about three times that total except that other revenues of the City are applied on bond redemption.

† This includes woodyard, pound, garbage collections, pensions, insurance, charities, service bonds, etc.

This tabulation set me to thinking. It is worth more than \$5.00 a year for me to have a fire house located not far from my home. It is worth a good deal more than \$4.54 a year to have good streets, or \$1.50 a year to have our beautiful parks, and \$1.22 a year to have our public library and branches. I pay as much for my daily morning paper as I do for police and fire protection. My monthly bill for house lights is double my yearly bill for street lighting. I pay less than a dollar a year for the health department, that has just carried Oakland through an epidemic.

My annual county tax bill, amounting to \$44.75, is apportioned approximately as follows:

Salaries of regular County Officials.....	\$2.84
Expenses of County Officers.....	3.36
*Charities and Corrections.....	6.19
Bridge Bonds.....	.51
Miscellaneous.....	3.28
County High Schools.....	3.85
County Elementary Schools.....	5.47
Oakland High Schools.....	5.47
Oakland Elementary Schools.....	6.08
Oakland Kindergartens.....	1.22
School Buildings.....	3.04
School Building Bonds.....	3.44
Total.....	\$44.75

I do not know whether all the offices which we now have are needed, or whether some matters could be done more economically, but we need the Courts of Justice and their officials. The title to my property is recorded and pro-

* This includes \$3.80 for permanent buildings for hospitals.

tected by county officials. For this, and many other things, I pay \$6.20 per year. There is a large item for charities and corrections, amounting to \$6.19 a year. For this amount the county is taking charge of hundreds of unfortunates, for any one of whom a person more heartless than I would subscribe an amount as large as the total contributed to the county.

The schools are a big item—taken altogether, the largest item on the tax list. I pay \$9.20 a year for high schools in Alameda County and Oakland, \$11.40 for elementary schools, \$1.20 for kindergartens, and \$6.40 for school buildings. Therefore, my total taxes for schools are \$28.20. I understand, however, that good high school education costs \$100.00 or more per pupil per year. Private schools charge more. I understand that elementary education costs \$50.00 per year per pupil.

I have a child in high school whom I desire to have educated, and whom the community desires to have trained for American citizenship. *The community spends more on his education than the total of my county taxes and city taxes.* The cost of two children in elementary school is greater than my total annual taxes. Hence, I am unable to locate any item on which I feel sure that I am expending too much. All I can ask is that we get full service out of every dollar.

AN OAKLAND TAXPAYER

Your father, too, is a taxpayer. Perhaps he might be interested in this letter. Ask him how the figures compare with your city and county.

QUESTIONS

1. Can you as a member of a baseball team have the use of supplies you could not afford to buy?

2. Give other illustrations of the advantage of doing things together.
3. Look up the word *coöperation* in the dictionary.
4. Give illustrations of the advantage of coöperation.
5. There are five institutions in which society is organized; they are the home, the school, the church, government, and industry. Show how each one requires coöperation.
6. Which of these five institutions collected the taxes described in this selection?

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Divide your paper into four parts as shown below, with division lines extending from the first to the tenth line. At the top of each column, write the headings shown below:

ARTIST

FIREMAN

DRUGGIST

RAILROAD
ENGINEER

Below is a list of words to be rearranged under these four heads. Place in the first column all the words that seem to suggest ARTIST, in the second all that seem to suggest FIREMAN, and so on. When you have finished, sign your name at the bottom of the paper and wait quietly for the others.

telegraph	tooth paste	portrait	air brakes
paint	freight	quinine	alarm
axe	hose	prescription	brush
bandages	ladder	helmet	throttle
life net	gauze	semaphore	perfumes
model	boots	tunnel	nozzle
canvas	palette	studio	easel
express	switch	medicine	cash register

THE WALRUS

This selection is a good speed test. Read until your teacher tells you to stop, and then be prepared to stand before the class and give the substance of the selection without questions or suggestions.

From very early time the ivory tusks of the walrus have been an article of trade with Europe, and nearly a thousand years ago men were trying to describe this animal which they had never seen.

The walrus is a relative of the seals. Like them it has developed the fore and rear legs into flippers for swimming, while retaining the toenails on each digit. The body is largest at the shoulders and tapers off gradually to the tailless extremity, the form being perfectly adapted to rapid motion through water. In the walrus the upper canine teeth grow downward to a great length and serve as tools for digging out of the mud the clams and other shellfish on which the animal lives. We found walrus in water twenty to thirty fathoms deep, undoubtedly just over the areas where suitable food was most abundant. Evidently the beast dives to this great depth and, while standing head downward in the water, grubs up the *bivalves* from the bottom, feeling them with the stiff bristles of its upper lip and sucking them into his mouth. The great molars crush and *eliminate* as much of the shells as possible and the animal swallows the rest.

To get a sufficient meal the walrus must be able to stay under water for a considerable time. We watched them for at least a half hour, sleeping on the surface, as is their habit, the lungs inflated, head under, only the round of the back showing above the ripples. That they make air holes through thin ice is attested by one writer, who watched

a walrus lying on its back under the surface enlarging a small hole which it had drilled with its tusks.

The young are born in the spring. One or two, and sometimes three, young are born, apparently every three years, tenderly nursed by their mothers, and savagely defended against all comers. An eyewitness says that he once saw a polar bear stalk a young walrus and imprudently spring within reach of the maternal guardian. One drop of her mighty head buried the long tusks in his body and a few more blows ended the combat before his teeth or claws could seriously damage her thick hide. Evidence from various sources seems to show that the adult walrus has no fear of bears and is generally respected by them.

Curiosity is a striking characteristic of the walrus. A boat or any unusual object will draw a herd of astonished monsters around it and sometimes cause great danger to hunters. Our hunter had had a *kayak* ripped open by a female walrus two years before, and had to swim for his life to a nearby cake of ice.

The famous explorer Nansen describes vividly an experience with a walrus:

"Suddenly the walrus shot up beside me, threw itself onto the edge of the kayak, took hold farther over the deck with one foreflipper, and as I tried to upset it, he struck at the kayak with his tusks. I held on as tightly as possible, so as not to be upset into the water, and struck at the animal's head with the paddle as hard as I could. It took hold of the kayak once more and tilted me up so that the deck was almost under water; then let go and raised itself right up. I seized my gun, but at the same moment it turned round and disappeared as quickly as it had come." It had, however, ripped a large hole in his canoe.

—E. MARSHALL SCULL

THE LURE OF FAR-OFF LANDS

Do you love the idea of adventure, of being a hero in some great undertaking for your country? If you are a boy, haven't you wished, as you read stories of the Great War, that you might have been in it? And if you are a girl, haven't you sometimes wished you were a boy, so that you might have adventures? Such love of adventure does not belong only to boyhood; for in that respect, no matter how old you may grow, you will always be a boy at heart as you thrill to the story of adventure. One of the greatest chapters of adventure in the book of the history of the world is that which tells of the "mariners of England" who made her sea power and in making it laid the foundations of our own America.

The scene is the wharf at the water's edge in an English seaport, where a crowd of eager men, women, and children have gathered to see a ship come in. The time is the middle of the sixteenth century. The ship would look very small to us today, with its high decks and little cabin and widely-spread sails; but it has been on a longer voyage than many of our big steamships make nowadays, for it has sailed all the way south to the southernmost tip of Africa, and around it, and northeastward through the Indian Ocean, and on to China and Japan and the Spice Islands, as the East Indies were called in those days. And after it has touched at several ports it has sailed all the way back again. No wonder the people are rejoicing at its home-coming, and eager to see the precious goods it has brought; no wonder all its banners are afloat in the keen October air.

As the cargo is unloaded, let us join the crowd and see what wares this brave trading vessel has brought from the Far East. Here are bags of spices, cinnamon and cloves, pepper and ginger. These will bring a great price in the market; only very rich people can afford to buy them.

Most of the folk of England eat their food without any other seasoning than salt, because these precious spices come from so far away that it takes a long voyage and many months and great risks to procure them. Here too, are packages of camphor for use in medicine, of other useful drugs, and of indigo for use in dyeing. And in these other bags we find sugar, a very scarce and valuable article, which hardly anyone in England except the very rich has ever tasted. What do they use for sweetening? Honey, usually. Sugar, which must be brought from Asia, is so highly thought of that some wealthy people give one another such a Christmas gift as a lump of sugar. By that is meant, not a nice, square, white block such as we use in our coffee, but a rough looking lump of substance something like our brown sugar, perhaps a pound in weight.

Now the sailors are bringing out of the hold bales of silk and cotton goods, which are woven very much better in the countries where silkworms and cotton plants grow than they can be woven in Europe. And that case which they are handling so carefully is probably full of thin, fine porcelain cups and saucers and plates, named china for the land from which they came. The captain of the ship would not dare to tell us what is in the little bag that he grips so tightly in his hand, but it probably contains rubies and sapphires and pearls, which can be obtained only from Persia and India.

It is no wonder, is it, that such trading vessels were willing in those old days to take such long and risky voyages, since these luxuries could not be found anywhere except in Asia? And it is no wonder, either, that all sorts of stories of the wonders to be found in the Far East had taken hold of people's imagination, so that many and many a lad grew up wanting to go to sea, not only to make his fortune,

but also to find out something new and strange. Lads who were still at school pored over the book which told of Marco Polo, the boy who went at seventeen to Asia, and spent many years there in the service of the Emperor of Cathay, as China was then called. When he and his two companions came home, they ripped open the seams of their coats, and a shower of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires fell out. Reading of Marco Polo, many a lad said, "That is what I will do when I grow up."

But in the sixteenth century, not all the trading ships went to Asia. Now they followed the path across the Atlantic Ocean to the west that Columbus had discovered, "all for adventure in the great new regions." In the New World were sugar and cotton, jewels and gold and dye woods and other precious things. But before England had a chance to find her way in this new direction, Spain had claimed possession of most of the rights to find treasure in the New World. Of course, Spain was first to discover and first to plant colonies in America, and first to explore its coasts and to discover the wide Pacific Ocean beyond it. England as a government could do nothing to interfere with Spain's claims; but some individual Englishmen were not willing that Spain should have all the wealth of the New World, particularly as they hated Spain for her cruelty at this time to the brave people of the Netherlands who were making a fight for independence. So some of the English seamen began to attack the Spanish treasure ships which were taking treasure home to Spain. This was really not much better than piracy, even though it was patriotic piracy; and Queen Elizabeth did not give it her approval until the time came when Spain and England, for other reasons, had drifted into war. Then the pirate ships formed the kernel of the little English navy.

The lure which drew another type of adventurous Englishmen to far-off lands was the idea of planting colonies in that part of America which had been explored first by an Englishman, and which therefore England could rightfully claim as hers. They thought that such colonies, planted on the coast north of Florida, all of which at first was called Virginia in honor of the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, would be useful to their country in many ways. This seems at first a less daring type of adventure than the bold feats of the patriotic pirates; but it took just as brave a man to face the risks and dangers of making a home in the wilderness of a new land, full of hostile natives, with his base of supplies across the broad Atlantic, as to turn his guns on a Spanish treasure ship. It took both types of men to win a share in the New World for England, and in so doing to lay the foundations of our country. The pirates were not, like Captain Kidd or Stevenson's John Silver, seeking wealth for themselves, but rather glory for England, whom they wished to have a share in everything good; and the planters of colonies had no need of new homes, but were willing to risk much so that a New England might be created across the sea.

Single names always mean more to us than those of whole groups of men. And so a few names stand out gloriously against the background of this adventurous sixteenth century England. Let us look at three pictures, which will show us three of them at their finest moments.

It is dark night on the ocean, and the waves are running high. Two little ships are plunging along through the storm on their way eastward, to England. Very small and frail they look, tossed about by wind and wave. At the masthead of the smaller one, which is in the lead, swings a lighted lantern, and in the stern of the boat, so that he can

look back and see how the other vessel is faring, sits a tall, splendid looking man, sad of face, but with a commanding air. He is Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of the courtier Sir Walter Raleigh. With his two ships he is coming through the wintry weather from the country he called his New Found Land, where he has been trying to plant a colony. The cold northern winter overtook him there before he was able to find the right place for a settlement; one of his two large ships was lost in a storm; and his men grew discontented at the prospect of spending the winter in that bleak land. As Alfred Noyes tells the story, Sir Humphrey thought it best to stay till spring brought good sailing weather.

“But the trumpeter thought of an ale-house bench,
And the cabin boy longed for a Devonshire lane,
And the gunner remembered a green-gown’d wench,
And the foc’sle whisper went round again—

“ ‘Sir Humphrey Gilbert is hard of hand,
But his courage went down with the ship, maybe,
And we wait for the Spring in a desert land,
For—*he is afraid of the Ocean-sea*.’ ”

Sir Humphrey could not bear such a charge as that, so he ordered the sails spread and the ships set sail. The “Knight of the Ocean-sea,” as Noyes calls him, is on board the smaller, weaker ship, because he thinks he is more needed there. On the third day out from shore, he is rowed across to the larger vessel to cheer and encourage its sailors; but he will not stay. “The wind is rising and I must away,” he says. “Keep watch and steer by my lantern at night.” Then, as he climbed over the ship’s side

into the little boat which tossed on the rough waters, he waves his hand and sends back a ringing call, "We are as near to heaven, my lads, by sea as by land!"

Faithfully does the steersman watch the light on the little ship of the admiral. He sees the lantern at the mast-head soar up to the sky, dip down so that it is hidden by the towering waves. It rises, dips, rises, dips—and—does not rise! The watchers on the rear ship seem to hear the admiral's ringing voice out of the black midnight, faint and far away, "As near to heaven by sea as by land!" And the light is out, for the brave little ship has gone down.

Here is a more cheerful picture. In the harbor of Plymouth hammers ring and axes clash, for the little ships of England's navy are being refitted, ready to meet the great Armada which the King of Spain is sending to destroy England and make a province of Spain. On the bluff above the harbor, on the smoothly cut bowling green, Sir Francis Drake, with a group of other seamen, is playing a game of bowls—such a game as we call tenpins. A group of school-boys look on with admiring eyes, for these bronzed seamen are their heroes. Drake's broad-brimmed hat with its silvery plume has fallen on the grass, and one boy dares to touch it with a reverent finger, while another stares at the smoke puffing from the pipe of an old sailor who has brought home some of the strange new herb that they call tobacco.

Suddenly the game is interrupted by the cry of a little crowd of seamen running up from the harbor. A gallant merchant ship has come in with news that the Armada has been seen entering the Channel. England's bold sea dogs must be up and out to meet the enemy, even though their ships be so few and so little that England seems doomed.

Surely Drake will hasten down to the harbor and get on board his ship. But no! What is he saying, standing there

in the sunset light, tossing a great black ball in the air?
"Come, lads!" he cries. "We've time to finish the game!"

No wonder that cool courage like that brought the defeat of the Armada that it was thought no one could conquer!

A third picture shows us one of the heroes who followed up that first great victory. It is a picture of a brave little ship which has borne the heat of a wonderful battle. Her masts and rigging are lying over the side; forty of her fighting men are dead, and half of the rest are wounded. Her commander, Sir Richard Grenville, is mortally hurt, though he still cries, "Fight on!" The one little ship has fought for a day and a night against fifty-three ships of Spain. How has she come to be in such a case? Lord Thomas Howard, with six ships, was at anchor near the island of Flores in the Azores, in Spanish waters. Sir Richard Grenville was in command of one ship, called "The Revenge," but ninety of his men were sick on shore. Suddenly word came that a large Spanish fleet was in sight. Lord Howard rightly felt that six ships could not fight with fifty-three, and that it was his duty to fly so as to save his ships and men. We will let Tennyson tell what happened next.

"Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: 'I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.

I should count myself a coward if I left them, my Lord
Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain.'

"So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that
day,

Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven:

But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left
to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord."

The Spanish fleet overtook the brave sailors before they were able to get away after saving their sick friends. That is how the little "Revenge" happens to have been all alone against such overpowering numbers. It is a brave story, is it not? And though the English ship is broken and rent and torn, her flag still flies, and many and many a Spanish vessel has been sunk or shattered in the fight.

A lull has come in the fighting. Indeed, the "Revenge" is hardly able to fight any more. But Sir Richard does not want to surrender. He cries,

"Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!

Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

"And the gunner said, 'Aye, aye,' but the seamen made reply,

'We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again, and to strike another blow.' "

Sir Richard is dying of his wounds; he cannot oppose them, so the brave little ship surrenders.

“And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him,
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught
at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and cried:
‘I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!’
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.”

Such men as these were the men who made both England and America. It is the inheritance of their courage that comes down to Englishmen and Americans of today, and of which their children of today in both countries must prove worthy by patriotic and self-forgetful service of the nation.

—MABEL DODGE HOLMES

DIRECTIONS

Give a title to each of the pictures that you can see in imagination after reading this story. There should be four pictures which you see vividly.

In each of three of the pictures one man is the central figure. If you do not remember the names of the three men, look back and find them. Each of these three men was a seaman, but no two were seamen of the same kind. What sort of adventure was sought by each?

Do you think the story suggests any reasons why England and America, the two great civilized democracies, should be firm friends today?

A SUMMER ON AN ALP

As you read this account of a certain kind of Swiss life, write a topic for each paragraph. Then see if you can arrange the topics in four groups, and write a title for each group.

What is an *alp*? In the first place, it is not the icy summit, the thought of which springs at once to the mind when the word *alp* is mentioned. It is a green summer pasture, rich with tenderest, sweetest grass, and starred with myriads of flowers of the deepest and most vivid hues, mingled with blossoms of pure white and delicate primrose. Bordering the fields of eternal snow there are wide stretches of open pasture land, luxuriant with a rich growth of grass and flowers during the short summer, and these pastures are the alps proper. From them the snow-crowned chain of peaks has gained its name.

Almost every Alpine village has its own alp and cannot easily manage without it. Around the village lie the meadows. But these are shut up for hay in summer, for the hayloft must be well stored in view of the long severe winter. Above the meadows come the belt of woodland to supply fuel for the winter fires; and far aloft, between the woodland and the snow fields, stretch the alps, which supply the flocks and herds with the best of summer grazing while hay is made in the valley meadows. These Alpine pastures are dotted with small wooden chalets, where the shepherds live all the summer long. Men and animals stay together on the alp till the approach of winter drives them down to the shelter of the village perhaps two days' journey below.

The day of the upward march for the Alpine pastures is a great event in the Swiss year. On the morning of the journey the whole village is astir before the dawn. The

animals are as full of joy as any among the merry crowd, for they hear the sound of the bell which is always borne before them. They know quite well what it means. They leap and frisk in their delight as the herd sets out in long procession for the pleasant upland meadows.

The finest animals lead the way, and from their necks hang the great chiming bells, while their horns are decked with flowers. Happiest of all are the boys who are now old enough to go aloft for the first time and help the herdsmen on the pasture lands. As they go they sing a favorite song, which begins "On the alps above there is a glorious life"; and a glorious life they find it. They climb up and up from the dull valley to the great open sweeps of mountain between the forest and the snow. Here they pass each day in the open air, basking in the sunshine, plucking the lovely flowers, breathing the sweet, fresh mountain air, and drinking the delicious milk which the cows give in abundance.

The animals show their delight in a fashion which no one can mistake. It is the pleasantest of changes for them, from the close stalls of the cow shed to the rich, open airy pastures. So well do they understand the joys of the alps that an animal which has been left behind in the valley has often to be carefully watched. If it can get loose it will break away, and off it goes, climbing the slopes and following every turn of the way until it rejoins its companions on the heights.

The herds, again, show much intelligence. "The Alpine cow knows every bush and pool, the best grass plots, the time for milking; it recognizes from afar the call of its keeper; it knows when salt is good for it, and when to go to the butt or watering places. If a storm is expected, the cowherds collect the cattle beforehand. The trembling

animals stand in a body, with staring eyes and downcast heads, while the herdsmen go from one to another encouraging and coaxing them. When this is done, however violent the thunder and lightning may be, and however heavily the hail may pour down upon the herd, not a cow will stir from the spot."

The milk of the animals is made into cheese, and great loads of cheeses are carried back into the valley when the snowstorms of early September announce the sad day of return. The chalets where the herdsmen sleep and make the cheeses are the simplest of dwellings. If woodland be at hand, the huts are built of logs, the crevices stuffed with moss. If it lies far up on the naked slopes it is built of rough stones, the cracks and joints also stuffed with moss, while for roof it has slabs of wood and sods of turf, weighted with great stones, lest the whole should be carried away in a whirlwind.

The herdsmen divide alps into cattle alps and goat and sheep alps. The cattle alps are, of course, the easier slopes, where the pasture lies in wide smooth sweeps, or in valleys easily to be reached. But the higher alps, or those only to be gained by rocky and dangerous paths, are kept for the sheep and goats, which climb nimbly into places where no cattle could go. Sometimes an alp will lie in the very midst of glaciers and snow-fields, or be composed of patches of grass in a wilderness of rocks, and such an alp can only be grazed by the sure-footed sheep or goats.

Among the herdsmen the shepherd's life is the dullest of all. Very often a single man is in charge of a flock of a thousand sheep or more, and he spends the whole summer with his charges, having nothing to do save watch them, for he has no cheesemaking with which to occupy himself. On the other hand, a cattle alp is a busy, lively place. The

cows come home to be milked at dawn and dark; the herdsmen and the cheesemakers chat together; the cheeses have to be made, and almost every hour of the day has its task to speed the time along. Then, there are pigs to be looked after at a cattle alp, for pigs can be fattened on the whey left over from cheesemaking.

On many alps the alphorn is still used to call the cows home at milking time. It is a huge wooden trumpet, often six feet in length, and a skilful performer can draw deep and powerful notes from its wide throat. Its compass consists of only a few notes, but when these ring and echo from height to height the effect is very striking and beautiful.

Most striking of all is the use of the alphorn at the hour of sunset. On the loftier alps, to which no sounds of evening bell can climb, the alphorn proclaims the vesper hour. As the sun drops behind the distant snowy summits, the herdsman takes his huge horn and sends pealing along the mountain side the first few notes of the Psalm "Praise ye the Lord." From alp to alp he is answered by his brother herdsmen, and the deep, strong notes echo from crag to crag in solemn melody. It is the signal for the evening prayer and for repose. The cattle are gathered together and lie down for the short summer night, and the herdsmen go to their rest.

—From *A Peep at Switzerland*, by JOHN FINNEMORE

AN AMERICAN "TREASURE ISLAND"

When the teacher gives the signal, begin to read this story from a newspaper. Close your books after one minute and write out all you can remember of the selection.

SCOUTS GO INTO CAMP AT TREASURE ISLAND ALL EAGER FOR SERVICE

More than 150 Boys Open Summer Program by Pitching Their Tents—A Swim Follows

Shouts of delight by more than 150 scouts marked the opening for the summer yesterday of Treasure Island, the Philadelphia Boy Scout Camp.

Treasure Island is in the middle of the Delaware River, twenty-eight miles above Trenton.

Eager to escape the restraints of city life, many troops met in full scout regalia at Broad Street Station early in the morning and took the train for Kingwood Station. A ferry boat met them at the station and took them to Treasure Island, described as America's ideal scout camp. At this picturesque island, the gift of Edward Bok, there are accommodations for taking care daily of more than 300 boys. There are 125 sleeping tents, and a mess hall forty by eighty feet that can accommodate 100 boys.

Immediately upon their arrival the scouts reported to the quartermaster and each troop was assigned to a camp site, and received its tent equipment. Then followed a busy scene as the scouts erected their tents and transformed Treasure Island from

a peaceful agriculture spot to a military encampment. A swim was the next number on the program, and into the water went the majority of the scouts.

The raising of the national colors was accompanied with impressive ceremony.

The boys will follow a regular program which will develop their knowledge of all branches of scoutcraft, including swimming, life saving, navigation, aquatics, bird and nature study and cooking.

The daily program follows:

Morning, 7 o'clock, reveille and setting up, colors and morning dip; 7:45, mess; 8:30, police camp; 9, inspection; 9:30, instruction in scoutcraft and other studies; 11:30, swimming and boating; 12:30 P.M., mess; 1:30, rest period; 2:30, scouting; 5, activities; 5:30, swimming; 6:30, mess; 7:30, evening colors; 7:45, council; 8, campfire; 9:30, tattoo, 9:45, taps.

—From *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia

ETERNAL FIDELITY TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

During the Harrison presidential campaign of 1840, Lincoln said, in a speech at Springfield, Illinois:

"Many free countries have lost their liberty, and ours may lose hers; but if she shall, be it my proudest plume, not that I was last to desert, but that I never deserted her.

"I know that the great volcano at Washington, aroused and directed by the evil spirit that reigns there, is belching forth the lava of political corruption in a current broad and deep, which is sweeping with frightful velocity over the whole length and breadth of the land, bidding fair to leave unscathed no green spot or living thing.

"I cannot deny that all may be swept away. Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it I never will.

"The possibility that we may fail in the struggle ought not to deter us from the support of a cause which we believe to be just. It shall never deter me.

"If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world beside, and I standing up boldly alone, and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors.

"Here, without contemplating consequences, before heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love; and who that thinks with me will not fearlessly adopt the oath that I take?

"Let none falter who thinks he is right, and we may succeed. But if, after all, we fail, be it so; we have the proud consolation of saying to our consciences, and to the departed shade of our country's freedom, that the cause

approved of our judgment, and, adorned of our hearts in disaster, in chains, in death, we never faltered in defending."

QUESTIONS

Did Lincoln, twenty years later, live up to these words? If you think he did, mention some things he did that prove your opinion.

Mention any other great men who have shown this spirit. What men have followed Lincoln's example?

FREEDOM IS KING

From the first two stanzas what did the poet seem to think had become the chief business of kings?

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small,
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Which of the following expressions seems best to convey the meaning of the word *suffer* as it is used in this poem? To feel pain; tolerate; endure; undergo; experience.

What does *fend* in the last line mean? Can it be a shortened form of the word "defend"?

HOW GUSTAVUS VASA WON HIS KINGDOM

In the fifteenth century the countries of Norway and Denmark, which we are used to thinking of as separate governments, were all one government under one king. This king thought he had a claim to the crown of Sweden, also, and most of the time he was fighting to get possession of it, so that all three lands might be one. At the end of the fifteenth century, however, the first of the great national heroes of Sweden came to the rescue and made that weak, unimportant country into a strong, independent nation. His name was Gustavus Vasa. The following story tells of his training for the work of being a king.

You will see that the story consists largely of a series of incidents different in detail, but all much alike in general character. For example, a large portion of this selection tells of Gustavus Vasa's narrow escapes one after another.

The substance of this selection can be told in a single paragraph. You should all begin reading at the same moment. When you have finished reading, close your book and write the paragraph. Some of the paragraphs will be read to the class and you will be able to decide—

1. Whether the best paragraph was written by the most rapid, the medium, or the slowest group.

2. Whether you yourself worked too fast to do your best.

More than four hundred years ago, in an old house in Sweden, was born a boy named Gustavus Vasa, son of one of the well-known Swedish nobles. It was the custom in those days to send both boys and girls, when very young, to the houses of the great lords, so that they might be taught their duties as pages or ladies-in-waiting, and might learn all sorts of accomplishments. So when little Gustavus reached the age of seven, he was taken away from all his brothers and sisters and placed in the household of his uncle by marriage, whose name was Sten Sture. This

uncle was acting as regent, or ruler, of Sweden under the kingship of John, the king of Norway and Denmark, who claimed also to be king of Sweden. Sten Sture was a wise, brave man, who did his best to improve the condition of his people and protect them from the oppression and ill-treatment of their Danish conquerors.

From time to time King John came to Sweden to look after his own interests, and on one of these visits he saw little Gustavus Vasa at his uncle's house in Stockholm. He noticed what a bright, sturdy boy the child was, and exclaimed grimly that the lad would be a great man if he lived. Uncle Sten, thinking that the less attention King John paid to any of his unwilling subjects, the safer their heads would be, at once sent Gustavus back to his father.

For some years the lad lived at home and had a merry time, learning to shoot at a mark, and roaming all over the woods in his little coat of scarlet cloth. When he was thirteen years old he was sent away to school, where he learned music as well as other kinds of knowledge, and even taught himself to make musical instruments. His school career did not last long, however, for the schoolmaster was a Dane, and one day made a scornful remark about the Swedes in the hearing of Gustavus. The boy whipped out his sword, and dashing it through the book before him, swung it in the air, vowed that he would be revenged on all Danes, and walked out of the school forever.

When Gustavus was eighteen years old, the exciting part of his adventurous life began. The Swedes revolted against the new Danish king, named Christian II and defeated him in a battle. Young Gustavus distinguished himself by carrying the Swedish banner through the thickest of the fight. The victorious Swedes now demanded that the

Danish king agree to meet with them in a church in Stockholm. He consented on condition that Gustavus and five other nobles should first go on board his ship, and remain there until the king returned safely. But no sooner had the six young men been taken to the ship than they were carried off to Denmark as prisoners.

Imprisonment was made as pleasant as possible for Gustavus; he was allowed to hunt and shoot, though always in sight of his keepers. But he behaved so well that at last the keepers almost gave up watching him, and one day, while strolling in the park, he managed to give them the slip. He contrived to get hold of the dress of a cattle-driver, and in this disguise he made his way to Lubeck, a free city, or one not under control of any king. When his enemies demanded him, the people of Lubeck said that he was not rightfully a prisoner, but had been carried off by treachery, so they refused to give him up. After a while he made his way back to Sweden in a little fishing vessel.

He could not go to Stockholm, however, for the Danes were besieging it. So he found his way into the heart of the country and hid on his own father's property. Waiting there, he sent some of the country people to Stockholm to find out the states of affairs. They returned with the terrible news that ninety-four Swedish citizens, nobles, and bishops had been put to death by command of King Christian. Among them was the father of Gustavus Vasa. On Gustavus's own head a price was set, and once more he must take flight, this time to the north into a rude mining region. It was late in November, and the snow was thick upon the ground. He cut his hair short, and put on a peasant's dress, consisting of a short, thick jacket, breeches with huge buttons, and a low, soft hat. Then he bought an axe and plunged into the forest.

He soon made a loyal friend of a tall, strong woodcutter, known as "the Bearslayer," who was employed by a rich man named Petersen who had been at school with Gustavus. The woodcutter secured work for Gustavus to do, and since he did not dare confide even in his old schoolmate for fear of Danish spies, the young nobleman did the work that was given him like any common servant. But one day, by accident, a maidservant happened to see the golden collar that Gustavus wore next his skin, and told her master that this must be some great person in disguise. When Petersen recognized his old schoolfellow, he was so afraid that he would get into trouble himself that he advised Gustavus to leave his hiding place and take shelter with another old friend, Arendt. This man received the fugitive with open arms, but his hospitality was really false. Arendt was a friend of the Danes, and all he asked for was a chance to give Gustavus up to them.

Arendt hid Gustavus in an attic, assuring him that he would be perfectly safe there and went away, saying that he was going through the neighboring country to enlist soldiers for their cause. Really he was going to inform on Gustavus and get his reward. But the traitor's wife was a person of a different sort. She guessed her husband's errand, and after he was gone, she chose a trustworthy servant and ordered him to make ready a sledge, and to prepare to go on a journey. Then she let down Gustavus from a window into the sledge, which drove off at once, across a frozen lake to a little village at the far end.

Sheltered by one person after another, and escaping many dangers as he traveled, Gustavus found himself at last in the cottage of one of the royal foresters on his uncle's estates. The forester and his wife received him gladly. But no sooner had he sat down to warm his tired limbs



F.R.

THE WOMAN HASTILY TURNED ROUND AND STRUCK THE YOUNG MAN ON THE SHOULDER

before the fire where the forester's wife was baking bread, than there came in two Danish spies, who, unknown to Gustavus, had been following him. They inquired if the man whom they sought had been seen to pass that way. But before they had time to become curious about the stranger sitting at the hearth, the woman hastily turned round, and struck the young man on the shoulder with the huge wooden spoon she held in her hand. "Lazy loon!" she cried. "Have you no work to do? Off with you at once, and see to your threshing!" The Danes saw nothing before them but a common Swedish servant scolded by his mistress, and they asked no questions about him. So a second time Gustavus was saved by a woman's quick wit.

Next day the forester hid his guest under a load of hay, and prepared to drive him through the forest to a distant friendly village. But while they were jogging peacefully along, they passed one of the parties of Danes which kept scouring the country, and one man stepped up and thrust his spear through the hay. Gustavus, though wounded, managed not to cry out.

At last Gustavus arrived in a thickly populated part of the country; and finally, with earnest persuasion and eloquent words about the wrongs Sweden had suffered and about her children who had been slain, he roused the peasants to form themselves into an army and put him at the head as their leader. Thousands flocked to his banner, the nobles joining the peasants. After two years of war, when at last Sweden was absolutely free from the Danish yoke, to be independent ever after, Gustavus Vasa consented to be crowned as king. His descendants sat upon the throne of Sweden for three centuries.

—Adapted from *The Red True Story Book*,
by ANDREW LANG

THE FORMATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

On the following pages are extracts from newspaper articles which tell of the beginnings, in the spring of 1919, of the organization called "The American Legion." Read the pages rapidly. Your teacher will divide you into three groups, and ask each group to find out about one of the following topics:

1. Who were invited to become members of the Legion?
2. Whether the organization is really democratic or not, with reasons for your opinion.
3. What the object of the Legion is.

Answer these questions:

1. From the use of the word in the first paragraph, what do you think a *caucus* is?
2. By whom was the caucus called?
3. What is the difference between a *commissioned* and an *enlisted* man?
4. Was the St. Louis meeting the real beginning of the Legion? Who first thought of starting such an organization?
5. Is the Theodore Roosevelt mentioned here the former President? How do you know?

AMERICAN LEGION CAUCUS CALLED

Organization of Veterans to Be Started in St. Louis May 8 and 10

All Those in Service While America Was at War to Have Membership Right

NEW YORK, April 8.—A committee whose officers declared it represented every state in the union, every rank in the army and navy and every shade of political belief, issued here tonight a call for a caucus in St. Louis next month to effect preliminary organization of the American Legion, to be

composed of American veterans of the war.

Membership is to be offered to all officers and enlisted men in the United States military or naval service between the date of America's declaration of war and the cessation of hostilities, will be made permanent.

ROOSEVELT IS CHAIRMAN.

The caucus call was signed by Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, chairman; and a committee of two hundred commissioned and enlisted men of the army, navy, and marine corps and representing the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia.

"The Legion will not interest itself in politics, but will make its influence felt in regard to policies," Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt declared.

"It will be strictly non-partisan, its objects being to perpetuate comradeships formed during the war, to preserve the history of the conflict and

to maintain the principles for which American soldiers and sailors trained, fought, and died."

The St. Louis caucus will be the third formal meeting of the Legion organization, the first two, following a conference in February of a group of officers in France, having been attended last month by nearly one thousand officers and men of all branches of the American expeditionary forces.

As evidence of the proposed democratic character of the Legion it was stated that the committee desired at least half the delegates of the caucus should be men from the ranks.

—From *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia

AMERICAN VETERANS OF WORLD WAR CONDUCT STORMY SESSION AT FIRST MEETING

1,000 Delegates Attend

The first meeting of the American Legion, attended by more than one thousand delegates from all the states, was a very stormy session.

The fight between the enlisted and commissioned factions was on from the first sound of the gavel. For periods of fifteen minutes to a half an hour there was no order whatever, and points of order were raised continuously, but in vain.

The purpose of the convention, which will continue tomorrow and Saturday, is for a temporary organization and to elect delegates to the national convention to be held in November. The session was called to order with Lieutenant-Colonel

Theodore Roosevelt temporary chairman.

Sergeant Sullivan, chairman of the Washington delegation, was the first man to be given the floor. He immediately nominated Colonel Roosevelt for temporary chairman, referring to him as "the worthy son of a worthy scion." Colonel Roosevelt had not spoken ten words when the parliamentary battle between the doughboy and the officer was on.

A delegate from a western state interrupted Colonel Roosevelt. He did not get the floor, however, and Colonel Roosevelt announced that he would not be a candidate for the chair; that he would refuse to accept

the chair even if he were elected over his protest.

For nearly three hours the delegates urged the nomination on Colonel Roosevelt, who steadfastly declined, saying he "had no desire to hold office in the organization," but wanted to be simply a booster. After several speeches, in which he urged the caucus to "take him at his word" and nominate someone else, he shouted: "I'll tell you just why I cannot accept this nomination. They say I am a politician and that I formed this organization to make a grandstand play and—"

Shouts of "No, No," drowned out his words and after trying for thirty minutes to establish order Colonel

Roosevelt finally sank breathless into his chair. Pandemonium continued for nearly an hour, with chanting of "we want Teddy," and "make him take it."

Colonel Bennett Clark, son of Speaker Champ Clark, then temporarily took the chair and told the convention that it must force Colonel Roosevelt to accept the nomination and requested that someone make a motion to that effect. The motion was made, but Colonel Roosevelt again insisted that he would not accept and the delegates finally yielded. Other candidates offered to withdraw and make his nomination unanimous.

—From *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia

AMERICAN LEGION OUSTS POLITICS

Resolutions That Would Give Body Political Appearance Defeated by Convention

ST. LOUIS, May 9.—Virtually every measure of a political nature was eliminated from the American Legion caucus when the national resolutions committee today at a special meeting voted to withdraw several resolutions which it was said would give the organization a political appearance.

Included among the resolutions withdrawn was the one urging the

abolition of the wartime prohibition measure until overseas soldiers returned and one requesting Congress to place the national guard and the regular army on an equal footing. The resolutions were withdrawn, it is understood, at the request of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, and other leaders.

—From *Public Ledger*, Philadelphia

Why do you think Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt was so popular? Why did he refuse to be an officer?

Do you think he deserved what Sergeant Sullivan said of him?

